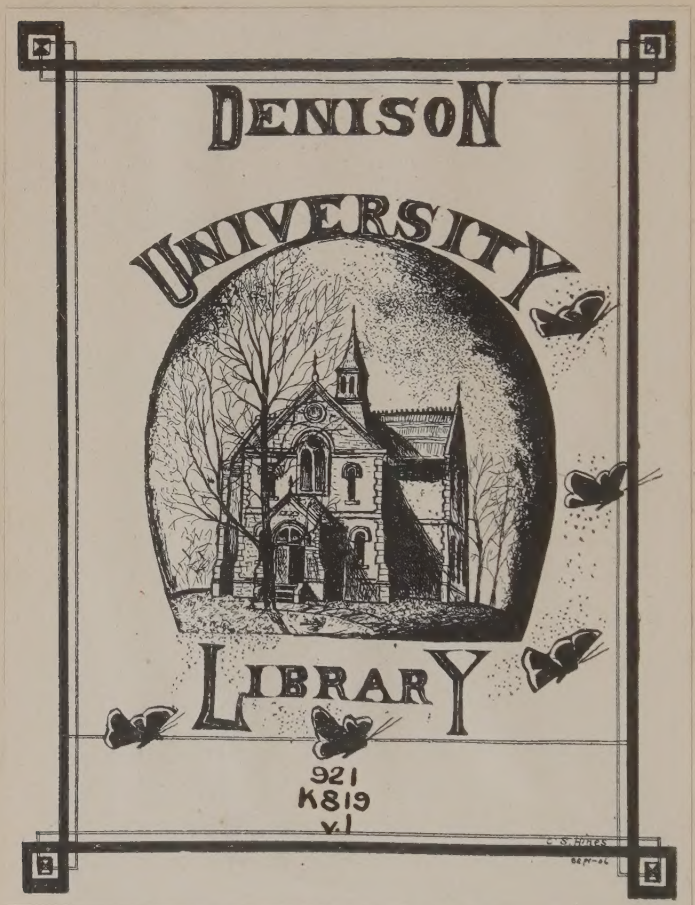
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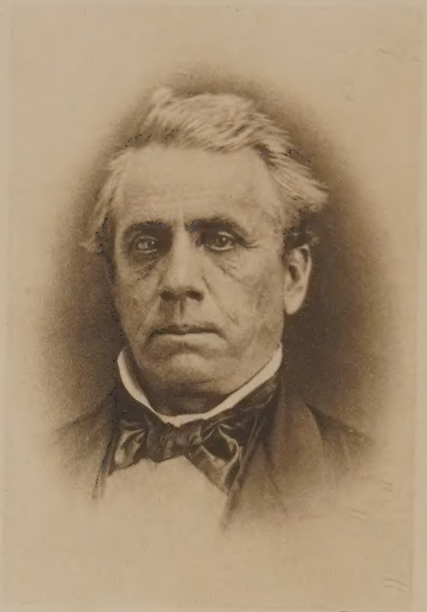

ELLIOTT N. PHILA.

Gust. Körner.

Memoirs of Gustave Koerner
1809-1896

Life-sketches written at the suggestion
of his children

Edited by
Thomas J. McCormack

Volume I

THE TORCH PRESS, PUBLISHERS
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CLEVELAND OHIO

PREFACE

The personal memoirs of Gustavus Koerner were not written for publication. Had such been the design, many details relating to his domestic and social life had probably been omitted. During the closing years of a long and eventful life, his children urged the octogenarian to write the history of his life, realizing, as he himself fully realized, that the most valuable heritage which one can leave to one's descendants is one's own history, provided it is the history of an active, unselfish, and useful life.

It is a source of regret that so few of the autobiographies of our prominent men deal with the details of their domestic and social life. It is probably due to the fact that the writers regard it as a sanctuary to be withdrawn from the public gaze, the key to which, when they are gone, is forever lost. Yet how much more thorough would be our understanding of their lives and actions, were we permitted to lift the curtain, and get occasional glimpses of what lies hidden by its folds!

The details of student life at the German universities in the beginning of the last century; its intense idealism, which dealt with a world of dreams, yet which, when properly utilized by the great chancellor, a man utterly devoid of sentiment, made the creation of a vast empire possible, are sketched in these memoirs with a charming simplicity. The domestic life of German families of culture in the Fatherland; the emigrants' trials and struggles in the primeval forests of the

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Far West; the struggles of the young lawyer to make a precarious living at a time when judges and preachers rode the circuit, must be of interest to the careful student of the history and growth of a young nation.

In common with others of his contemporaries who attained eminence, Koerner had to overcome the disadvantages of a foreign birth and of very limited means. An indomitable energy, however, and a sincere desire to be of use to his fellowmen, enabled him to overcome these obstacles, until both in the ranks of the legal profession, and among the statesmen of the land, he gained an eminence attained by few. Comparing him with the foremost of his contemporaries of German lineage, it may justly be said, that while he lacked the forensic eloquence of Carl Schurz, and while the erudition of John B. Stallo may have been greater, he surpassed both in a thorough understanding of constitutional limitations as applied to American institutions, and was a far better judge of the needs of the nation in measures and men than either of them. Thus, while in the National Convention of 1860, Schurz was one of the leading advocates of the nomination of William H. Seward for the Presidency, Koerner was equally emphatic as a supporter of Abraham Lincoln. History has long since rendered her verdict as to which of these two candidates was apt to be the fittest leader of the nation in the hour of its greatest need. It is a remarkable coincidence that while Koerner was thus active in giving to the people a President, who, with boundless love and toil, reunited the fragments of a nation, and who, of all his predecessors, left the sweetest memory behind him, he also materially aided in starting the nation's greatest military leader, U. S. Grant, on his phenomenal career.

In religious belief Koerner was an agnostic. Growing up in the atmosphere of German universities, the hot-bed of agnosticism, it could hardly be otherwise. But he was equally free from the intolerance of the zealot and that of the skeptic. While rejecting the mythology of the Christian religion, he was a firm believer in its ethics, as being superior to any which has heretofore actuated mankind. Freedom of conscience meant for him what it ought to mean, the right of every human being to formulate his own religious belief. He fully realized the truism, that it is not what one believes, but what one does, actuated by such belief, that determines the merit of his faith. His letter to Robert Ingersoll, contained in these Memoirs, is a lasting monument to his just conception of the freedom of conscience. In the small western community in which he lived, he was the absolute arbiter of men's opinions on public questions, because his integrity and his absolute freedom from partisan bias were such, that on all public questions his fellow townsmen were willing to conform their views to his without question.

His domestic life, like that of most of our public men of note, was exemplary. Although he felt keenly the early loss of all his sons but one, he bore the affliction with the fortitude of the philosopher. But the loss in later years of his wife and life-long companion, inflicted a blow from which he never recovered.

Taking his life in its entirety, he was a man to whom the beautiful sentiment of the German poet was particularly applicable:

"Denn der das Beste that für seine Zeit,
Der hat genug gethan für alle Zeiten."

St. Louis, June, 1909. R. E. Rombauer.

EDITORIAL PREFATORY NOTE

The scope and design of the present Memoirs have been adequately indicated in the foregoing Preface by Judge Rombauer. The task of the editor has been solely that of interpreting, rectifying, and preparing for print the text of the Memoirs as it was presented to him in a typewritten copy of the original.

The original manuscript not having been accessible, this task involved the verification of proper and historical names and places, the interpretation of doubtful passages, paragraphing, the correction of sentence-structure and of certain Germanisms and solecisms of style, (the original was written in English when the author was over eighty years of age and was not intended for publication,) and the typographical preparation of the text for the press generally. At the same time, — it having been the express wish of the family of the author that the Memoirs be left as nearly as possible in the shape and order in which he wrote them, — these corrections have been restricted to a minimum, and the author's individualities of style, and the personal note and flavor of his characterizations and descriptions, have been preserved as far as practicable.

The limitation indicated, and the conditions of the editing, will thus account for certain repetitions, for some discrepancies in the use of variant forms of proper names, and for the absence of all foot-notes and editorial explanations of possible errors of memory or of historical and literary ref-

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CHAPTER I

Birth, Parentage and Early Recollections

I was born at Frankfort on the Main, on the 20th of November, 1809. My father's house stood in a small square, called the Trèves, from its being connected by a vaulted stone portal with the Trèves Court, — a large avenue, at the south end of which stood a residence, of goodly size, but without architectural pretensions. Court and house belonged, or had belonged, to the Elector of Trèves, who resided there at coronation times. In my childhood the court was surrounded on either side by large warehouses, where wholesale dealers in groceries, provisions, and leather, stored goods not immediately wanted at their business houses. It was a splendid place for me and our neighbors' children to play in, it being no common thoroughfare. Near the Electoral residence were large fine linden trees and a very good well. The doors of the warehouses being frequently open, when goods were taken out or in, it was just the place to play "hide-and-seek," and "robbers" and "gendarmes." Occasionally we fought real battles, particularly when boys from a distance encroached on what we considered our premises.

Trèves Court was connected by a short alley with what was then the main street of Frankfort, the Zeil; so that, when anything extraordinary was happening on that thoroughfare, we could run easily to this great artery of the city.

The neighborhood was a good one. On the square stood several private residences, and also other dwellings with roomy stores on the ground floor. My playmates were sons of merchants, professional men, master tailors and bakers, the latter at the time being generally men of means and influence, from whose ranks the third bench of the magistracy

(councilmen) had to be formed. I can only say that I passed some of my sunniest days in Trèves Court.

My father, Bernhard Koerner, was a native of Stuttgart, in the present kingdom of Wuertemberg, the son of a respectable mechanic. He left that place, however, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, after receiving his education in a good school, and entered as an apprentice the book-store and publishing house of Palm and Erke in Erlangen. After he had completed his term, he was recommended by his employers to the great and celebrated book-selling and publishing firm of Broenner & Co., in Frankfort on the Main, and was an employee there (*commis*) for several years. When about twenty-three or four years of age, he became acquainted with my mother, Marie Magdelena Kaempfe, whose father conducted a book-bindery, a small retail book-store and stationery business. He was a man of means and gave my mother a good education in a private school, where French — a rare thing at that time — was very thoroughly taught. I have only a dim recollection of my maternal grandfather. When I was old enough to visit him, he was seventy-five years of age, and somewhat paralyzed. On his birthday and on New Year's day we would be taken to congratulate him, and would receive a silver dollar or two in return.

My father was barely of medium size, but well built and very muscular, with dark brown curly hair and very bright brown eyes. My mother had been a blonde, but in later years her hair had changed to an auburn color; she had large and very blue eyes, and a fair complexion.

For persons to analyze the character of their parents and pass judgment, however favorable, upon it, has always appeared to me rather indelicate. Love does not seek for reasons of its being. It is in a measure unconscious. I confine myself to saying that our parents loved us dearly, that we in return loved them, and that they deserved it. There was one trait, however, in my mother's nature that I cannot forbear mentioning. She could never in the least dissemble, and when the occasion called for it, she was one of the most

outspoken persons I ever met with. No power on earth could have compelled her to say anything she did not think.

A CHILDHOOD RECOLLECTION

My recollections run back to a very early stage of my existence. I could hardly have been more than two years of age, when I was for some reason very anxious to see my mother. I went to all the rooms on the second floor without finding her. I then climbed up the stairs to the third story, where were the bedrooms of my parents and older brothers and sisters. Not seeing her there, I went out into the hall again, where a door opened into a small room, called a cabinet, adjoining my mother's bedroom. I entered, and what I saw impressed itself upon my mind indelibly. On two chairs stood a little coffin; in it was a pale, lovely child, with my mother kneeling at its side, weeping. I was frightened, shut the door, and ran down stairs. From what I learned afterwards, it was the body of a little brother of mine, a year or so younger than I was. His name was Louis. I have no other recollection of the child.

MY NAMING

But from my fourth year on, I have some very vivid recollections. And I may here say in passing that my having been named Gustave was owing to that eccentric King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus IV, who, shortly before I was born, had, on account of his undying opposition to Napoleon, been forced to abdicate by his own people, who considered his warring against Napoleon as warring against fate to the detriment of his country. Nevertheless, this king had shown a chivalric spirit, and was the only continental prince who never bowed to the world's conqueror. My father hated Napoleon with all the fervor of his nature, and hence named me for the king.

One of the many reasons of my father's hatred of Napoleon was that Palm, the bookseller, for selling a pamphlet entitled "Germany in its Deepest Humiliation," which he

had not published, but merely had for sale, without knowing its contents, had been arrested, tried by a court-martial (in times of peace), and upon the express order of Napoleon had been shot at Braunau within twenty-four hours. My father as I have stated had served his apprenticeship with Palm, whom he had greatly loved and respected.

My other name, Philip, I got from an intimate friend of my father's, a merchant at Heilbronn, by the name of Roeder. I have in my possession a fine morocco case, containing a silver spoon, silver fork, and a knife with silver handle, which Mr. Roeder gave me as my godfather. From Gustavus Adolphus IV. I received no present, but my name only, which I owe not so much to him as to the first Napoleon.

Mentioning the latter, I may as well say, that I was told later that I had seen him.

NAPOLEON IN FRANKFORT

When in July or August, 1813, during an armistice, Napoleon, after a meeting with his wife at Mayence, returned to Dresden, and before the German campaign had re-begun, he passed through Frankfort. One of our servant-girls had been sent on an errand in the Zeil and took me with her. She saw a crowd on the sidewalk awaiting something, and was told that the Emperor, who had just entered one of the west gates leading into the city, was expected to drive through the street. She joined the crowd, and the carriage, an open one, drawn by six horses, soon appeared; she raised me on her shoulder and pointed out the Emperor to me. I have not the slightest recollection of the circumstance, but have no doubt that I saw him. This is the more strange, as events that followed not long afterwards became very distinctly impressed on my mind.

The bloody battle of Hanau, a village about ten miles east of Frankfort, had been fought on the 30th and 31st of October, 1813. The French, headed by Napoleon, had broken through the army of Bavarians and Austrians under General Wrede, who was striving to cut off the retreat of the French

to the Rhine. A small corps of Bavarians and Austrians had been posted on the heights south of the River Main, opposite to Frankfort, to prevent the crossing of the French.

I never could understand why this position had been taken by the Germans; for the well-built and macadamized road from Frankfort to Mayence ran along the north side of the river Main, while on the south side were merely country roads, partly through low and sandy grounds, and ending opposite Mayence. The French would have had to cross the Main River again, at a place where there was no bridge. Perhaps it was expected that if only one road were left there might be crowding; and as the Bavarians, reinforced by the Prussians and Russians, were close upon the heels of the French after Hanau was fought, the rear guard of the French might in this way be struck and destroyed. Although Napoleon had the main army carried around the city, yet some of his guards and several batteries of artillery were sent through the city, to attack the Bavarians and Austrians on the other side of the river; for the batteries of the latter played on the Hanau road, on which the French retreated.

Some German light troops had been thrown into the city; but when the large mass of the French, still some 80,000 strong, came near, the Germans retreated across the river, burning some of the wooden parts of the bridge which had been put on the main avenue of the otherwise solid stone structure, and leaving only the sidewalks for passage. Frankfort, until shortly before, had been a fortress; and these wooden planks had been placed in the bridge for the purpose of having them burnt, or taken off, should an attempt be made to cross the bridge from the suburb Sachsenhausen to the city.

On the first of November, some children including myself were in the front room of the second story of our house, and mother was busy dressing us in our Sunday clothes, when firing was heard close to our house. A servant who had been fetching water from a fountain near our house burst into the room, crying, "Lord God! they are killing one another."

We ran to the windows, and saw some Bavarians running past our house, with some French light troops after them. They disappeared in a moment; but in the distance we heard firing. The cannon began booming from the Muehlberg on the southern shore of the river, and the French batteries on the north answered; of this, however, I recollect nothing. At night the sky was lit up by the glare of fires. Two large mills near the bridge on the side of Sachsenhausen were burnt by the shells; also, some houses in Sachsenhausen. The French did not get across the bridge, and retired late at night. Being exhausted, hungry and thirsty, they commenced plundering; and it was fortunate that it was only a small corps that had been sent into the city to take the bridge, since, as already stated, Napoleon had ordered the main army to march around the city.

A FAMILY INCIDENT OF THE NAPOLEONIC CAMPAIGN OF 1813

And here I must mention an incident which I heard of only later, but so often that it remained strongly fixed in my mind.

When it became known Sunday morning that the French army had not been beaten at Hanau and diverted from their direct route to Mayence, the townspeople became greatly alarmed; for it appeared certain that the retreating army would now pass through the city, and that having been fighting for two days and being short of provisions it would most likely commit all kinds of outrages and would plunder *ad libitum*. Since some French troops, as above stated, actually had entered the city to attack the allies on the other side of the river, this fear semed to be well founded. It was not then known that the bulk of the army had been ordered to march around the city.

Most families, on the streets where the French appeared likely to pass, locked up and barricaded their front doors and windows; while others adopted a different plan, which they understood had worked well in other places where troops had given themselves up to plundering, and this was to have the

house lighted, to prepare something to eat and to drink, and, by kind treatment and by assuaging hunger and thirst, thus to divert the soldiers from plundering and destroying property in their anger.

Our mother had adopted this latter mode of treatment. Father had not been home since midnight of the day before. He belonged to a battalion of riflemen, a volunteer corps, which had enlisted many years before the French invasion, and which was occasionally called upon to assist the regular troops in the work of keeping order. There were very few regulars then in the city; for nearly all the troops had been in the campaign against the French army.

It must be understood that after the abdication of the Emperor Francis II and the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire in August, 1806, the free city of Frankfort had been allotted to Prince Primas Karl Theodor Von Dalberg, and had become part of the new Confederation of the Rhine, of which Prince Primas was the President and Napoleon the Protector, that is to say, absolute ruler. Some years later this principality was made the Grand Dukedom of Frankfort. The Confederation of the Rhine comprised nearly all the German States except Austria and Prussia, and had to furnish troops to the armies of the French. Until the battle of Leipsic, October 18, 1813, there could not have been less than 100,000 German troops fighting under the French eagles against the allied Prussians, Russians, and Austrians. After the battle of Leipsic, when the French in their rapid flight took the road to Mayence, there was great excitement in the city; and so the authorities had ordered out the rifle-corps to assist the Grand Ducal troops in policing the city and in maintaining order.

My father was second lieutenant and was stationed with his company at the main guard-house at the western end of the principal street, his watch beginning at midnight on the 31st of October. We children had all been safely packed away in a bedroom on the third floor. During the evening our house had not been disturbed. The large table in the main room, covered with bread, butter, slices of ham, etc.,

had remained untouched, and mother (it being near midnight) was just about to snuff out the candles, when there was a loud knock at the front door. A young man by the name of Wehrle, whose father was an intimate friend of my father, and who resided at Forst, in what is now Rhenish Bavaria, owning there some of the best vineyards producing that choice wine, "Forster," was at the time boarding at our house, and went down to open the door. He met two cavalry soldiers, *guardes d'honneur*, as they were called, who had tied their horses to a lamp-post in front of our house, and who asked for something to eat. He showed them up, and mother, who spoke French fluently, waited on them; they appeared much pleased, but did not like the light wine or cider which was on the table, and called for something stronger. Mother was imprudent enough to let them have some rum, which they swallowed greedily. But they left the room without trouble, and young Wehrle lighted them down with a candle.

One of the troopers had already left the house, when the other who was quite drunk, seeing that Wehrle had on a pair of good-looking boots, told him to pull them off, and give them to him as his were quite worn out. The young man hardly understood him, but from the signs the fellow made guessed that he wanted his boots, and naturally showed some reluctance to take them off. The Frenchman struck him in the breast, and Wehrle fell backward on one of the steps in a sitting position. The trooper tried to pull one of the boots off, but not succeeding he gave a strong jerk and the young man fell downstairs some three or four steps so forcibly that he broke his right leg above the ankle. The acute pain made him groan dreadfully. Greatly alarmed, mother ran to the head of the stairs, with a lighted candle, for the light which Wehrle had carried had gone out in the struggle. But, just at this moment, my father, having been relieved, and entering the hall, heard the cries for help, and saw the soldier still holding Wehrle. Father, who was very strong, and of a quick

temper, grabbed the Frenchman by the neck, tore off his cloak, dragged him to the door and kicked him out.

But here comes the main point of the drama. The second trooper had mounted his horse, holding the other by the bridle, and waiting for his comrade. When father got into the doorway, the Frenchman seeing the plight in which his comrade was, drew his long straight blade, and ran it into my father's breast, or at least tried to do so. Officers on duty at that time wore, on a chain around their necks, a small metal plate in the shape of a half-moon (Ringkragen) with the number of their regiment or battalion on it. It only came down some four inches on the breast where it was widest. The sword struck this little shield, glanced off and made only an ugly flesh wound. In later years, when I was a boy and went with father to the river bathing, I could still perceive this large scar. Mother in the meantime had come down, shut and locked the door, and heard the *sacrés* of the Frenchmen, who, however, made off very quickly. A surgeon was called by the porter, father's wound attended to, and young Wehrle's leg set. The latter limped all his life. Father's cloak, a wide one, with a cape coming down to the knees, and of a dark green color, was kept for years as a memento of this adventure, though it had to do occasional service as a foot-cover, when riding out on cold days.

The French *guardes d'honneur* or cavalry troops referred to were organized early in the year for the German campaign. It was a hard matter, after the terrible losses in Russia, to recruit a new army in France, particularly cavalry. The Imperial government therefore issued a call for all young men not yet in the army, and able to furnish horses and to equip themselves at their own expense, to come to the rescue of their country. They were promised special privileges, were to be called *guardes d'honneur* and to rank with the old guards. Some regiments were recruited in this way, though not nearly as many as was expected. But, as soldiers, they did not answer at all the high expectations that people had entertained of them. They were generally arrogant, licen-

tious, and wanting in discipline. Later in the war Napoleon withdrew nearly all his veteran cavalry from Spain and Italy, and they became formidable enough at the end of the campaign, under Murat, Arrighi and Grouchy.

While, of course, I do not remember anything of that stormy night, I have the most clear and vivid recollection of some of the days following.

THE BAVARIANS IN FRANKFORT (1813)

The French reached Mayence next day, hotly pursued by Cossacks and Austrian light horse, but were now across the Rhine, safe at least for a while. On the 3d of November the Bavarians, who had fought most desperately at Hanau (Gen. Wrede being severely wounded while leading an attack in person), entered Frankfort amid the most joyful demonstrations of the people, who had at no time sympathized with the French and hated them cordially.

It was soon understood that the Bavarians were in a very bad plight. They had fought one of the bloodiest battles of the war, were very short of rations, and were completely worn out. Before they had been sent to quarters they had been drawn up in long lines on Main Street (Zeil) and when the word was given to stack arms most of them laid down on their knapsacks, greatly exhausted. But now the citizens came forth in crowds, with loaves of bread, cakes, sandwiches, pitchers filled with wine, beer, and brandy. The first ladies of the town served them food and drink. The more enthusiastic embraced and kissed them. "Hoch Deutschland" was heard from a thousand lips.

Our household was not behind. Our porter and the servant-girl carried large baskets with meat and bread. My older brothers, Charles and Frederick, then quite grown boys, were also loaded down with victuals. My mother, leading me by the hand, superintended the distribution. How well I recollect the soldiers in their light blue uniforms, all bespattered with mud, their mouths black from biting cartridges; and how gratefully they looked upon us, when we

filled the glasses with wine or beer and dealt them out nice little white rolls (Milchbroedchen)! I was only four years old then; but it appears to me now as though it was only a thing of yesterday.

THE ALLIED MONARCHS AND THEIR ARMIES IN FRANKFORT

A few days afterwards I saw another scene which made a strong impression on me. Alexander of Russia, with his brother Constantine, made a triumphal entry into Frankfort. My father had taken mother and my sisters Pauline and Augusta, a few years older than myself, to the house of a friend, a book-seller named Boselli, who lived on the Zeil. The house was called the Tuerkenschuss, a large wooden Turk with a pistol in his hand being fastened to the second story, after the manner of Turks and Indians stuck up before tobacco shops. From the window of the second story we saw every thing most completely.

A regiment of Don Cossacks of the Russian Guards opened the procession. They looked splendid in their high caps of bear skin with richly embroidered short blue tunics, dark blue trousers of Turkish fashion, and long lances. While the ordinary Cossacks, and particularly what were called the irregular Cossacks, had very small and mean-looking though hardy ponies, the Cossack Guard was splendidly mounted, the horses of each regiment being of the same color. Immediately after them rode Alexander and Constantine surrounded by a most splendid staff, joined by Prince Schwartzenberg, the commander in chief of the allied forces, who had reached Frankfort the day before, also accompanied by a large staff, the chief of which was the afterwards celebrated Radetzky. Then came a regiment of Tcherkessen (Circassians) in splendid silver armor, curiously armed, with bows and arrows strapped to their shoulders.

Many regiments of Prussian and Russian cavalry followed, and the whole was concluded by mounted artillery of the guards. It took an hour or so before they all passed before us marching in closed columns and taking the entire width of

the streets, leaving the sidewalks only to the spectators. The bands of all these regiments were playing, but could not be heard for the wild hurrahs of the crowd, which went almost crazy with enthusiasm. It was a pageant never to be forgotten.

The King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria followed a few days after and also made splendid entries at the head of their guards, but I have no recollection of having seen them.

The headquarters of all the monarchs were now established at Frankfort. More than five thousand troops, mostly of the guards, were quartered there and in the villas and country seats around it. I recollect very well that we had three or four soldiers quartered at our house, one of whom was a Prussian regimental quartermaster and the others privates. Somewhat later we got Russians, who behaved very well when sober, but acted like swine when drunk. When too boisterous, my father would put on his uniform and command silence, when they at once became most submissive and called him "Little Papa" (Vaeterchen). They all had caught the common words of the language in their long march from the Vistula to the Rhine. They were very fond of children and one thing happened to me, which I do not recollect, but was told later on, showing their affection for children.

In the Trèves Court, near our house, a detachment of Cossacks was quartered, the warehouses then being used as stables. As this court was my chief trysting place when I was a child, I was there one day looking at the Cossacks when one of them took hold of me, put me on his shoulder, and went off with me to a tavern a good distance from our home and played with me there for hours. I was missed after awhile, and my parents became alarmed. Finally they looked for me in the Trèves Court, and fortunately learned from someone, who was a German, that he had seen a Cossack with a boy on his shoulder leaving the yard at its southern entrance. The trail was pursued and I was found in the inn, quite at my ease, amongst a crowd of Cossacks

and other soldiers. Almost every time I went into that Court, I got some Cossack to take me upon his horse, or give me a ride, he leading his scraggy little pony.

For two months Frankfort was a most interesting place. Several hundred thousands of troops marched through or close by it on their march to the Rhine. The Emperors of Austria, Russia, the Kings of Prussia, Bavaria, Wuertemberg, all the other princes of Germany and nearly all their crown princes were in the city. With them were Metternich, Wolkowsky, Hardenberg, Castelreagh, Nesselrode, the great German Baron Stein, and Minister Humboldt. There were present the most popular heroes of the war, Bluecher, the Generals Gneisenau, York, Field Marshal Schwartzenberg, Buelow, Arndt, the friend and secretary of Stein, the latter being at the time the provisional head of all the countries which had belonged to the Confederacy of the Rhine, and had not yet made separate treaties with the allied powers. All these names and many more I must have heard a thousand times while the war lasted, until the battle of Waterloo. And now I must explain how it happened that I was made so familiar with the events and the names of the principal actors.

FAMILY CONNECTIONS WITH FAMOUS GERMAN PATRIOTS

My father, as already observed, was a most devoted German patriot, although since 1806 Frankfort had been made one of the States of the Rhenish Confederation, and had therefore become one of the vassal dependencies of France. It was closely watched by the French Minister to the Grand Duke, Prince Primas, and had generally French troops in garrison. Father was always outspoken in his opposition to the French dominion. Whether he had been a member of the much-famed Tugendbund formed in Prussia after the Peace of Tilsit in 1807, I never learned; but subsequently to the retreat of Napoleon from Russia my father certainly formed connections with Prussians like Baron Stein, Arndt and others.

At any rate after Prussia had declared war in March, 1813, and was joined by the Russians, he was furnished with all the appeals of the Prussian King calling his people and Germany to arms; with the proclamation of Kutosow at Kalisch in the name of the Emperor of Russia; as well as with the hundreds of other pamphlets which were published in Prussia urging the Germans to rise against Napoleon, and particularly with the stirring war songs of Arndt, Theodore Koerner, Stegmann, Schenkendorf and others. He took pains to distribute them in the States of the Rhine Bund in the rear of Napoleon's armies, who were then fighting mighty battles in Silesia and the other provinces of Prussia. There was only one other patriotic bookseller in Frankfort, Eichenberg by name, who dared to act likewise. Had the battle of Leipsic been won by Napoleon, the fate of the bookseller Palm would undoubtedly have overtaken my father.

When, therefore, in November and December, 1813, the patriots of Germany met in Frankfort my father was called upon by many of them. Arndt was a frequent visitor at our house. He presented my mother with a beautiful tea cup decorated with an excellent portrait of the unfortunate Louise of Prussia, from the celebrated Berlin manufactory of porcelain. On holidays, this cup always had its place on our tea-table. With Stein and Bluecher father also formed a personal acquaintance. The connection with Stein was continued until my father's death in 1829, he having visited that great statesman many times at his castle at Nassau on the Lahn.

It is well known that during the time spoken of, November and December, 1813, there was a deadly struggle going on at Frankfort between two parties: (1) the reactionary party under the lead of Metternich, supported by nearly all the German princes who had belonged to the Confederation of the Rhine and who owed their higher titles and the increase of their States to Napoleon, which faction further included all the aristocrats, who had looked with great distrust upon the popular uprising that had actually defeated

Napoleon; and (2) the party composed of the Prussian statesmen and military leaders and of the German patriots generally, supported at that time in a measure by the Emperor Alexander, who was pleased to be considered as favoring liberal tendencies.

We can now hardly believe it possible that the allied powers at Frankfort offered to make peace with Napoleon, leaving to France, as was said in the propositions submitted, its natural boundaries, the Alps, Pyrennees and the Rhine; in other words, leaving to France the western side of the Rhine, or what is now Rhenish Prussia, Rhenish Bavaria, Rhenish Hesse, as well as the whole of Belgium, — the best and choicest provinces of the ancient German Empire.

Fortunately Napoleon was so infatuated as not at once to accept these most favorable terms. He gave an evasive answer. In the meantime the true German party had become aroused. Bluecher swore a thousand oaths. Stein used his great influence over Alexander. And as Napoleon had not shown any disposition to accept the conditions at once, the friends of Germany succeeded in breaking off the negotiations, which was done just a day before Napoleon offered to make peace on the basis first proposed.

Bluecher was the hero of the day. My father called into life the Bluecher Club (Bluecher Verein), which in a few days was joined by hundreds of the best citizens of Frankfort, and soon extended to neighboring cities. He was made its president. Its meetings were enthusiastic, and it aroused great opposition to Metternich's policy and to all reactionary measures.

Of course I was too young to have any personal knowledge of all this, but in the course of years that interesting period was so often recalled in the family and amongst friends, that I could not help but become acquainted with it as of things I personally knew. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that having grown up under such surroundings, I became a warm lover of Germany and one of the liberal sort.

During the year 1814 there was a constant flow of troops through Frankfort. Early in the year and spring they moved westward into France. After the taking of Paris and the conclusion of peace, large parts of the allied armies flowed backwards into Prussia and Russia.

Whenever troops were in sight there was a large white flag hoisted on top of the Cathedral Tower (Pfarrthurm), and we boys would always run into Main Street, the Zeil, to see them pass. We did not care much about the infantry, but the cavalry and artillery were great attractions. That during those war times boys, small and large, were playing at soldiers in preference to any other game was but natural. I have no doubt that the great interest I took in military matters through life was owing to these early impressions.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LEIPSIC

The celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic in 1814 was of such an exciting character, that I have a distinct remembrance of it. After solemn church-services in the morning there were parades of all the battalions of the civic guards (Buergerwehr). In the afternoon the children of all the schools, the boys with oak leaves on their caps, the girls with wreaths of oak leaves in their hair, assembled on the Roemerberg, where speeches were made, and all joined in patriotic songs.

I do not know that I saw all this then. But after night had set in, our parents took us through the principal streets. The whole city was splendidly illuminated. Thousands of transparencies appeared on the houses, with mottoes in prose and verse, and pictorial representations.

The most glorious view, however, was outside of the city-gates, on the rising ground. On the highest peaks of that beautiful range of mountains, the Taunus, some thirty-five miles in length and all visible from high points about the city, eight miles distant, immense piles of cord wood had been put up, forming hollow squares filled with tar barrels and other inflammable materials. The largest, some fifty feet

high, was on the Feldberg (3000 feet in height). Other fires were burning on the Altkoenig, at the castles of Koenigstein, Cronberg, Falkenstein, and on the heights north of Homburg. Looking south, the range of the Bergstrasse, extending from near Darmstadt to Heidelberg, some twenty miles of mountain, was also in a blaze. On the highest point, the Melibocus (1,600 feet), there must have been an enormous pile; for, although distant from Frankfort some thirty miles, it was seen as bright as the one on the Feldberg.

All the hills around the city were similarly illuminated. Fireworks let off in the gardens around the city made the dark night light as day. Bands played their best, and on the other side of the Main the artillery fired one hundred and one salvos. My father carried me on his shoulders, and I was half frightened, half delighted. The noise was terrific.

Those jubilee fires extended throughout the whole of Germany that night.

THE YEAR 1815. BLUECHER

The following year was still a warlike one. Napoleon having returned from Elba in March, 1815, the armies of the allies, some of them still on their way from France, rushed back towards the Rhine. Consequently Frankfort, the great thoroughfare for all northeastern Germany and Russia, again saw thousands of troops marching through it. The battle of Waterloo, June 18, ended the short campaign and sent Napoleon to St. Helena.

Bluecher on his return, being now more popular than ever, stayed a few days in Frankfort. He took his lodgings in the Weidenbusch (now the Union Hotel), a large hostelry on the Steinway, opposite the White Swan, another famed hotel. In the night he was serenaded by the drummers of all the different battalions of the civic guards, and by the bands of the line-regiments. Father had secured for our family a front room in the White Swan from which we could see the immense crowd, forming a dense mass in the street before the hotel. The old hero stepped out on the

balcony, and made a short, but eloquent speech. There were hurrahs and "vivats" without end. I had a good look at the hero, and, being then six years of age, I kept his appearance very well in my memory.

Bluecher was a very happy speaker by nature, and fond of hearing himself. It is said he acquired much practice in public speaking in the Freemasons' lodges. He was a zealous member of this association. While his orthography, as is well known, was so bad as to be almost amusing, he spoke correctly when it suited him.

The next evening the Bluecher Verein gave him a banquet, where my father, being president, toasted him; and Bluecher, as father told us, made a most happy reply, being quite sarcastic as to the doings of the diplomats, whose leniency towards the French he denounced bitterly. He was also for having Alsace and Lorraine back again. Of this, of course, I speak only from hearsay. This is the last of my war reminiscences, Germany resting in peace until 1848, long after I had left it.

CHAPTER II

School Life

And now my education began. My oldest brother Charles had attended the lower classes of the Frankfort College (Gymnasium), where, as became a city of merchants, French and, in the upper classes, even English were taught; also, arithmetic, caligraphy and drawing were not neglected. Here he remained until he became an apprentice in father's business, afterwards serving a year or so as clerk in a large book-selling and publishing establishment at Halle on the Saale, and then returning home to become the principal clerk in father's business.

Frederick was, at this time (1815), in a private school of much repute at Roedelheim, about two miles from Frankfort, and known as the Hoffmann Institute. French and English were taught thoroughly there. Finishing his course, he became apprentice in a large wholesale firm, Behrens & Co., dealing in the so-called "colonial articles." He was very bright, versatile and talented, a fine draftsman and musician, golden-haired and blue-eyed, the pet of everybody, and therefore spoiled. More of him hereafter.

Charles was taller, had the dark hair and eyes of father, was of a quiet temper and industrious, perhaps a little too unselfish for a business man, and too liberal in his political views when the Reaction set in, as it did, not very long after the War of Liberation.

AT THE MUSTERSCHULE

My mother taught me to read and spell when I was about five years of age; not at regular hours but thoroughly nevertheless. She even gave me lessons in French, using Meidinger

for the rules of grammar. But I learned more from her talking to me in that language than from the book. When I was about seven years of age, I was sent to the "Model School" (Musterschule). This was then a comparatively new institution, which some wealthy public spirited citizens had subsidized, the city furnishing all the grounds and buildings, and, I believe, guaranteeing deficits, but reserving to itself the superintendence, and, with the sanction of the trustees, the appointment of teachers.

It was far superior to the then existing public and private schools, had seven classes for boys, and five for girls, in separate buildings. The teaching was on the Pestalozzi plan. There was little memorizing, and the pupils had always to explain the "why" of things. Even in the lowest classes there was but little corporal punishment. None was permitted in the higher. You were kept in school after school hours to learn the lessons you had neglected, or as a penalty for bad conduct. But the usual punishment was that during play-time you had to stay in the building. There were, with the director, some nine teachers; and in the girls' department, two women teachers to teach knitting, sewing, embroidering, and the like. To have women teaching in other branches than these was then considered absurd; and to have them instruct and watch boys, oftentimes grown up, as in this country, would have been condemned as ridiculous and in the highest degree indelicate. Some of our teachers were men of great ability, such as Mr. Naenny, a pupil of Pestalozzi, and Mr. Diesterweg, who was later on considered the greatest educator in Germany. There were also Professor Mueller, a distinguished mathematician and physicist, and Mr. Du Veillard, a French Swiss, a severe and morose man, but an excellent French teacher.

I did not know Mr. Diesterweg. He did not teach then in the boys' department. But my sisters, particularly Pauline, were enthusiastic in their praise of him. They loved him as they would a father. Owing to my ability to read and to cipher some, I went through the lowest form in a

half year, while the regular course in every class was one year. I did not reach the highest class, for my parents had destined me for a liberal profession, and thought it was high time that I should enter the gymnasium or college. During my last year in the Model School, I had taken private lessons in Latin, so that when I entered college, I skipped the two lower classes and was promoted within a half year from the fifth to the fourth grade, while the regular term in the lower classes was one year, and in the higher even one year and a half. But even in the second highest class I got through in one year, instead of one and one-half. While I was in the Model School nothing extraordinary happened in my school life. I was not very industrious, but owing to a quick perception and a faculty of expressing what I did know with facility, I generally kept on the front benches and often at the head of them. Perhaps it would have been better, had I been obliged to study more industriously. I was tolerably wild, but somehow or other my teachers were rather easy on me, and my schoolmates liked me the better for it.

MY READING

From an early age I was a great reader. In my father's store I found, of course, a large collection of books, and the hours not given to studying my lessons or to playing were spent in all sorts of miscellaneous reading; fairy tales, but more so, travels, and later on novels. I think, before I was fourteen years of age, I had read all the novels of Cooper then out, also of Walter Scott. Washington Irving delighted me greatly. I had read all the poetry of Schiller and his dramas, and had learned by heart nearly all his ballads, reciting them to mother and my sisters in the twilight hours. But not all my early literature was of this noble character. The then very popular romances of robbers and robber-knights interested me also, as did other sensational stuff. I do not think the latter did me any harm. I would only read those parts where there were tournaments, bouts, spectres, and the like. As to love-scenes, I felt no interest in them then, and

I skipped them invariably. Sentimentality was always hateful to me, and the only sentimental novels I liked, or yet like, were Rousseau's "La Nouvelle Héloise" and "Werther's Sorrows."

HOME LIFE IN FRANKFORT

When I was about seven years of age and while at the Model School, our family left our home in Trèves Square and moved to a very large residence in Toenges Street, a street running parallel with the Zeil and also with Trèves Square. It was but a little distance from our old home. There was a large inner court, bounded on the east side by a high wall, on the south side by the rear of the front house, on the north side by a roomy two-story house, and on the west side by a large wing of the main house. A passage in the two-story house led to a garden, about fifty by a hundred feet. There were some cherry trees in it, a piece of lawn on which stood a high substantial swing, a long middle walk over which trellis work was built, supporting grape vines. Yard, garden, and the many unused rooms in the rear house furnished most excellent playground, and my school fellows found it convenient to pay me frequent visits.

We lived there four years when father bought a house on what is called the Neue Kraeme. This was an elegant and lively street, extending from a tolerably large square with a fountain in it, called the "Mount of our Dear Lady" (Liebfrauenberg), and having on the north the Catholic Church of Our Dear Lady, to the Roemerberg on which the old Rathhaus or Council House of Frankfort stands. That square had also a fountain in it, with a battered old statue of Justice with scales in one hand and a sword in the other, very much the worse for wear.

Our residence was only one house removed from the large and splendid building called the Braunfels, which occupied a block by itself, contained large halls and extensive galleries, in which during the Frankfort fair the merchants who dealt in the most expensive and showy goods had their stores. Here were the silversmiths' and jewelers' goods, glass and

porcelain, prints and engravings, perfumeries, and the choicest of dry goods. In coronation times it had been occupied by the Electors and other Princes of the Empire. In the large courtyard and the adjoining corridors the Exchange (Boerse) was held every week-day from eleven to one o'clock. The Braunfels fronted partly on the Liebfrauen square. The Roemerberg, at the time of the fair, was covered with booths, in which all kinds of goods were on sale; while the immense halls on the ground floor of the Council House were also used as shops.

On fine days, in fair time, the Neue Kraeme was so filled with people that you could not throw a cherry stone into the streets without hitting somebody. The boulevards in Paris or Broadway in New York, as far as crowding was concerned, were, in my time, not to be compared with it. Carriages had often to turn into other streets. All vehicles had to proceed in a walk. All processions and military parades, since they always had to go to the old Council House, passed our windows. In fact, it was for people who do not love retirement, a most desirable street to live in. It had the further advantage, that my college was only two blocks away, on the Barfuessler Platz (Place of the Barefooted Friars), now the Paul's Platz. Our house was four stories high and had a mansard roof, under which there were three or four rooms. It had no garden, but two small inner courts, and so great was the space that the third floor was always rented.

After I went to college our domestic life was in the main that of the citizens of Frankfort generally. It must be understood that to have been a citizen of Frankfort meant a good deal more than is ordinarily understood by the word "citizen." By the acts of the Vienna Congress, Frankfort, Hamburg, Luebeck and Bremen were declared to be free and independent States; while formerly, until the establishment of the Rhenish Confederation, they had been free and Imperial cities only: that is, they were not subject to any territorial Prince, but yet to a certain, though very small extent, they were subject to the central power of the Emperor and the

Imperial laws. The citizens of these Imperial cities, even then very proud, had their representatives at the Imperial Diet. Now they felt themselves still more exalted. And this citizenship, moreover, was a sort of closed corporation. No one could become a citizen and an elector and so eligible to office, unless he was the son of a citizen, or unless he had married the widow or the daughter of a citizen, and in the latter case he had to pay a large sum in addition in order to enter the corporation. A large majority of the inhabitants were not citizens, and had no political rights. There were amongst the citizens proper, very few poor people. Most of them were in very easy circumstances, and a good many of them were not only rich but possessors of very large fortunes. I speak now of the time when I was at school, in college, and up to the time of my confirmation, which happened when I was about sixteen years of age (1824).

RELIGIOUS TRAINING. FAMILY PORTRAITS

My father, although, like my mother, baptized and educated in the Lutheran creed, had, I have reason to believe, very free and liberal religious ideas. He seldom went to church, but approved of my mother and the children going pretty regularly. He never said a word against religion, but was very much opposed to dogmatism and particularly mysticism and pietism. So was my mother. She was a very religious woman. Every Sunday morning, before church-hours, my sisters and myself, when we were children, came to her bedroom, where she would read a chapter from some work of edification, usually from the then much admired "Hours of Devotion" by Zschokke. She would herself go to church occasionally; but my sisters and I, after I had arrived at the age of ten or twelve years, went pretty regularly, and generally to the large Lutheran Church of St. Katherine's on Main Street, the pastor of which was Anton Kirchner.

Kirchner was a very distinguished man in Frankfort. An impressive, but by no means sensational preacher, he was a man of learning, a public-spirited citizen, and a warm Ger-

man patriot. He was the author of a well-written history of Frankfort, which, however, he did not live to complete. He had written, also, some theological works, in a most rational and liberal spirit. Whenever there was any benevolent work to be done, he was at the head of it. He was one of the founders of the Frankfort Museum, an association for the encouragement of literature and the fine arts, where regular lectures were delivered. He moved in the highest official circles, though at the same time a great friend of the poor and lowly. No one in his time was better known in the city, then comparatively small, containing no more than 45,000 inhabitants. I believe every man, woman and child knew him. He had a great likeness to Luther, and was even more corpulent than that great reformer. My father was a friend of his. Kirchner had baptized and confirmed all the younger children. But we did not confine ourselves to one church. In the winter we often went to the German Reformed Church, which was far more comfortable at this season of the year than the larger Protestant Church. Occasionally I went to the French Reformed Church, or rather chapel, fronting the city park (Stadt-Allée), where there were very able ministers, preaching in the purest French. After my confirmation, in 1824, I think, and until I left for the University, I did not go to church often.

Speaking of confirmation, I cannot but mention an incident happening when my sister Pauline, who was about four years older than myself, was confirmed. The custom is, or was at that time, that the pupils to be confirmed or consecrated should approach the altar in pairs, and that generally only those who were intimate friends should go together. My sister had already become engaged as a partner to a schoolmate of hers, a young lady of a family of high standing. Previously to the confirmation, for some three months, the pastors of the respective churches to which the candidates belonged formed a class, where once or twice a week religious instruction was given preparatory to the consecration. In the class with Pauline was a beautiful girl, Miss U., the

daughter of two members of the troupe of the Frankfort City Theatre. These people, who had been connected with that institution for years, were, though not great actors, people of the most respectable character. Miss U. herself had played occasionally in juvenile parts, and became afterwards a regular actress, very much admired for her uncommon beauty and maiden-like modesty. A few days before confirmation day, it became known in the class that Miss U. could find no partner. The girls all liked her, but their parents, and they themselves, were so prejudiced that none would walk with her to the altar. Pauline, with the full consent of father, and with but a shade of reluctance on the part of her mother, disengaged herself in becoming manner from her chosen partner and went with Miss U., whose heart had almost been broken by the disdain she had met with from the other girls. Pauline had never known Miss U. before she met her in the confirmation class. But it was a charming sight to see the pair walk up to the altar. Miss U. was of surpassing beauty, with rich dark hair, blue eyes, a perfect form, and full of grace. Pauline was considered a very beautiful girl. Her hair was very long and of a golden blonde; she had large dark blue eyes, and a beautiful complexion. She was not so tall as Miss U., but was equally well formed. A life-size picture by a then celebrated portrait painter, Mosbrucker of Constance, still in my possession, will show that I have not been partial in speaking of Pauline. The same painter made a small portrait of my mother, which is really a masterpiece.

Speaking of Mosbrucker, I have another portrait of his in my possession, — the portrait of Karl Ludwig Sand, the student of Jena, who in 1819 assassinated the Russian Councilor of State, Von Kotzebue. He was actuated, as he thought, by the purest motives; and indeed he was a young man of unstained character and of the austerest morality. After his fanatical deed he inflicted upon himself a mortal wound but lived to be tried for murder and was executed at Mannheim. Mosbrucker painted this portrait in prison for Sand's mother and duplicated it for himself. Shortly after-

wards he took up his usual abode at our house, painting portraits for Frankfort people; and, finding that father, though not approving of Sand's action, had the deepest sympathy for the young man, (who imagined he had done a patriotic deed in destroying a man whose whole life had been employed to demoralize the public and who had acted a traitor to his country in denouncing the German Universities to the Czar of Russia as the instigators of revolution,) Mosbrucker made my father a present of the portrait. It is more like the portrait of a girl than of a man. The forehead is broad, but not very high; the eyes are deep brown and show a brilliancy produced probably by the sickly pallor of the cheeks. The mouth is very beautiful and small, the face itself rather round than oval and encircled by dark brown hair coming down in curls to his shoulders. While it cannot be said that the face is very handsome, yet it is certainly a very interesting one. He bore his painful lingering illness with the submission of a saint, never complaining; and when he was led out to the scaffold, all the prison officials wept and the prisoners in their cells cried like children. The executioner, the judges, the ministers who called upon him, all broke out in tears; he alone was most serene, thanked them all for their sympathy, and even, by way of anticipation, thanked the executioner; for, said he, "After you have done the work which you hate so much to do, I could not thank you."

A portrait of my father by a painter of local reputation, Mr. Schlesinger, is by no means so well painted, but a remarkable likeness. Sister Augusta, five years younger than Pauline, was also a most beautiful child, with auburn hair reaching to her knees, and dark blue eyes. Unfortunately, she was quite early stricken with disease, and became an invalid all her life; though, for that very reason, more dearly beloved by us. Her condition, however, which excluded her from many youthful enjoyments, cast a constant gloom over our family life. The later years of her life were spent at Wiesbaden with mother, using the waters, though with little

effect. She died there some time in 1837 or 1838. She was a woman of superior mind.

I must now mention another brother, who was seven years younger than I, and who was born in the house on the Trèves Square. He was named Theodore, after the hero and poet Theodore Koerner of the Luetzow Corps, who fell in the battle of August 26, 1813. He was a most lovely child, with blue eyes and light hair, and highly intellectual, — too much so to promise a long life. I doted on him, and when he died in 1826, about 9 years old, from a cold he took at a May festival, it gave the first pang to my young heart, and one which I have not overcome to this day.

AT COLLEGE

At the gymnasium or college I got along very well, and formed friendships there that have lasted in some instances until now. Most of my classmates and fellow-students at the University have, — some long since, and some but lately, — gone to the land from which no traveler returns. The institution itself was at the time I attended it, not what it ought to have been. The director was not, though he pretended to be, a profound scholar. Besides, he was a bigoted devotee, and given to mysticism. Neither teachers nor scholars liked him. The lower classes had only teachers of mediocrity. In the higher classes there were some stars, such as Professor Conrad Schwenk, a deep thinker, a good philologist, and in every way a complete man. Professor Herling was a good mathematician and a master of German style. Professor Weber was an elegant scholar, and almost the only one who could make the reading of Cicero and particularly Horace, interesting to us. He tortured us, however, a good deal by dictating to us long essays in German on Roman history, which we were to translate into Latin at home. He wanted us to become elegant writers in Latin. I do not think he succeeded, at least he did not with me; for when it came to writting two Latin dissertations in 1832, when I was a candidate for doctor of law at the University of Heidelberg, one on a

controverted point in the Pandects, and the other on an equally controverted point in the canon law, I had a great deal of trouble. I had to call in my amiable friend Feddersen (from Holstein) a student of philosophy and philology, to give them a sort of Ciceronian finish. How I got through the oral examination in Latin so well, I did not then understand nor do I now. As long as the dean of the faculty, the celebrated Professor Thibaut, examined me in the Pandects, the matter was not so difficult, because I had read and studied them in Latin; but when Professor Mittermeier took me through the German civil and mercantile law and Professor Rosshirt through the German criminal law and criminal procedure, and Professor Zachariae made me tell what I knew of the history of the law of the old German Empire, I was several times rather nonplussed. Still I got, though not the highest, yet the next highest honors, "Insigni cum laude," which was a success considering that I had spent only the last semester of my University life in Heidelberg, and that with the exception of Mittermeier, I had not attended the lectures of any of the examining professors. The University of Heidelberg on the fiftieth anniversary of my doctorate made a very curious mistake. In their letter of congratulation, they said that I had obtained the highest grade, "summa cum laude," which is hardly ever given. My diploma shows their error. The grades at Heidelberg were: "Summa cum laude," "insigni cum laude," "maxima cum laude," "magna cum laude," and "cum laude," which last grade we used to call "feliciter evasit" — "he has by luck escaped non-admittance."

Our other professors in Greek and Latin were mere pedants. If they had been teachers of a theological or philological seminary, they might have been in their right places; but four-fifths of us were destined for the bar or for the medical profession, and wanted to get to the very soul of ancient literature simply by reading much and having our minds directed to the beauties of the old authors. In the highest classes it took just one-half year to go through one book of the Aeneid, and equally long for one of Homer. We had

learned dissertations on the caesura, and on the Greek particles and accents. It took us the same time to read a single oration of Demosthenes; and as if it had not been a sufficiently severe test to translate it into German, we had in addition to translate it into Latin, while during the whole hour nothing but Latin was allowed to be spoken.

The French language was not well taught at college, owing probably to the fact that lessons had to be given to several classes at once, so that there were by far too many scholars. English was taught only in the highest class (Prima); and since it, like French, was an optional study, our class did not have more than a dozen in it. The teacher, Mr. Will, was able, and we got pretty deeply into the beauties of Addison, Steele and Burke. I did not read Shakespeare in English until I was at the University of Jena, where fellow-students from Hamburg, Luebeck and other northern states, formed a Shakespeare Club, of which I was a member.

HENRY HOFFMANN AND "STRUWWELPETER"

Almost all my schoolmates in the higher classes of the Frankfort gymnasium became men of distinction and high repute in the Frankfort commonwealth, serving as burgomasters, senators, and filling judges' seats or holding high positions as lawyers or physicians. One of them, however, and he happened to be my most intimate friend, Dr. Henry Hoffmann, attained a national, or rather an international, reputation. He was the author of "Struwwelpeter," both text and pictures, — a little juvenile book, which has reached numberless editions, and has been translated into all known languages. I believe, and I have no doubt, that in the United States alone, from first to last, more than one hundred thousand copies have been sold. He told me, in 1862, that he had prepared this little book solely for his own children's amusement and instruction, without the least idea of ever publishing it. But the children showed it to their friends, and it

came to be read by their parents, some of whom insisted that it should be printed. He finally consented, thinking it would be bought in Frankfort as a Christmas gift for children for the current year, and would then be forgotten. Nobody was more surprised at its immense circulation than he himself. He at first disliked the noise made about it. He had gained some reputation as a serious poet, and still more as a successful and learned physician, which he did not desire to be overshadowed by this little humorous performance, which was the child of a few days only.

I said that Hoffmann was a real poet. A collection of his poems saw several editions, a rather rare thing in Germany. But on several occasions, such as the Mozart jubilee and the Goethe centennial anniversary, he wrote odes and songs, which are in my possession and are of much merit. In 1848 a banquet was given to the popular poet, Anastasius Gruen (Count Alexander von Auersberg), a liberal delegate to the German Parliament. The song for this occasion by Henry Hoffmann was most enthusiastically received. I will give the first strophe:

"Horch auf, mein Volk! ob deutschen Landen
Geht brausend jetzt ein Sturm empor,
Hoch weht dein Banner, frei von Banden,
Und beugen soll's der Sturm nicht mehr!
Treu Hand in Hand,
Fest Mann an Mann,
Mein Vaterland,
Dein Tag bricht an!"

This was the time of a golden dream of a great and united Germany, for which he and I had fondly hoped when at college, and which so soon turned out an illusion. He had soon to sing his bitter disappointment. The imperial crown offered by the Parliament to Frederick William IV of Prussia was by him refused, because, as was said, the crown had been rubbed with too many drops of democratic oil. This rejection drew from Hoffmann the following lines:

"Du, Koenig, hast's verschmacht! Du wagst es nicht!
Du willst nicht her zum freien Volke!
Wohlan! So zaudre bis das Wetter bricht
Verderblich aus der finstern Wolke.
Wann dann du rufst 'Heran, mein Volk, zu mir!'
Dann wird das Volk sich auch bedenken,
'Wir sind getrennt: Du dort, wir stehen hier,—
Wir haben keine Krone zu verschenken.' "

I think I can claim some trifling credit for the development of Hoffmann's poetical talents. My father had a poetical vein. After his death a package was found, in which were a small number of songs, all printed on separate slips. Some were written toward the end of the eighteenth century in the then highly sentimental style; others, at a later period, were of a patriotic character, and, it appears, were written for the meetings or festivities of the Bluecher Union.

EARLY POETICAL EFFORTS

When I was about fourteen years of age I spent some time at Kreuznach, among intimate friends of my parents. With some of their sons I made excursions into the neighborhood, which is full of the finest and most romantic scenery. We visited the Rheingrafenstein, in the beautiful valley of the Nahe, called Münster Thal, Franz Von Sickingen's Ebernburg, the castle of Dhaun, of Sponheim, and other old historic ruins. It was then that I first tried my hand at poetry. I wrote half a dozen epigrams on those grand relics of ancient times, some of which are still extant in a manuscript collection of my poetical sins.

When in Prima (the highest class), towards the end of my stay at college, I fell most desperately in love with the sister of one of my friends. She was a year or two older than I, and, as I soon learned, already engaged to the son of a very prominent merchant. That made, however, no difference to me. Of course, she knew nothing of my passion. I saw her at her home a few times, when I called upon my friend and classmate; but of course, never alone, for in Ger-

many no young gentleman was allowed to call on a lady, and no young lady permitted to receive the visit of a young man except in the presence of her parents or older members of the family. At any rate this was so at the time I speak of. But I was in ecstacy when lucky enough to see her in the public promenades or in the street. I would, at a respectful distance, follow her steps. She was of surpassing beauty, had dark hair, and her eyes were of the most brilliant black. When much later I read Platen's poems, I was always reminded of her by the lines.

"Der schwarzen Augen, die mir Sterne deuchten,
Geheimnissvolles, dunkel gluehendes Leuchten."

Her figure was rather small, but exquisitely formed. That I do not flatter Lina, will appear from a passage in a letter from my sister Pauline, which I received in June, 1830. "When I was the last time at the museum with Charles," she writes, he being a member of that society, "I saw Mrs. K. (Lina), who greeted me most kindly and addressed me. But oh, what a rare beauty, what loveliness! You were no fool. I had not seen her for a long time and I was really astounded." But how did she ever know of my passion for Lina? No one but Hoffmann knew of it and he only because he had confided to me his love for one Jenny. He must have betrayed me after I had left for Jena. We corresponded; I enclosed my letters to him in those I wrote to my family; and he his in those of Charles or Pauline. In the very letter in which the above lines about Lina are found, came one from him in which he very humorously informed me of the marriage of Lina to Mr. K., leaving a blank space to be filled, as he said, with curses damnation-deep. I am almost certain that he then spoke to Pauline about this, my first love-matter.

Now, Hoffmann was then my nearest neighbor on the school bench, and I believe he alone knew of my admiration for Lina. One time during a lesson which did not interest me, I wrote an epigram, or rather an anagram, on my love,

the initial letters of each line forming her given name. I showed it to him. "Well," said he, "that is not so very bad, but I think I can beat it." After a little he showed a scrap of paper to me on which was written the same anagram, much superior to mine.

We both felt interested, and pursued poetry, composing it in our school hours. He was a splendid draftsman, and generally enlivened his little pieces with some arabesque or small figures. His caricatures were really very good. The same winter he and I started a reading club. We met at my father's house, it being the central part of the city. We commenced with Goethe's and Schiller's dramas, the different parts being assigned by the president for the members to read. We soon got into Shakespeare, so beautifully translated by A. W. Von Schlegel. Hoffmann read Falstaff to perfection. In speaking of my early travels, I will have to say more of him. At the University, we did not meet. I went to Jena, Munich and Heidelberg. But when I came to the latter place, he had left it and gone either to Berlin or Wuerzburg. When I passed a year in Frankfort after leaving Heidelberg, he had not yet returned; and I met him only in 1862, on my way through Frankfort to Madrid, when we at once renewed our former friendship.

A year or two before Hoffmann and myself idled away our time in rhyming, I had made an effort at writing a drama. This was really audacious in a boy of fifteen or sixteen. It was commencing at the wrong end. Walter Scott was then all the rage and amongst all his novels it was the "Bride of Lammermoor" that struck me as lending itself best to dramatization. I planned the whole piece and sketched it on paper. It was to have three acts. The first act I nearly finished; but becoming aware of my poetical inability, and also having little time, I gave it up. It was written in the trochaic measure, which was then all the fashion, introduced by the translations of Calderon, and adopted by Muellner in his "Schuld" and Grillparzer in his "Ahnfrau,"

then a much admired tragedy which I had seen at the Frankfort Theatre. I gave the manuscript of my first act to my father, who kept it, but gave no opinion of it. One thing, however, is certain. I had intuitively found out the dramatic power of the novel. Some of Walter Scott's novels have been dramatized, such as Kenilworth, Guy Mannering, and Ivanhoe (Templar and Jewess), but they have been more or less failures; while Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" has gone around the world, and is still one of the most popular operas.

VON LEONHARDI

I must mention, however, another of my college classmates, Von Leonhardi, who made himself a name in Germany as the enthusiastic follower and expounder of the philosopher Krauss. This somewhat abstruse thinker, for some reason or other, found more adherents in Italy, and particularly in Spain, than in Germany itself. Emilio Castelar, who was well versed in German philosophical literature, (he delivered free lectures at the Madrid Athenaeum, the first winter I was there, on Schiller and Goethe,) was a great admirer of Krauss, and by his influence as professor of history at the University of Madrid, had indoctrinated not only the students, but also many literary men in Spain, with Krauss's ideas. Krauss was also a great authority in Italy. Perhaps his being a freemason and his having published several scientific works on freemasonry, may account for this popularity in countries where freemasonry was cultivated as a bulwark against Ultramontanism and despotism generally.

Leonhardi sat with me on the same bench in Secunda (second highest class), and became the principal in a scene which I can never forget. The director of the college, of whom I have already spoken as a zealous orthodox pietist, gave two lectures a week on religion. His lectures were mainly excerpts from the old fathers of the Church, Origines, Tertullian, and others, and were devoid of taste and reason. At one

time he came to treat of the temptation of Christ on the mountain, and commented on the various views of religious writers as to what the actual appearance of the devil might have been. He himself came to no conclusion as to what dress his Satanic majesty had assumed on this interesting occasion, but wound up by saying that one thing was certain, he must have appeared as a respectable person. Leonhardi, with his arms upon the desk and closed eyes, had for some time laid his head down to sleep. The director, observing this, asked him: "Von Leonhardi! are you sick?" "No," answered Leonhardi, "I am trying to sleep." "And why are you trying to sleep?" asked the director. "Because I can no longer listen to such stupid stuff (dummes Zeug)." The whole class broke out in loud and approving laughter. The director turned pale, and could not utter a syllable for a while. When the director finally said, "Von Leonhardi, you had better withdraw," Leonhardi picked up his books and quietly left the room. The matter was made up in some way, but at the end of the term of that class he left college. He was a tall, very fine-looking young man, but rather reticent and not sharing much in our sometimes pretty wild amusements. He was respected but was not popular amongst us.

CHAPTER III

School Life Continued. Early Travels

A few years after the War of Liberation, the great political Reaction set in. The new constitution of Germany, the German Bund, was a very loose affair. Leaving the sovereigns who constituted it almost entirely independent as long as they followed the dictates of Austria and Prussia, the Diet (Bundestag), the moment they showed signs of granting greater liberties to their people, repressed them. The articles of the Act of Confederation which provided for freedom of the press and guaranteed to the several states representative governments, were either not executed at all, or evaded by miserable caricatures of such governments. Very soon Liberal writers were persecuted, the censorship of the press (Censur) instituted, and the most despotic principles openly avowed. A confederacy, such as the German Bund, was fatally bad for the reason alone (amongst many others), that the two states of Austria and Prussia, counting amongst the great powers of Europe and possessing large territories outside of Germany proper, were members of it and rivals to boot. They had their own national policies, could have, and did have, wars outside of the Bund, and used the rest of Germany merely as an instrument to further their own interests. The Kings of Prussia, Frederick William the Third and the Fourth, were very weak and vacillating, and were soon reduced to play a secondary part to the artful Metternich, who was opposed to all popular liberty, for fear that his own motley monarchy might be contaminated by the liberal ideas of the other German States.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION AND THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE

The King of Prussia, who when he called the people to arms to rescue him from French domination had sacredly promised them a representative government, broke his word; and when, as could not fail, deep dissatisfaction at his conduct was shown by many of his people and by the very patriots who had fought in his armies as volunteers and had by speaking and writing roused the people to action, the Prussian government was nearly as severe in persecuting the men of the opposition as was Metternich, who filled with political prisoners the dungeons of Austria and Hungary. Such men as Stein, Arndt, Gneisenau, and Schoen, were closely watched. Arndt was removed from his professorship at the University at Bonn, and imprisoned.

In Frankfort, where the seat of the German Diet (Bundestag) was, and under the inspiration of that Diet, the reaction made its appearance somewhat later. Under the new Frankfort Constitution (1816), a legislative assembly had to be elected by the citizens every year. My father was elected a member several times,—I think for the years 1818 and 1819. He was, of course, of the Liberal party, and I was old enough then to listen to and understand his views about the political situation of the country. Most of the friends who visited us belonged to the same political party, and none but liberal newspapers were kept at our house. My older brothers were as warm opponents of the reactionary policy, then almost everywhere prevailing in Germany, as father was. The Italian revolutions in Piedmont and Naples were greeted by all liberals in Frankfort with joy, and great was their disappointment at the speedy suppression of the uprisings by the Austrian army, acting under the orders of the Holy Alliance.

The Greek war of independence (1821), which excited the interest and admiration of the best people of the entire civilized world, was also greeted with great enthusiasm in our family. Father became a member of the Philhellenic

Committee of Frankfort, the object of which was to collect contributions and money for equipping and furnishing transportation to the many young men who had determined to volunteer in the Grecian service. The principal committee for France, Switzerland and Germany had its headquarters in Geneva, where the auxiliary forces were organized; for the governments of France and Germany, under Metternich's influence, had forbidden all recruiting. To facilitate the collections a most stirring appeal had been printed in hundreds of thousands of copies, which were everywhere distributed. From the directory of Frankfort names were selected, several thousands of printed addresses were put in envelopes and personally delivered to each individual. The porter of our store distributed some, but the greatest number was delivered by me in my free hours. It was a hard task, for I had to climb very often three or four pairs of stairs to find the person to whom the paper was addressed. But I did it most cheerfully.

The Greek cause soon came nearer home to us. My brother Fritz at that time was employed as a lithographer in one of Cotta's printing and publishing establishments, at Stuttgart, which was one of the most active centers of Philhellenic sentiment. Norman, the general who in the last hours of the battle of Leipsic had gone over with some regiments of Wuertemberg cavalry to the allies, had already placed himself at the head of a large number of volunteers, who, by the time he reached Marseilles, had grown to a battalion or two. He organized them in Greece, and they were almost the first troops there that could be called regulars. In one of the first considerable battles fought against the Turks, near the Bay of Corinth, at Arta, these battalions of Norman nearly all perished. The bulk of the army consisted of some five or six thousand Greeks who ran away *en masse* when the first artillery fire of the Turks took effect in their ranks, leaving the Philhellenes, nearly all Germans, to fight it out. And they did so, being nearly all killed in the field, and the wounded

all dispatched, for in that war neither party gave quarter. A few only lived to tell the sad tale.

Before this was known new companies of volunteers were formed at Stuttgart and other places, and all at once Fritz wrote us that he had joined them, and was determined to fight in the sacred cause. My parents knew that they could not change his resolution, and with regret and sorrowful forebodings furnished him with the necessary means to accomplish his purpose. He wrote us very interesting letters from Switzerland, where a battalion was being organized; from Lyons, describing his delightful trip down the Rhone; and from Marseilles, where he embarked. Unfortunately all these letters and those he wrote from Greece and Turkey, together with my whole correspondence from the United States with my mother, brother and sisters, while they were alive, covering in all nearly twenty-two years, and a great many other family papers, were lost. After the death of brother Charles (in 1858), his only child Henrietta, being a minor, was taken into the house of one of her maternal uncles at Frankfort, who was also her guardian. He could never tell what became of the papers, and of a great many other things which were mementoes in our family, though he recollected having seen large packages and bundles of letters in the possession of the father of Henrietta. My letters would have greatly helped me in writing my reminiscences of the first seven years of my life in the United States, as being the impressions of the moment they undoubtedly gave a graphic and vivid representation of the conditions of that time.

Fritz landed with his battalion at Napoli di Romania. He found everything in confusion. Two of the principal leaders, Kolocotronis and Maurocordatos had fallen out, each pretending to be at the head of the government. As the Philhellenes did not know whom to obey and sought to be neutral between the two factions, they were neglected by both, received no rations and yet had to fight the Turks whenever occasion offered. Many of them soon became disgusted. The Greeks shunned

open fights, except when greatly outnumbering the enemy; carried on the war in a most cruel guerrilla style; relied on night surprises; and killed their prisoners indiscriminately, including both women and children. Fritz was at the siege of Athens, at the storming of Napoli di Romania, which had been retaken by the Turks soon after his arrival; was taken down with malarial fever; and since hospitals either did not exist, or were mere pest-holes, he took leave of absence (or was discharged, I do not recollect which), and crossed to Smyrna, where he was kindly received by the members of a mercantile branch of a Frankfort banker, St. George, and there found employment. As the fever did not leave him, he decided to return, by way of Alexandria and Ancona, and reached home, some time I believe in 1824, after a two years' absence, emaciated to a skeleton and greatly disappointed. In his judgment the Turks were far superior in every way to the Greeks, an opinion that was shared also by Dr. Lieber, a celebrated German-American publicist, as appears from a book in which he gives a lively description of his own experiences as a Philhellene.

Fritz, after his return, took up lithography again, but did not feel himself at home in Frankfort, and was glad to obtain a position in a mercantile branch of a Frankfort house at Buenos Ayres, in South America. It must be noted here that after Fritz had gone through his mercantile apprenticeship, he, having an uncommon talent for drawing and printing, gave up his commercial career and devoted himself to drawing and lithography, which had just then come into great vogue. As a lithographer he had found employment with Cotta at Stuttgart, before going to Greece. He left in 1825. We received several letters from him expressing his satisfaction with his new position, but suddenly his correspondence ceased, and after a while we received the news of his death. A war had broken out between Uraguay and Buenos Ayres on one side and Brazil on the other. In some capacity or other he was on board the

frigate Isabella belonging to Buenos Ayres when she was attacked by a Brazilian man-of-war and taken in the River La Plata, after a severe fight. The frigate was afterwards retaken, but Fritz was missing. In spite of various efforts through the consuls, the particulars of his demise could never be obtained. According to my present recollection, the naval fight took place some time in the year 1826. His life was a failure. Of the most uncommon talents and of an amiable disposition, he lacked steadiness and perseverance. He was too fond of company, too generous and open-handed, and had no idea of the value of time or money. In spite of the many sorrows and pains he caused his parents, they, and we all, loved him dearly.

ATHLETIC SPORTS

While at college, I and some of my schoolmates joined a Turners' Society. A garden was rented near the city, and except in the winter season we exercised twice a week on the gymnastic apparatus. Fencing was also largely cultivated, confined, however, to practising with the broadsword foil. My older brothers had a pair of such foils at the house, together with large felt hats and gauntlets. I did not become an expert at these broadsword exercises, but became proficient enough to make me very successful in about half a dozen encounters with that weapon at the Universities of Munich and Heidelberg. Indeed, I was never touched in these duels, though on similar occasions, with the small sword at Jena, where no other weapons were permitted, and in the use of which I thought myself almost a master, I was two or three times pretty severely handled by my opponents. The River Main afforded us a fine opportunity for rowing, sailing and swimming in summer, and a splendid ice field for skating in winter. Father was a great walker, and used to take me with him, even when I was quite small, when he visited Offenbach, Soden, Cronberg, or Homburg, the distance of the latter

places being from nine to ten miles from Frankfort. There was no lack of vigorous exercise in my bringing up.

EARLY PROFESSIONAL PLANS

I had a strong inclination to study medicine, and there was an institute at Frankfort, called the Senckenberg Institute. It was attached to a hospital founded by Dr. Senckenberg for aged citizens. But he had added to it his garden, which he made a botanical one. He had also endowed a botanical professorship. Adjoining the botanical garden he had erected an anatomical museum, to which a professorship was also attached. For a very small entrance fee, students of the college who intended to become physicians could use all these establishments. Young practising physicians also enjoyed this privilege. I had reached the second highest class at college. I attended lectures on anatomy one winter, but became disgusted with the dissecting room, and went there only once or twice. But the botanical garden I frequented much and in the summer-time made botanical excursions in the neighborhood of the city twice a week. We had to be at the professor's room as early as five in the morning, and then tramped out through heavy dews, little branches and ponds, so that we generally returned much fatigued by eight or nine o'clock, and often with wet feet. Yet I think only with delight on these botanical promenades. I collected quite an herbarium. The gathering of the plants, their arrangement, the drying and pressing of them, was a favorite occupation with me. Of course, I often went botanizing of my own accord.

I became slightly acquainted at that time with George Engelmann, who was at the college, but, he being a year or two older and in the first class, it was only through these botanical excursions with Professor Becker that I knew him. I had then no idea that we should become so closely related in after life. He had gone to the United States a year before I went, and there became one of the most distinguished physicians and a still more distinguished botanist. He was also an eminent

geologist. When he died he was a member of many academies and learned societies in Europe and the United States. In the course of these reminiscences we shall meet him very often.

My desire to become a physician or a doctor, as was then the usual appellation of a medical man, was not encouraged by my family. My mother had several reasons for having strong objections. She said that my nurse, on account of my loud crying and general "cussedness," had always said I must become a "Procurateur" — a name in olden times frequently given to advocates. The strongest objection, however, was, that she thought I was not handsome enough. She may have been right; but I may say, without laying myself open to the charge of too great vanity, that I had no trouble in finding during my life many warm and devoted friends among the fair sex.

SOCIAL LIFE

In our house there was much society. My sisters had many girl friends. Once or twice every week, they would have some of them call in the evening before supper, which was always late, eight o'clock in winter, and nine or half past nine in summer. These were free and easy meetings, like the tertulias in Spain. Sometimes there was tea, coffee or fruit served. The girls would play on the piano, sing, dance, play at blind man's buff and other games. I was often amongst them, as were also some of my friends. My father had a very large number of friends in the city, and in neighboring and even distant towns, owing to the fact that he acted as a commission-merchant for small booksellers in those places, and also that he had, particularly in earlier times, published works of clergymen and teachers in colleges and schools. His close connection with the Bluecher Club had brought him in contact with many prominent men in Offenbach, Homburg, Hanau and Darmstadt.

Particularly at the time of the two fairs in Frankfort we had a good many visitors from abroad, who sometimes

stayed for weeks, and amongst them were some quite interesting people. Among places in which we had warm friends must be mentioned, in particular, Kreuznach and Bad Ems. Business connections brought my father to the first place. He made many friends, amongst others a merchant by the name of Kauffmann, who was the author of a book of songs, some of which were really of great merit. He was an original, full of humor and wit, an inimitable story-teller and mimic. He was the best type of the ever gay and vivacious Rhinelander. He came regularly to the Frankfort fair and made his purchases, and we were all delighted when he arrived. Sometimes his sons and daughters came to see us, and my sister Pauline spent in return many weeks and months at his delightful Kreuznach home, where some two or three times I also spent part of my college vacation. We became acquainted with other families there, and I yet remember the delightful pienic parties we had at the Ebernburg and other picturesque places which surround Kreuznach.

As to Ems, though its waters were known as highly curative in certain diseases, it was not then the fashionable watering place it became in later years; and it was perhaps for this reason a more agreeable place to visit. Our connection with Ems was owing to the fact that sister Pauline, whose lungs had become somewhat affected, spent a season there and took lodgings at the Four Towers (Vier Thuermen), a kind of château in renaissance style, that had belonged to a noble family and was now owned by the widow of Dr. Thilenius, who had been the ducal bath-physician. The structure had been converted into a bath house, and was no hotel. The guests were accommodated with furnished rooms, and the baths were taken in a large basin. Most of the people staying there were of the highest class; and had usually their own cooks and servants. The kitchen was of a large size, with many ranges, so that several families could have their meals prepared at once. But most of the guests went to neighboring restaurants. The widow Thilenius was a woman of un-

common intellect, and showed, when I first knew her, traces of rare beauty. She was a splendid business woman, for which excellence Boerne, who had quarreled with her about prices, gave her, in one of his letters, some sarcastic hits. She was a fine writer and given to making verses. She became exceedingly fond of Pauline, and promised to visit her in Frankfort. On parting she wrote in Pauline's album:

"Sprudle emsig; sprudle helle,
Frische Emser Silberquelle.
Eine liebe kranke Rose
Ward gesund in deinem Schoose."

She afterwards came to Frankfort, and father, Pauline and myself visited Ems repeatedly.

THE THILENIUS FAMILY

As the Thilenius family became somewhat interwoven with our own, it may not be amiss to give their history, as far as I became acquainted with it. In the first place, the late Dr. Thilenius was not only known as one of the ablest physicians in the Dukedom of Nassau, but stood very high as a man. It was said that it was he who resurrected the baths at Ems. They were known to the Romans and highly prized by them; and even in the middle ages they had a great reputation. But for some reason or other, perhaps because there was no gambling permitted there, they were, towards the end of the last century overshadowed by such places as Spaa, Pyrmont, and Wilhelmsbad. Dr. Thilenius, by having the springs and baths put in fine condition, and by demonstrating in a number of publications the excellence of the waters, had attracted invalids in great numbers to the place, and so was honored by the Duke with orders, and loved by the people as a benefactor. For this reason the family had much pride.

The Four Towers were, at the time I visited there, much patronized. At one time I found nearly all the rooms, including the large salon, occupied by the Grand Duke of

Russia, Constantine, and his wife, with an immense suite of adjutants, chamberlains, etc., etc. At another, the Duke of Clarence, who afterwards became William IV of England, was a guest, and with him were two beautiful young girls (his daughters by some lady unknown), who went by the name of the Misses Fitz-Clarence.

The times I spent at Ems were most delightful. It was always vacation-time. I met there the three Thilenius sons, one of whom was a student of medicine at Giessen, Rudolf by name; the other, Otto, who was at the Weilburg Gymnasium; and Ernest, who was at a much-noted private boarding-school at Offenbach, so largely patronized by English boys that the language spoken there in conversation was English. What splendid parties we made, mostly on donkeys or ponies, along the beautiful valley of the Lahn and in the side valleys, as far even as Coblentz on the Rhine! Only one of the girls, Matilda, lived at Ems. The eldest, Charlotte, was already married to a Herr von Haus, and resided at Wuerzburg. The youngest was in a ladies' seminary, also at Offenbach. All the children were very handsome, some of them of most exquisite beauty. I became very intimate with all of them. Charlotte von Haus was the most perfect beauty I ever saw. To attempt a description of this charming lady would be a vain task. In the words of Byron:

> "Who has not proved how feebly words essay
> To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray!
> Who does not feel, until his failing sight
> Faints into dimness with its own delight,
> His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
> The might, the majesty of loveliness!"

I have somewhere seen a German translation of these lines which do justice, in my opinion, more than justice, to the original. It runs thus:

"Wer hat es nicht gefuehlt, wie schwer zu malen,
Ein Funken aus der Schoenheits Himmelsstrahlen!
Wer fuehlt es nicht, in wessen Angesicht
Geblendet von der Reize Zauberlicht,
Wess klopfend Herz, wess Wange Glut entbrannt,
Hat je der Schoenheit Wundermacht erkannt!"

There was added to her Grecian beauty of face and form, a most fascinating loveliness and grace. She was highly accomplished, a fine musician, and full of spirit. I was so lucky as to become quite a pet of hers. A few years later, passing through Wuerzburg, I called upon her, and was received most kindly by herself and husband, who was a prominent physician and also a man of high intellect, of exquisite wit, and a charming conversationalist. At a little later period, on my return home from Munich (1831), I stopped our vetturino for an hour at Friedberg, where the doctor then resided as official physician for the district (Kreis-physicus). They expressed great pleasure at my call. Charlotte, though some ten years older than when I first saw her, was as fair as ever, and as kind and loving to me as when I was a boy. They afterwards moved to the city of Augsburg; but when I passed through that place some thirty years later, I had no time to renew our old friendship.

Mathilde Thilenius was a brunette with most brilliant eyes and handsome features, but perhaps a little too tall for a woman. She was also very vivacious, full of wit and humor; she was more housewifely than Charlotte. She married, some years after I became acquainted with her, a Mr. Reimann, a clergyman in the electorate of Hesse. Otillie, the youngest, was quite a child when I first met her. After my return from the University (1832), she came to us often from her seminary at Offenbach. She, too, was very beautiful, but had not the sprightliness and vivacity of her sisters. As she was then only a girl of twelve or thirteen years, she may have become quite as interesting.

If the Thilenius girls were fair, and "fairer than that word," so were the sons. I found Rudolf, on my settling in Frankfort in 1832, a practicing physician at some town in the Dukedom of Nassau. He came to Frankfort often to see us. He died quite young, after I had left Europe. Otto became a very eminent lawyer, but I cannot now recollect where he settled and when he died.

Ernest, just of my age, was the handsomest among them. He was the male impersonation of Charlotte. When at Offenbach, in the Spies Institute, he used to call on us almost every Saturday. In vacation times he stayed for days at our house. We became very intimate. He had a lofty mind and high aspirations, and had determined to become an artist. When I left college he also had completed his education at Offenbach, and went somewhere to study his profession as a painter. I lost sight of him then, but learned later that he had spent a number of years in Rome, pursuing his studies in painting and architecture. He was so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to have the wife of a very distinguished member of the English Parliament fall deeply in love with him; and he had actually to run away from Rome to prevent a scene. I presume he led a very Bohemian sort of life, as is very common with idealistic artists. In 1850 he surprised me very much by his appearance in Belleville, bringing with him a young, very handsome, sprightly and amiable wife,—his own niece, the daughter of Mathilde. He still showed traces of his former beauty; but he was now stricken with consumption. His plan was to make a living by portrait-painting and by giving lessons in drawing and painting. He only partially succeeded, owing largely to his bad health. They stayed some weeks at our house, then took lodgings near us. He died some time in the winter of 1852. Emma, his widow, came back to us to live. She was an excellent performer on the piano and a delightful singer. She gave lessons to my daughter Mary and to other young ladies in Belleville. In 1853 or 1854 she married William Kribben, of St. Louis, and became thereby a

sister-in-law of Theodore Engelmann, of Steelridge, who had married William's sister. Emma lost her husband in 1872 or 1873, and has, since his death, been engaged as a German teacher in the public schools of St. Louis.

ATTRACTIONS OF FRANKFORT

Frankfort at the time of my college days, though not as large and beautiful a city as now, was a place which could not help greatly influencing the character of young people. There was the appearance at least of a free, independent and republican government, great wealth and very little poverty; for the poor were taken care of by a large number of benevolent institutions and also by the city fathers. There was life and animation in business; the great fairs brought thousands of people from far and wide, France, England, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and the other German States. It was the seat of the German Diet, composed of delegates from all the states, with their secretaries and suites. To the Diet all the great powers had accredited ambassadors, accompanied by secretaries of legation and attachés. Besides, it was the seat of the military commission, having supervision of the entire army of the Bund; the commissioners being all generals or colonels, with their adjutants. On public occasions all these diplomatists and military chiefs appeared in their glittering uniforms. In the summer, the city was thronged with travelers resorting to the various mineral springs which surround Frankfort, such as, Soden, Homburg, Wilhelmsbad, Cronberg, Wiesbaden, Schlangenbad, Weilbach, Schwalbach; and most of them made a stay at the old imperial city. One must have been very dull indeed, if in such environments, in the house and out of the house, he should not more or less have lost his provincialism and ceased to be a Philistine. Goethe says truly: "Let no one believe he can ever overcome early impressions."

EARLY TRAVELS

To finish what I have to say as to my early life at school and college in Frankfort, it may not be amiss to speak of my travels during that time. They were not very extensive, considering the present mode of locomotion by steamship and railway, but still at that time were looked upon as by no means insignificant. In 1816 my mother and sisters went to Kreuznach, and I was taken along. I have no particular recollection of this journey, except that our carriage was the last that crossed the pontoon bridge at Mayence, which was afterwards carried away by the unusual rise of the waters of the Rhine. It was that dreadful year of high water all over Germany and other continental countries, the rainfall having destroyed the harvest of all kinds of grain and potatoes, producing the extensive famine of 1817. In Kreuznach itself at a picnic party to Rheingrafenstein, we were overtaken on a very hot day by a tremendous thunderstorm, and got thoroughly soaked. The shower was followed by a very cold spell. In the night I was taken with the croup, and thought to be dying; but almost instant medical assistance saved me. Of this sickness I only remember the biting of a dozen leeches on my throat. In a few days I was well enough for our home trip.

In 1818, my father having business in Bonn and Cologne, took mother and me along. It was a splendid journey, of which I have the most pleasant and distinct recollections. We drove to Mayence, starting late in the evening, and got there about an hour before the regular packet for Cologne, called "Jacht," left its landing-place in the morning. The weather was delightful. There were many travelers of all nations. The river with its clear, bright, green waters (being from Mayence to Bingen, through the celebrated Rheingau, broader than anywhere else), was in its whole course to me an enchanting sight. We glided by Bieberich with its magnificent château, by Ingelheim on the left, and Erbach, Johannisberg,

Geisenheim, Ruedesheim on the right, past hills clad with the noblest vineyards of Germany.

At Bingen we stopped for dinner, and then came some very anxious moments. At Bingen the high hills which bound the river come close together. You think there is a rocky wall before you. Rocks run under the river from one side to the other, leaving but a narrow and dangerous channel for boats. This passage is called the Binger Hole or Loch. On the left is the celebrated Mouse Tower, on the right the castle of Ehrenfels on a very high rock, where the Germania statue now stands. The water rushes through the hole tumultuously, with a sinister noise. The boat descends rapidly several feet. The captain assured the lady passengers that the river was in good stage, and that there would be no danger of striking the rocks underneath. But still there were many pale faces, and that not only amongst the ladies. When the rushing of waters was heard, the captain himself took the helm; and when the vessel commenced sinking all at once a few feet, there was a loud cry. Mother had hold of me, but she was more scared than I was. Nevertheless, we got through, and felt very proud at having defied the perils. These obstructions are now entirely removed. But at the time I speak of the Binger Loch was a terror to all navigators, except in very high water.

We then passed by ancient Bacharach, the Lorelei Rock, the many beautiful ruins of old castles which stand on the high hills, and the many villages and towns which line the banks of the Rhine between Bingen and Coblentz. At the latter place our yacht stopped all night and the passengers went to the hotels on the bank of the river. Early in the morning we started, under the shadow of the mighty fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, for Bonn, passing Rolandswoerth, Godesberg and the Seven Mountains. At Bonn we left the boat, for father had come here to attend an auction of oil paintings, in which he was much interested. And here I may as well speak

of a circumstance which had considerable influence over our private affairs.

BUSINESS REVERSES, AND ART MATTERS

After the peace, my father had been led to the determination to add to his business as bookseller and publisher another branch, which might be called an art branch. He commenced at first by purchasing a stock of some modern, but more particularly ancient, engravings, etchings and wood cuts, and somewhat later added oil paintings to his stock. At the time, many private collections of paintings had come under the hammer, and sometimes very valuable pictures could be bought at very low prices. Fortunately, or unfortunately, my father had in several instances met with great success; having purchased paintings of great merit very cheaply, for which he found purchasers at three or four times the original price. So he accumulated quite a stock of paintings in oil and water colors. About the year 1823 or 1824, I should judge that his gallery of oil paintings contained nearly a hundred pieces. All the engravings and paintings, however, had to be paid for in cash; and in the end a considerable capital had been invested. But sales were slow; the best of the collection were found to be too high-priced; and the indifferent ones found no buyers. Moreover, the new business interested father more than his regular one, and took up much of his time. Finally, although occasionally he met with sales, he had to dispose of his whole stock as best he could.

The failure of this enterprise necessitated economizing in a degree unknown before, and finally a change in our entire mode of life. Father transferred his bookselling and publishing business to brother Charles, who took another store on the Steinway, next to the White Swan Hotel; while father occupied a small office near the Neue Kraeme, where he sold the remnants of his engravings and paintings and what was left of the books he had formerly published. His health also began to fail, and he now passed almost every summer at

Cronberg, drinking the waters there. This resort became later quite celebrated; and the old village, under the ruins of the castle, is now a town of fine villas, and almost a suburb of Frankfort.

Our house was leased at a very high rent, it being in an excellent business location; the family afterwards residing in rented flats, in pleasant, retired places. After the death of father in 1829, and after I had gone to the United States, our house was finally sold; leaving, after settling incumbrances, still a handsome capital for mother and sisters to live on. But in the later years of mother's life it was greatly reduced on account of the sickness of mother and my sisters, who had to use almost constantly the waters of such places as Ems and Wiesbaden, so that when mother died on the first of April, 1847, sister Pauline had only a small income. Charles also had become an invalid in the later years of his life, and could do but very little business. It afforded me great satisfaction that I was then able to assist both of them to a certain extent and thus to return them the thousand kindnesses they had done me when I was with them.

While this undertaking of my father's dealing in subjects of art turned out badly in one respect, upon me it had a lasting influence throughout life; and I have mentioned it a little more fully for the reason that it explains how I came to be so fond of everything pertaining to painting and sculpture. When I had published my book "From Spain" ("Aus Spanien," 1867), some of my friends in Europe, as well as here, expressed surprise that I should have devoted so much time to visiting museums and galleries and should have written so much, and, as they kindly thought, so well, of pictures and paintings and of the different schools of art. But it was only natural that I should do so, considering my surroundings when I was yet young and impressionable. My father's engravings were kept in large portfolios in the rooms where the pictures were stored, and we children, whenever we could get permission, were wont to take them to our rooms and

look at them. A great many were rare prints by old master-engravers; and all were pleasing to us. I looked over all of them, while a boy from twelve to fifeen years, at least fifty times. Often I tried to copy some. Yet, though I had drawing lessons while at the Model School, I never made much of a draftsman.

The best paintings were hung in our largest room and in the adjoining cabinets, and there were some of great merit. The gem of the collection was a "Susanna and the Elders" by Francis Floris, a Dutch painter, born in 1520, and called by his contemporaries the Dutch Raphael. It was life-size and in color as rich as any of Rubens's masterpieces. It was held by father at several thousand florins; but I am afraid that he never received that price for it, as it was known that he was very anxious to sell it. There was also a real Rubens, "The Judgment of Solomon," but it was of small size and not fully finished. Two marine pieces by Peters, also a Dutch painter, were very fine. A couple of beautiful landscapes by Schuetze, who was much appreciated by Goethe, together with other paintings of masters whose names I do not now recollect, were also in the main rooms. In one of the cabinets there were life-size pictures of four apostles, Peter and Paul amongst them, frightful to behold, but attributed by some to no less a master than Albrecht Duerer. But father had bought them as copies merely. I saw, later in life, portraits and other pictures by Duerer which I much admired, but those in our collection gave me a very poor idea of him. Of course I heard many discussions about paintings and the masters; for many persons, and amongst them artists and connoisseurs, visited our picture rooms.

My love for the fine arts having thus been stimulated, I became, while at college, almost a constant visitor of the excellent gallery of paintings and plaster casts donated by Mr. Staedel to my native city. It was open at that time only one day in the week for a few hours, and on Sundays from ten to

one o'clock. Almost every weekday, and on Sundays, when the weather did not permit of a walk through the beautiful promenade after church, I could invariably be found at the Staedel Institute. Whenever I could visit the Bethmann Museum, near the New Gate (Neue Thor), I went there. It contained no paintings but had excellent plaster casts of all the masterpieces of sculpture then known, and above all the charming Ariadne of Dannecker in Carrara marble. In my rather extensive travels while a student, I never failed to visit the museums and picture galleries, as for instance at Cassel, Leipsic, Berlin, Munich, Stuttgart, and Cologne. No church or château, celebrated for its beauty or architecture, escaped my visit. This love of fine arts has been to me through life a constant source of pleasure and deep interest, and I should, perhaps, have remained as unmoved and indifferent to the wonders of color and marble as many of my friends, who were otherwise highly cultivated, had it not been for this, my father's ill-fated venture in art.

EARLY TRAVELS CONTINUED

Bonn's surroundings are very beautiful. We visited the old Episcopal Palace (now the University Building), and the Muenster (Dom), one of the most interesting churches in Germany, founded by Helene, mother of Constantine the Great, it is said.

After two or three days we took a boat for Cologne. The cathedral there was not nearly finished. Even part of the inside was planked up. Yet its colossal dimensions, resplendent antique painted glass windows, the rich shrine where the skulls of the three oriental kings are kept, and the splendid altar-piece by some old German master, even then impressed me most forcibly. I have seen this grand piece of German architecture repeatedly since, and in a finished, or nearly finished state, but my first visit to it is equally as vivid as my last. In the Church of St. Peters we saw the celebrated painting of Rubens, "The Crucifixion of the Saint," one

of his masterpieces according to the master's own opinion. We visited a great number of other churches, and saw the bones of the 11,000 virgins. I think we remained in Cologne four or five days, went back by boat, which was drawn up stream by four horses, and slept one night in the boat. We stopped at Neuwied, visited the Herrnhuter establishment, saw the fine collection of birds, butterflies and insects brought there by the Prince of Wied from South America; stopped at Coblentz, sent trunks by water to Frankfort, then crossed over to Ehrenbreitsein; walked eight miles over the mountains down to Ems in the valley of the Lahn, a guide carrying our carpet bags. We stayed in Ems at the Four Towers, with the Thilenius family. This was my first visit to Ems, of which I have, however, but little recollection. The eight-mile walk was considered a considerable feat by my parents for a boy of eight. At Ems, father hired a guide and two donkeys, one for mother and one for me, on which we made the journey to Wiesbaden by way of Schwalbach, a distance of about twenty-five miles. Occasionally I got down and walked a few miles to let father ride. From Wiesbaden we went home by coach.

With the exception of several excursions with father and mother to Darmstadt, Homburg and Wiesbaden, I do not think I made any journey again with my parents until the year 1822. But that was a most delightful one, and I was then of an age when I could better appreciate what I saw. We went by water to Mayence, took a coach there, and went up on the banks of the Rhine, passing Laubenheim and Nierstein, places celebrated for their excellent wine, stayed all night at Oppenheim, visited the Dom, stayed from noon till next morning at Worms, visited the remarkably fine Muenster (the hall where Luther appeared before the Emperor and Diet), and finally visited at Frankenthal an intimate friend of my family, Mr. Henry Roeder, a man of considerable wealth, the possessor of a very fine drug store. He was a well educated man, and professionally trained. He lived in

the main street, in an elegant house, and had an interesting family, and amongst others a fine boy of my age. We stayed there nearly a week, and spent a most happy time.

This visit came very near being a turning point in my career. There was at Frankenthal an academy, preparatory to the colleges, called a Pro-Gymnasium, which was said to be a very good institution. Mr. Roeder seemed to have taken a liking to me, and he proposed to my parents putting me into this institute instead of sending me to school at Frankfort. He said that with what I knew already I could get through the academy in a couple of years, and that then he would take me as an apprentice in his pharmacy. A year or two spent afterwards at a University would put me in the ranks of graduate pharmacists, who were then in much demand, received high salaries, and could in the course of time become independent proprietors. Now the apothecaries at Frankfort were all well-to-do men and highly respected, and as I could be in no better place away from home than in the excellent family of my father's friend, the proposal seemed to them quite acceptable. But I demurred. Compared with Frankfort, Frankenthal was rather a dull place. It was a mile or so from the Rhine, lay in a sandy alluvial plain, and had no fine scenery around it. Besides, I had, from reading a great deal of poetry and romance, caught rather lofty aspirations, which soared above the ultimate ownership of a pharmacy. So Mr. Roeder's proposal came to nothing.

From Frankenthal we made excursions to the village of Forst, visiting father's old friend Mr. Wehrle, father of the young man whose unfortunate encounter with the French *guardes d' honneur* I have already related. We stayed with him, and he took us through his fine vineyards, where, it being vintage time, we ate to our heart's content of a delicious kind of grape which Mr. Wehrle picked for us as the ripest and sweetest. From Forst we went to Duerkheim, at the foot of the Haardt Mountains, beautifully situated. We stayed with

Mr. William Roeder, a brother of Henry, who also had a drug store. The scenery around Duerkheim is most picturesque, particularly the valley in which the ruins of the Limburg Abbey, an excellent piece of Gothic architecture, are situated.

In 1824, during Easter vacation, I visited Kreuznach again. It was the first time that I took so long a trip by myself. I felt very proud of it. I went by water to Mayence, took the "yacht" to Bingen, and dined at the celebrated White Horse Hotel, situated on the very banks of the Rhine, with a splendid view of Ruedesheim, Ehrenfels, Niederwald, and Assmannshausen on the farther shore, and then — and, I believe, for many years afterwards, — kept by that prince of hotel-keepers, Mr. Soherr. After dinner I put my knapsack on my shoulders and walked by the river Nahe to beloved Kreuznach. My sister Pauline was there on a visit. We had a delightful time; went on a half dozen picnic parties to the most romantic environs of the town; and visited the old château. In the fall of the same year, I believe, I made a trip to Ems, but took a circuitous route by water to Mayence or rather to Cassel, the *tête de pont* of Mayence, from there to Erbach in the Rheingau, between Rauhenthal and Markobrunn, (names that make the mouth of any connoisseur of wine, water,) where I met by appointment my friend Ernest Thilenius who had stayed with a relative, Mr. Beck, a rich owner of vineyards. Both of us, with a son of Mr. Beck, then footed it over a pretty rough spur of the Taunus Mountains, a distance of at least twenty-five miles, to Ems, which we reached pretty well worn-out, — a very hard day's walk, considering that the first half of it was on a rough foot-path over steep hills. I need not say what a splendid time we had at the Four Towers. It being vacation time, all the boys were at home. We had ponies and donkeys always at our disposition, and visited Nassau and the chateau of the Baron of Stein on the Lahn. I returned by myself by way of Schwalbach and Wiesbaden, stopping at our friends', the

Fliedners. The tour from Ems to Wiesbaden, about thirty miles, I made in one day, with a pretty heavy knapsack on my back.

On this trip I met with an adventure, which, considering my age (about 14), was not altogether pleasant, and for a little while gave us a good deal of anxiety.

I left Cassel about five o'clock in the evening, taking the highway to Biberich, about six miles distant, where I intended to stay over night. A few hundred yards from the gate I discovered a very nice foot-path leading towards the Rhine, which I preferred taking, as the highway was very much traveled and quite dusty. After about a mile the path took the direction again of the main road, and where it struck it there was a guard-house, with an Austrian soldier standing guard. When he saw me he cried out "Halt," holding his musket across the path. I asked him why he stopped me. "Don't you see this!" he said, pointing to a low post on which was fixed a large sign-board. "Yes, I see it," I replied. "And don't you see that this path is forbidden!" "No!" said I, "I don't see it." The inscription, "Forbidden Way," was on the outside towards the highway, so that nobody that came the way I came could see it. "Well," said I, "that may be so, but where I came in there was no sign, and of course I did not know that I was doing anything wrong." The soldier, however, called for the sergeant or corporal. When he came up, I explained matters to him; but he said that it was all the same to him; he must send me back to the main guard-house at Cassel. He went in and made out a report in writing, handed it to a soldier who shouldered his musket and marched me back. All the conversation on the part of the soldiers had been held in the broad Austrian dialect; and I did not know what would be done with me: whether I was to be put in prison or fined, in which latter case a considerable inroad would be made on my means of travel. I took good care, however, to make my escort, when we came to the place where I had entered the foot-path, see whether there was

anything to show that it was a forbidden way. Finally, we reached the grand guard-house within the fort; I was handed in; and the soldier delivered the report to a young officer, probably a lieutenant. Although I felt very bad and my heart beat quickly, I was enough of a Frankfort boy to put on a stiff air. He asked my name, place of residence, and where I was going, and so on, and seemed himself surprised when the soldier told him, as I did, that there was nothing to warn me off. He said it was a damned piece of "Eselei," declared I ought to have considered that I was still in the fortification, and wished me a happy journey, whereupon I started off greatly relieved.

About the same time, during a short mid-summer vacation, I made a most delightful run through the Taunus Mountains with my friend, Henry Hoffmann (Struwwelpeter), and Clemens and Behr, my classmates. Leaving the city in the afternoon, we got to Cronberg in the evening, where we found only one miserable tavern, with the beds already occupied by tourists, so that as a last resort we had to get the landlord to spread for us some bunches of fresh straw on the floor of the common drinking-room. The straw was then covered with a sheet, and some pillows were furnished. At two in the morning our guide woke us up, and we marched by the old castle of Falkenstein to the top of the Feldberg (about 3,000 feet) to see the sun rise. We got there just at daybreak, and, as is usual at that time, a strong breeze came up, and, sitting on a granite ledge of rock, called the Brunhildestein, we felt most uncomfortably cold. We saw the sun rise, and obtained a fine view of Frankfort, and of the towns and villages surrounding it; of Mayence and of the Donnersberg, that highest peak of the Haardt Mountains; and of the beautiful range called the Bergstrasse. But a slight mist shut out the more distant sights, so that we did not see the whole panorama, which is said to be the finest in Germany, including, as it does, the cities and towns of the upper Rhine, Oppen-

heim, Worms, Mannheim, Speyer, and in very clear weather even the towers of the Strassburg Cathedral.

From the Feldberg, we reached, through beautiful valleys, the castle of Eppstein, one of the largest ruins of Germany. It belonged to a distinguished race of Knights, some of whom had been Archbishops of Mayence, and another a Patriarch of Jerusalem. Eppstein, the village, stands at the junction of three most picturesque valleys, with clear trout brooks rushing through them. It is one of the most wildly romantic spots in Germany. I went there often as a child with my parents.

We stopped at the water-mill, the proprietor of which keeps an inn, the table d'hôte of which has a great reputation. On Sundays, hundreds of people from Frankfort, Wiesbaden, and neighboring towns, resort there, where they find always the best of fish, crabs, and excellent venison. The venison came from the roe, which is not as large as the American deer, but the flesh of which is more tender and savory. I think we stayed at the mill over night; then traveled across pretty high mountains to Sonnenberg, a fine old ruin; and went thence to Wiesbaden. As this latter place was well known to us, we did not stay there long, but took dinner at the Kursaal and marched homeward through Hofheim to Frankfort, by way of Bad Soden and Roedelheim. We were a gay set, and amused ourselves in various ways, singing a hundred songs while marching. We had spent all our money, and fortunately came to the gates of Frankfort before they were closed. Otherwise we should not have known what to do; since at that time, and for many years later, the gates were closed at eight o'clock in the summer, and earlier in the winter; and after they were closed a toll had to be paid for entrance. It was four kreutzers, or about one and one-half cents per head. This levying of a toll might have been all right as long as Frankfort was a fortress, but it was a piece of nonsense to continue it after it became an open place.

In the Easter vacation of 1827 I went to Worms, at the invitation of a college friend, Edward Graf, and spent some days at his father's house, the pastor of the principal church. I felt very much at home there. He had two lovely sisters, also. Graf was a handsome youth, full of life and inclined to be wild. He was very bright, and in some branches a very good scholar. He went after college to the University of Giessen, so that we did not meet again while I was in Germany. As he came afterwards to the United States, I may have to speak of him again.

From Worms I took my way to Heidelberg, where I stayed with a student from Frankfort. He took me to the fencing-rooms, and to the club-house of the Burschenschaft every evening; so that I got quite well acquainted with student-life and the rules they live by (Studenten-Comment). Unluckily the weather was bad. It rained half the time, and when it did not rain, a high wind blew from the vast Rhine plain into the narrow valley of the Neckar, where Heidelberg stands. I did not then see very much of the wonderful scenery about the famous University.

Shortly after my return from Heidelberg, I was taken down with a bilious typhoid fever, which I had undoubtedly contracted during my stay at Heidelberg, and for a few days my condition was considered very dangerous. By the most careful nursing I recovered; but it was months before I was able to drive out. Brother Charles, who had sat up with me many nights, was prostrated with the same disease, but not to such a degree as I was. In the fall it was thought that travelling would complete the re-establishment of my health. I got Henry Hoffmann to join me, and we went to Kreuznach, taking the boat to Bingen. We had a most joyful time at Kreuznach; Hoffmann delighting our friends there with his humor and wit. We visited all the romantic places in the neighborhood in company with college friends, and we had frequently pretty and interesting girls with us. Hoffmann had never been away from home much, and he overflowed

with vivacity. We also did justice to the good wines of the Palatinate, which beyond the Prussian frontier were very cheap. We went back to Bingen, and there took the steamboat Frederick William III on one of her first trips on the Rhine; it was the first steamer we ever saw. We went up the Rhine valley to Coblentz, Bonn, and finally to Cologne, where we spent several days visiting the many churches, picture galleries and museums. Returning, we stopped at Coblentz, and of course went over to Ems, where we spent some days with the Thilenius family, which stay Hoffmann considered as the crowning triumph of our journey. He was everywhere received as a friend. Via Schwalbach, we reached Wiesbaden, where he also stayed with me at the Fliedners, a family with whom we were intimately befriended.

Theodore Fliedner, who had been a teacher at the Wiesbaden Lyceum, became afterwards the founder of the Institute for Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth. He had been often in England, whence he derived much patronage for his establishment, and became much noted as a gentleman of learning and piety. In 1849, he went to the United States, where he founded a similar institution at Pittsburg. He also visited Jerusalem in the interest of the British-German Protestant Bishopric; and founded in many places institutions similar to that of Kaiserswerth, as well as hospitals and orphan asylums. He was also the author of various theological works. The whole Fliedner family were very pious people, mother, sons and daughters; yet they were not puritanical, and not averse to innocent amusements; and, although we were considered by them as rather too free-thinking, yet our mutual visits were always highly agreeable. Theodore was some ten years older than myself, and I did not know him as well as I did some of his brothers and sisters, though sufficiently to like him as a kind, industrious, and thoroughly upright young man.

A Pastor Fliedner, a son of Theodore, followed in the footsteps of his father. He worked as a missionary in Spain. After great efforts he formed Protestant congregations at

Madrid, Granada, and other places in Spain, and obtained permission to open a chapel where he performed services in both English and German. He also founded an Orphan Asylum and Hospital for Protestants in Madrid. Theretofore, such a thing was unheard of in Spain. Now and then some English clergyman held religious services in the homes of the English Legation, where the English Minister would invite Protestants to attend, and where none were admitted unless so invited; but this was only a diplomatic privilege. There was also at my time a Protestant cemetery at Madrid, which was, however, supported only by the English, American, Prussian and other Protestant legations, and was considered exterritorial to Spain.

Before I left for the University, I went again to Heidelberg in 1828 with Henry Hoffmann, Balthasar Hoffmann, and another college friend whose name I have forgotten. We took a circuitous route. We ascended the Melibocus, and passing the "Sea of Rocks," a mountain plain covered with immense granite boulders (Giant Altar, Giant Column) and small loose syenite rocks, we entered the Odenwald and through wild valleys reached Erbach at night. This place is celebrated for the fine large château of the counts of Erbach, in which is a much admired armory. It is not near as rich as the Great Armoria in Madrid, yet interesting enough to deserve and to receive many a visit. There are, for instance, full sets of armor, some arranged on horseback, others on foot, of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, of Emperor Maximilian the First, of Gustavus Adolphus, and of Wallenstein. There are pieces of the armor of Franz von Sickingen, Goetz von Berlichingen, and other curiosities, such as ancient firearms, the coffin of Eginhard (secretary and son-in-law of Charlemagne) and his wife Emma.

Going from Erbach, mostly through beautiful timber, we struck a wild road, by which we reached the Neckar at Hirschhorn above Heidelberg, and travelled down the banks of the river to that place. We had a great many friends there who

had been college chums, and spent some glorious days among the Burschenschaft. We wore the German colors, black, red and gold, on our caps, and since we were all soon to leave college to go to the University, we were treated almost as students. We went to see a couple of duels at the celebrated Hirschgasse, and in fact drank and sang with the crowd like old "Burschen." Needless to say, that we parted from our friends with great regret, and that this my last journey while at Frankfort is still one of the most agreeable recollections of my college days.

LAST DAYS IN FRANKFORT

I left the college (Gymnasium) in the spring of 1828, but did not go to the University till the fall of that year. My time was employed in studying the ancient classics under private teachers. One Dr. Textor, a cousin of Goethe, conducted my Latin lessons. We went through Horace's satires and epistles in a different style from that at college. He was an excellent scholar and his explanations were highly interesting. It was a pleasure to read with him. He was an original. Of gigantic stature, his appearance was very disagreeable, almost repellent. He had run himself down by hard drinking, and his face showed the marks of it. Being a man of natural genius and of vast learning, besides belonging to a patrician family, he might have filled the highest station as a professor at a university or college; but his unfortunate habits had made this impossible for him. His means, if he ever had had any, he certainly had wasted, and for many years before I knew him he eked out a precarious existence by teaching Greek and Latin. He dressed most shabbily, and whether he wore shirt or undershirt could never be discovered, for he always wore his coat buttoned up to his chin. Shirt collars and neckties he never wore. He was some sixty years of age when he gave me lessons. Everybody knew old Dr. Textor, for when he walked through the streets in his vagabond attire, holding under his left arm a half dozen antique

books held together by a strap, and wielding with his right hand a tremendous oaken stick, he could not but attract the attention of all passers-by.

With a young philologist, a friend of brother Charles, I went through some dramas of Sophocles. At college, in the same time, I should not have gotten through more than a dozen pages of one tragedy. I read a great deal of history, as well as novels in German and French, and much of my poetical scribbling was done during that summer.

I must not omit speaking of a little love affair or rather the beginning of one, which took place during this last summer that I lived in Frankfort.. We resided on the second and third floors of a large house, to which belonged a garden, not very large, but well kept, with fine flowers, groups of trees and arbors. The ground floor was occupied by a Russian family, a mother, a daughter Sophia, about 18, and two smaller children, a boy called Sasha (Alexander) and a girl Masha (Maria). Their father, a native of Frankfort, was a banker in St. Petersburg, and their mother a Russian, who on account of frail health, had been sent to Frankfort with the children, and had been there about a year when I became acquainted with them. My mother and sisters had frequently rendered assistance to the old lady in her attacks of sickness, and of course we all became well acquainted with the family. Sasha was a fine boy, and I petted him. Sophia was not wondrously beautiful, but very handsome and graceful, and of course somewhat different in manner and conduct from German girls, which trait gave her a peculiar interest, at least in my eyes. After sundown when the coolness of the evening made walks in the garden pleasant, we would frequently meet, sometimes in company with other members of our family, sometimes alone. She spoke German admirably, and I gave her some of my books to read: Uhland's, Heine's, and Schiller's poems, — for which she appeared to be very grateful. Of course I said many sweet things to her, to which she made no objection. Briefly, I had just begun to fall in

love with her, when the family was called back to Petersburg. When the carriage came to the door to take the family to the station (the stage was to take them to Luebeck), we were all in the hall below to bid them adieu. She shook hands with all of my family, but me she took by both hands; "Farewell — Farewell!" she faltered, with her eyes clouded by pearly tears. For the first time it dawned upon me that she had really come to like me, and I for the first time felt that I had actually come to love her. As it was, I fell into a deep melancholy for some time. The song of mine beginning, "Ferne bist du hingezogen," and various sonnets, prove what I felt. And I may say here that I never wrote a verse that was not the expression of something that actually happened or that I actually felt. The verses have no merit, but they are true confessions of the momentary moods which possessed me.

Casting a retrospective glance upon this my early youth and summing up the phases through which my life had passed I cannot say that it was all sunshine.

"Des Lebens ungemischte Freude
Wird keinem Sterblichen zu Theil."

The early decay of my sister Augusta's health was a constant source of anxiety and sorrow to us all. The many ups and downs in my brother Fritz's life, and his tragic death, the loss of Theodore, whom I loved unspeakably, the ill success of my father in his once so prosperous business, which straitened our circumstances, affected his health, and embittered his last years, could not fail to darken many hours of my life. But take it all in all, I should be ungrateful to fate, did I not acknowledge that my youth had been a happy one in many respects. My parents were respected and loved by all who knew them. In the family itself, there never was any discord. I saw the light of day at a most interesting time, when Europe was convulsed by war, and when at last the fate of the world was decided on the great battle fields of

Leipsic and Waterloo. The German people were still moved by the inspirations which had brought about the war of liberation; and the on-coming generation lived for some time after peace was restored in an ideal world, full of hope and proud of their fatherland. I was a native of the free city of Frankfort, of which it has been said that every paving stone has a history. Its burghers had governed themselves for centuries, boasted of their spirit of independence, and had very little respect for kings and princes.

I had from early youth unlimited access to books and an opportunity to make myself familiar with the treasures of literature. The social relations of our family were such as to make us acquainted with many cultivated and interesting people. There was almost a constant exchange of visits between us and our friends outside of Frankfort. Considering the times, I had traveled much, had seen much to excite my imagination. The consequence was that I never when alone felt anything like *ennui,* which I think is a great blessing. My friends at school and college were most all of them sons of educated and highly respectable people and consequently well-mannered. I was not always the first in my class. I was not ambitious enough for that, nor industrious enough; and, besides, some of my classmates were much more gifted than I. In fact, I got more credit from teachers and fellow collegians than I deserved, — why, I really do not know. In our games, however, and on excursions, I generally was made leader, by a sort of silent consent. I never had any serious quarrel with my companions, though I sometimes was a little high-tempered, — a paternal inheritance. Add to this, that I was generally in very good health and strong, and it would be very unjust indeed if I were not to call my youth a happy one.

CHAPTER IV

University-Life — Jena

"Freiheit, in uns erwacht,
Ist deine Geistermacht,
Dein Reich, genaht?
Glühend für Wissenshaft,
Blühend in Jugendkraft,
Sei Deutschlands Burschenschaft
Ein Bruderstaat."

— *Karl Follen*

It had been decided that I should study law. Heidelberg was the usual place for Frankfort students to go to. But there were objections to it. In the first place, it was a comparatively expensive place. Giessen, Marburg, Erlangen, Jena, were less expensive, and our means at the time were limited. But my principal reason for not going there was that, toward the end of the summer of 1828, Heidelberg had been interdicted or "boycotted," as the present term is, by the great body of German students, and particularly by the Burschenschaft societies. A new club, called the "Museum," had been formed, to which all the professors and government officials belonged, but from which the students were excluded by the constitution. All negotiations to remedy this matter failed, and so the students' societies with one accord resolved to leave Heidelberg, and to call upon the associations all over Germany to avoid the place for three years.

According to German usage, students who would not obey the interdict were declared incompetent to demand satisfaction in duels for insults offered, and could not enter any student's rooms at any other University if they had been at

Heidelberg within the three years. Some three hundred students, indeed, nearly all who were not citizens of Baden, (who by law were compelled to study some period at the State University,) left in a body, and assembled some five miles off at a town near the bank of the Rhine. From that place negotiations were again tried; and, though the inhabitants of Heidelberg, generally, did not like to see the University abandoned by those who spent so much money there, still the aristocratic class would not yield, and the interdict consequently remained valid for three years. I did not like to be outlawed. Besides, all the friends I had there, and all the members of the Burschenschaft, (which society I would naturally join, as it was the party that was imbued with the idea of the liberty and unity of Germany,) had left, and I should have had a sorry time of it if in this dilemma I had selected Heidelberg as my University.

Jena, just at that time, had some very eminent professors in the law-faculty; as, Dr. Zimmern, who had made himself a great reputation as a lecturer on Roman law in Heidelberg, before he was called to Jena; Professor Martin, who was considered at the head of teachers of German civil and criminal law and the law of practical procedure; Professor Hencke, who was a high authority on medical jurisprudence; and Professor Von Schroeder, an eminent Pandectist. There were, besides, Professor Fries, one of the most distinguished followers of Kant, and Professor Henry Luden, the great historian. So Jena was chosen.

TO JENA BY STAGE-COACH.

The day of departure came. For that time the distance from Frankfort to Jena was considered great, being about two hundred and twenty-five miles. Coaches ran pretty regularly between Frankfort and Leipsic via Weimar, which is only twelve miles from Jena. Such a coach had been advertised from Geneva to arrive on a certain day at the White Swan, and to have room for one or more passengers for Leipsic,

Berlin, or Breslau. Father bespoke a place. When it arrived, we went to take a look at it. It was a large, wide vehicle, something after the fashion of the large English traveling coaches. In front was a covered seat, a sort of a coupé for the conductor and the driver. At the back was a large boot, which would hold half a dozen trunks. Four passengers had come in it, whom we did not then see, for they had taken lodgings in a hotel. It was to be drawn by three horses. The seats were really wide enough for three persons, so that five could be quite comfortably seated. The fare was settled. Next day at noon this rather extraordinary conveyance was to start.

I parted from mother and sisters with a heavy heart, seeing how much they were affected. Jena had the reputation of being a pretty wild place, duels being fought there with the small sword, a dangerous weapon. But I said I would avoid fighting duels anyway; and, besides, it had to be considered that just on account of this dangerous mode of dueling, duels were much less frequent there than at any other University. Father and brother Charles went with me to the White Swan. We had a parting cup of wine; the coach ready to start was waiting in the yard. It came out, and what should I see! It was occupied by four well-dressed ladies, one of canonical age, chaperoning the other three, who were all young, probably between twenty and twenty-five years of age, two of them quite handsome and one really beautiful, all looking very ladylike. Father, brother and I started back with surprise; but I had to enter at once. Three of the ladies had taken the back seat, while the youngest and prettiest, Henrietta Maddens, occupied the front seat, on which I had to take my place. If I felt embarrassed, how must the girl have felt! They had come all the way from Geneva by themselves, and in undisturbed comfort, and now a young stranger was forced upon them, wearing a little student-cap on his head, and a short black frock-coat, with one row of buttons only (the so-called German coat much in fashion then among the Burschen-

schaft), with the shirt collar turned down over the small coat collar, and no necktie, — and in one hand a large German pipe with tassels in the national colors. And when I was in, brother Carl handed to the conductor a fine cavalry sword, which father had given me. The ladies were certainly very disagreeably surprised, but so well-bred that they showed it as little as possible.

The old lady looked very suspiciously at my pipe. I had discovered, however, at once that they were French ladies, and so I assured them in their own language that they need not believe for a moment that I would smoke in their presence, but that when I felt like it, I would take a seat with the conductor and driver. It was not long before there were mutual explanations. I was just about to become a student at Jena near Weimar; was delighted at having such pleasant company; and the elderly lady informed me that she was a teacher at a ladies' boarding-school at Breslau, had been in Germany several years and spoke German perfectly well; had been charged by various noble families to engage governesses from French Switzerland; that she herself was a native of Geneva; two of the other ladies were from Lausanne; and one, my neighbor, from Vevey; and that they had all been educated as teachers. As I spoke their language pretty fluently, it was not very long before we became good friends, and certainly I could not have had better company unless they had been so many German students. I was necessarily put on my best behavior. We went about fifteen miles that evening, and stopped at an indifferent tavern. As the horses were not changed, we moved very slowly, and did not reach Eisenach before the morning of the second day. There we arranged for a longer stay, as we were desirous of visiting the celebrated Wartburg. The ladies, all being Reformed Protestants, wanted to see where the great reformer had been confined and had worked on his translation of the Bible. It is a legend at Eisenach that most of the English do not visit the Wartburg to see the splendid castle with its superb view of the

verdant valleys and mountains of Thueringen, nor the great Knight's hall and the highly interesting armory, but merely to look at the ink-spot on the wall which the reformer made when he missed his aim in throwing his ink-stand at the devil. The moment they have been shown this black spot, renewed, of course, every year, they hurry away, fully satisfied that they have done all that could be required of a gentleman-traveler.

Henrietta Maddens, my neighbor, the prettiest of the girls, who was engaged as governess by a noble family in Weimar, so near to Jena, received my particular attention. We walked back together from the Burg, where we had enjoyed one of the most beautiful views in Thueringen, and I told her I should be glad to visit her from time to time at Weimar. She wrote her name in my note-book, and gave me the address of the baron or count with whom she was to stay. In the course of the following winter I called at the house of his excellency. A liveried servant came into the hall, and I gave him my card for Henrietta. After a while he came down and showed me up to a kind of ante-room, but instead of Henrietta there appeared an old stiff-necked lady with a very aristocratic look. "Madamoiselle Henrietta does not receive any visits from young gentlemen," she uttered in a very decided tone. "I presume," I replied, "you do not allow her to do so. Please hand her my card and tell her that I should have been glad to see her, and that she has my best wishes for her happiness." Without further remarks, I retreated, not even making a bow to the old woman. That was the last of Henrietta.

Through Gotha, we reached Weimar on a Sunday noon early in October. I parted from my French demoiselles, who bade me a very warm adieu. The weather had been most beautiful, indeed like Indian summer; and it may be said that not often does a young student make a journey more romantic than this one.

In the afternoon, I inquired of the landlord the direction of Goethe's house. I wanted to pay my respects as a fellow-townsman. But I was told that Goethe, soon after the death of his friend the Grand Duke of Weimar (June, 1828), had left for Dornburg, and would not return before winter. Rambling through the town, I saw his house, which was architecturally pleasing, but by no means large. I also saw the modest little house where Schiller had lived.

STUDENT LIFE IN JENA. THE BURGKELLER

Next morning, having arranged to send my trunk by wagon, I shouldered my knapsack and walked the twelve miles to Jena in the picturesque valley of the Saale. Through a large gate with a big tower I entered the town. Right near the gate is a pretty little square, with a big oak tree in the middle (Eichplatz), leading by a tolerably wide street to another small square, on which stands the celebrated club-house of the Burschenschaft, or "Burgkeller," a massive old building on a large solid foundation, to reach the first floor of which one has to go up some six or seven steps. This structure must have been built several hundred years ago. To the left of a rather narrow hall is a large room with a number of tables. The landlady was enshrined on a sort of platform behind a low desk, from which she could survey the whole room. Behind the desk was a huge blackboard, with names on it and the charges due. She was known to the students as a most business-like woman, crediting persons on whose honor she could rely, and even lending them money without interest. She was highly respected, though she always kept the strictest order. She was considered wealthy.

I at once betook myself to this ancient hostelry. There was no one there when I entered the room but old Mrs. Baetz, the owner of the house. I laid aside my knapsack, and ordered a glass of beer. The waiter, called in Jena "lad" (Juengling), brought me a tall, narrow tumbler without a handle and holding about half a pint, called from its peculiar

form a pole (Stange). The beer looked exactly like cider. It was white beer, such as I had never seen before, but was at that time the common, I might say the only, beverage used there. It tasted sour, something like pale ale, and was quite sparkling. I asked whether they did not have brown beer, and was answered: "Yes. But we do not have it on tap; it is sold only by the jug." I tried it afterwards. It was brewed in Ober-Weimar, and hence called Ober Wim; but it was a kind of double beer, of very dark color, and much too strong for social drinking. The white beer was weak, and we could take half a dozen glasses in the evening without feeling much effect from it.

After a while a student entered. He was a tall, thin, smoothfaced young man, wearing the badge (black, red, and gold ribbon) across his breast, showing that he was a member of the inner union; he stooped a little, and looked schoolmaster-like. When he saw me with my Burschenshaft cap, he knew at once that I was a new-comer ("fox"), ordered a "Stange," and took a seat at the table where I was sitting. "Just arrived?" he asked. "Yes." "Where from?" "From Frankfort." "Frankfort! Welcome, brother from the Schwesterstadt (sister city). I am from Luebeck." He said that there were not many students in town as yet, as the vacation was not quite over. "You want to join the Burschenschaft?" "Yes." "The first year you know you can only belong to the society at large. You have to pledge yourself on your word of honor to observe the rules of student conduct, and pay a small fee every semester. You will have the use of the library, the fencing-hall, the Turnplatz, and of our weapons when fighting a duel. If found worthy, you then may become a real member. You will then wear the ribbon, and pledge your honor to obey the constitution." I told him I knew all that. I had often been with students at Heidelberg, and knew the history of the Burschenschaft from the beginning. I complained of the beer. He said he also had at first

found it hard to swallow, but, quoting from Faust, which was the Burschenschaft Bible, he said:

"Das kommt nur auf Gewohnheit an.
So nimmt ein Kind die Mutterbrust
Nicht gleich im Anfang willig an,
Doch bald ernaehrt es sich mit Lust!"

By this time the waiter had arranged some tables for dinner. "A good many of our order," my friend remarked, "take dinner here. For a Frankforter, or one from the Free Cities, the eating here is quite poor, but," said he,

"Wir essen desto weniger,
Und trinken desto mehr."

After awhile, some four or five more students dropped in, and we all sat down to dinner. My friend had not deceived me. The dinner was very indifferent — soup, vegetables, and some pretty fair boiled beef with mustard, horseradish, etc. Of course, there were changes every day, sometimes for the worse. On Sundays, however, we had in addition nice roast goose, or hare, which is very fine in Europe. In the evening, if one felt like having a warm supper, one could order from the bill of fare, which was very good, particularly on Saturday evenings, when we always had excellent tenderloin steaks, with fried potatoes. The many students from the north of Germany had caused this dish to be well cooked. The dinner, when engaged for the week, cost only three Saxon groats, or about ten cents. What was ordered from the bill of fare was generally more expensive. For steak and potatoes we paid about fifteen cents. The people in this part of Germany are very frugal in their eating. I have taken dinner at some of the houses of professors and wealthy merchants, but the meal was always simple, though better cooked than in the Burgkeller and similar places. Sometimes, however, we enjoyed very good meals at the leading hotel of Jena; and there was also one coffee-house where one could get choice things, good coffee and

chocolate, splendid rolls and cakes, and such delicacies as fish or venison. But the length of our purse would not often allow us to patronize this establishment.

In the neighboring villages, which we visited very often on Saturday or Sunday afternoon, we found excellent milk and cheese, good ham and other cold meats. Breakfast in the morning we got from our landlady where we lodged, tolerably good coffee and nice rolls, all of which was included in the rent. In the evening we hardly took anything but sandwiches, or bread, butter and cheese. Sometimes, when those living in the same house met together in one of our rooms, tea was brewed and liberally mixed with claret or rum. I have gone into these details, because for two years this was my ordinary life, so far as eating was concerned. There was then not so much luxury in Germany as now, and in Jena and some other Universities, even less of it than at other places.

My Luebeck friend introduced me to the other Burschen. They were mostly fine-looking fellows, some with long curly hair, and all, except my friend, with beards. My Luebecker was nicknamed "Habakkuk," and I did not find out his real name until some days afterwards; it was Wehrman. He was a student of theology, but pretty lively, or what the students call "fidel." The weather being very fine, it was proposed to make up a party for a trip to a place they called Nova. One fellow by the name of Wild, and a wild-looking fellow he was, (a year afterwards he was run through in a duel and came very near dying,) declined going because he had no money. I had sense enough to offer to pay his share, which was of course accepted, and I made a hit right there with the other students. A conveyance was ordered from the post-house, and a very curious structure it was, such as I had never seen before. On a long running gear rested a huge open wicker-work box, containing four seats, each wide enough for three or even four people. The box was cradle-shaped, higher behind than in front. There were four horses hitched

to it, and the postillion rode on the near horse. The uniform of these Saxon postillions was most ridiculous. A yellow jacket with red facings, yellow leather breeches and high boots, and a polished leather hat with yellow ribbons. The letter-carriers' uniforms were also yellow. We used to call them canary birds. Well, some eight of us got in, lighted our long pipes, and, the moment we started driving over the large market square and through the streets, we struck up a song which commenced:

"Frischer Muth, froher Sinn —
Fuehren uns durch 's Leben hin."

This did not excite the least attention, because it was an every day occurrence for students to sing in the streets, and even to fence with foils before the Burgkeller or in the market-place. When the fencing was good, other students, and even citizens, would stop, form a ring, and admire our skill. We took our pipes and foils into the lecture-rooms, so that we could go immediately on dismissal to the fencing-grounds or to similar exercises in the streets. It was the most free and easy life imaginable. In summer, the students mostly wore no coats, but blouses of blue or gray; some wore their dressing gowns at all seasons of the year; yet there was never the least disorder in the lecture-room, and amongst the students themselves there was the most courteous intercourse, one reason for which was that any rudeness was pretty sure to lead to a duel.

About how careful one had to be, I can give an instance in which I was somewhat interested. Playing a game of whist one night, my partner, named Lichtenstein, found fault with my play in not having returned his lead. As he kept on talking about it, I lost my patience, and told him to keep his mouth shut. He then used the technically offensive word "Dummer Junge" (imbecile), which demanded an immediate challenge. The game was broken up, and the affair came before our court of honor. Insisting that he had sought a quar-

rel by blaming me for what he believed was a bad play, and showing that I had very good reasons for not returning his lead from my hand, I refused to withdraw what I had said, and since he would not retract his offensive word, we fought it out. He was a very amiable man; we had been very good friends; and I neither hurt him, nor did I want to. He had already received, in a former duel, a stab in his right lung, and was suffering from it. We became excellent friends again. A few years afterwards I learned that he died of consumption in consequence of the wound which he had before received, at Wuerzburg, I believe.

We left the town, driving up the charming valley of the Saale for about three miles, leaving the Paradise, a fine double or treble avenue of trees, on our left at a village, and going out of the valley reached, about three miles farther on, a huge new tavern, which went by the name of "Nova," because it was a new place of resort. We had a glorious time, being now in the principality of one of the many Reuss Princes and obtaining the celebrated Köstritz beer there at the home price, and not as in Jena with the added high duty. (Such were the beauties of German governments before the Zoll-Verein and the Empire.) We sang and drank, played at bowls, and started for home pretty late. I stopped with "Habakkuk" that night, at his invitation, and for several days after, until I had found lodgings that suited me.

Living was cheap in Jena. We paid, for instance, for our stage-drive only about twenty-five cents a head. The postillion got his tip in some half dozen glasses of beer and a huge sausage. For my rooms, — a sitting room and a small bedroom,—I believe I did not pay more (coffee for breakfast included) than fifteen dollars a semester, or half year. The light and fuel I paid extra. Laundrying was very cheap. In fact, with two hundred dollars a year, a student might get along handsomely. Of course, many spent a great deal more.

I was matriculated, engaged lectures with Professors Zimmern and Hencke, and also with Fries, who lectured on

psychology, and with Luden the historian. There were no recitations, no examinations. The professors lectured with notes, some without notes. The students, if they chose, took notes, and those that wrote quickly and with abbreviations could take down the lectures verbatim. Of course, it was expected that these notes should be read and studied at home. You could attend or not attend the lectures. If you paid for them, you acquired the privilege of attendance. It would be impossible for the professors, who sometimes had more than a hundred hearers, to note the absentees. No roll-call would be permitted by the students for a minute. The idea was that each one would for his own sake try to learn as much as possible. If he idled his time away, it was his business and not that of the University.

By and by the lectures began, and the town and the Burgkeller filled up with students. And a most noble set our Burschenschaft was. There were about sixty or seventy in the inner order, and about two hundred who were attached to the society. They were called "Renonces." Most of them were candidates for the inner order. And here I must say something of the history and the nature of the Burschenschaft.

THE GERMAN BURSCHENSCHAFT, AND THE MOVEMENT FOR NATIONAL UNITY.

It had been customary for students at the different Universities, for centuries, to form amongst themselves societies, or orders, for social enjoyment, mutual support in sickness, protection of their members against attacks from outsiders, etc. They adopted their own rules and regulations, which as a general thing were submitted to the authorities of the Universities and approved by them, for secret orders were not officially tolerated. The orders adopted various names, such as Concordia, Constantia, and like general appellations. But in course of time these societies came to be composed of students from the same region of the country,

and they were named accordingly; as for instance, Barussia, Saxonia, Franconia, and Rhenania, — thus perpetuating the provincial distinctions which so unfortunately prevailed in Germany. Further, these societies became in time very overbearing, treating with contempt all students who did not join them, as they did also all people who did not belong to the higher classes, such as army officers or high government officials. Between the societies there was constant rivalry, and numberless duels were the consequence. All kinds of excesses were indulged in, particularly drinking. In fact, they had become very odious.

The oppression of Germany by Napoleon and his vassal princes had roused a spirit of nationality, hitherto unknown. Even before the wars of liberation attempts were made at some of the Universities to do away with these sectional societies and to merge all students attending a university into one common society under rational rules and regulations, by which duels should be prevented if possible, and immoral conduct be punished even by exclusion. It was, however, only after the wars of liberation and the establishment of peace in 1815, that these ideas were realized in good earnest. Thousands of students, and even the pupils in the colleges, had volunteered in the war. Upon their return to the Universities they could not but look upon these sectional societies with displeasure. They were enthusiastic for German unity in some form or another, and also for German liberty.

Carl Follen, afterwards so well known and so highly esteemed in the United States, a man imbued with the noblest principles, of vast learning, extraordinary energy and willpower, who, with his two brothers, had fought as a volunteer against the French, was the first to make war against the abuse of these provincial societies in the University of Giessen and afterwards in Jena, where he became a lecturer on law. The new society took the name of Burschenschaft (Union of Students), to which all honorable students could be admitted on pledging themselves to such rules and regulations as en-

sured good moral behavior, and on promising to consider themselves, not as Prussians or Bavarians or Saxons, but as Germans. In Jena, this new movement, favored by patriotic professors like Fries, Oken, and Luden, took the deepest root. Very soon, and even before the Wartburgfest in 1817, nearly all the students had joined the Burschenschaft, the constitution of which, among other articles relating to the social life of the students, contained one provision which stated it to be the object of the Burschenschaft "to carry the idea of unity and freedom of the German people into active life; to introduce among the students unity, equality, liberty, and the culture of all intellectual and physical faculties in cheerful youthful intercourse, and to prepare the members of this community for the service of their country." There was an intense feeling of nationality, not unmixed with a religious tinge, prevailing everywhere, and the first constitution of the Burschenschaft called itself the Christian German Burschenschaft, excluding thereby all non-Germans, among them the Jews.

Very soon, Burschenschaften having been formed at most of the Universities, intercommunication took place, and a common German Burschenschaft was established, the direction of which was by turns given to the various Universities. Jena had the first direction. The central union could call meetings of delegates who discussed and decided all questions arising from internal dissensions or the construction of the constitution, and thus secured harmony. They heard all complaints and decided them. Important proposals were referred to the local Burschenschaft for acceptance.

This great move amongst the young and intelligent element of Germany, with its decided aspirations for national unity and constitutional liberty, while it met with great favor amongst all Liberals, alarmed Metternich and all the governments under his control. The motley State of Austria, embracing half a dozen nationalities, required a system of absolute rule, and Metternich saw clearly that the spread of Liberal

ideas in the rest of Germany would endanger the existence of Austria, the peace and quiet of which was the object nearest his heart. When, therefore, in 1819, Sand, who had been a member of the Burschenschaft at Jena, but had retired from it, assassinated Von Kotzebue, Metternich at once called a meeting of all the German governments at Carlsbad, and, though the trial showed that Sand had no accomplices, and that no one had the slightest knowledge of what he intended to do, still taking the deed of Sand as a pretext, the same statesman conjured up a large conspiracy, and caused the Bundestag in Frankfort to pass resolutions creating a commission with power to examine into the state of all Universities and to institute proceedings not only against students, but against anyone suspected of being unloyal. The different governments were required to dissolve the Burschenschaften, and to prosecute professors who had sympathized with the movement. Hundreds of persons were arrested, and kept in prison for years, while this inquisition was going on. Some professors were deposed, — amongst them the great patriot Arndt, professor at Bonn. Prussia, then entirely under Metternich's influence, acted more severely than any other government. A great many went into exile to escape arrest: the three brothers Follen, De Wette, Lieber and numerous others.

The consequence was, that whereas the Burschenschaften had before flourished in open daylight, now they were continued in secret; and that, after the first fury of prosecution spent itself, and the inquisitorial commission of the Bundestag led to no discovery of a real conspiracy against the throne and the altar, these societies, which were sustained by popular opinion everywhere, again publicly held their meetings, wore their badges, sang their patriotic songs. Their existence, though not officially recognized, and still forbidden on pain of dismissal from the Universities, was an open secret.

In the course of years, as could hardly be otherwise, a considerable change took place in public opinion, which change had its influence on the youth of the Universities. The idea

and desire of seeing Germany united and enjoying free institutions, of course, still prevailed; but this romantic and exclusively German feeling had been supplanted by the more realistic wish of reforming existing institutions in all the States in which a constitutional government existed, and of introducing constitutions into those in which, in spite of the Acts of Confederation (Bundesacte), the governments had failed to establish them. Prussia, above all, was the one government most hated, as it had not complied with the repeated promises of its King and the supreme law. Besides, the revolutions in Italy, Spain, Greece, and the parliamentary debates in France under the Bourbon restoration, had turned the attention of the German people to other countries, and awakened an interest generally in liberty, civil and political, — thus widening their sphere of thought and deadening national antipathies. The word "Christian" was stricken out of the constitution of the Burschenschaft, and Jews were admitted. The object of the society was expressed in this way: "The Universal German Burschenschaft aims, by means of moral, intellectual and physical culture at the University, to prepare the way for the establishment of a free and orderly instituted commonwealth founded in the unity of the people."

Instead of merely dreaming of a German Empire or Republic, the youth of Germany had become readers of political economy, of English and American constitutional law, and now followed the parliamentary debates of the French Chambers and of the legislatures of the southern German States, such as Bavaria, Wuertemberg, and Baden. Sentimentality and romanticism became obsolete, and outward life freer and livelier. Of course, more attention was still paid to morality in every form than was the case with the provincial societies (Landsmannschaften), and conduct such as was common amongst French students, for instance, would have been visited with immediate expulsion. Duelling had become more common, although the court of honor was still kept up. In a word, the Burschenschaften everywhere were more liberal, more gay,

more cosmopolitan, and more free-thinking, when I entered at Jena in 1828, than during the first ten years of its existence.

It was in the nature of things that the Burschenschaften were far ahead intellectually of the provincial student societies. The latter, as a general thing, comprised only students from one particular state of Germany, while the former counted among their number members from the Alps, the Rhine, and the North and Baltic Seas. In Jena, we had also members from Switzerland, as for instance Von Guenzberg, I. O. Burckhardt, and J. A. Bachman, who in later years held important positions in their country. Some very intelligent Hungarians, studying Protestant theology, attached themselves to our society. We had a good library, containing, of course, all the German classics, and also the works of modern writers, like Boerne and Heine. The works of Alexander Everett on America were much read. Shakespeare, Goethe, Byron and Heine were our favorite authors; and, as before remarked, Faust was our Bible.

During Christmas vacation, William Weber, myself, and two others whose names I have forgotten, though they must have been good fellows, made a trip to Halle and Leipsic. In Leipsic I met a Russian who was connected with the Burschenschaft, a young man of genius, who was as true a type of what we now call "nihilist" as could be found anywhere. His name had too many consonants for me to be able to remember it. I here enjoyed, after a long interruption, the opera ("Templar and Jewess," by Marschner); but between Leipsic and Frankfort, so far as the orchestra and singing were concerned, there was no comparison. During the few last years of my residence in Frankfort, there was a combination of opera-singers there, such as perhaps no other theatre, at that time, could show. I need only to mention, in support of this, the names of Dobler, Neiser, Forti, the Misses Bamberger, and the two sisters Heinefetter.

ALTENBURG

From Leipsic, Weber and myself footed it to Altenburg, a distance of about thirty miles. The weather was cold but clear, and some parts of the way along the Pleisse were quite romantic. Altenburg, though at that time not containing more than about 15,000 people, is a highly interesting city. The old Schloss, on a high rock, dates back to the fourteenth century. The new "residence" was very fine. The city had seen many important gatherings of princes and scholars, particularly at the time of the reformation. It had an excellent college and schools, important printing and publishing establishments, and its citizens were of a high grade of intelligence, and had given many distinguished statesmen and authors to Germany. At Jena, the students from Altenburg were, as a general thing, better informed and more patriotic than those from the neighboring Thuringian states. Weber was a native of this charming place. I stayed here at a fellow student's home some three days. We went out into the country to look at some of the large farms owned by the descendants of the Wends, now thoroughly Germanized, who occupy the rich country east of the city. These people have retained, however, many of their old Slav customs. The lands descend to the youngest son, and, in the absence of sons, to the oldest daughter; so that, there being no partition of lands, the owner is generally very well off. In fact, there are more rich peasants here than anywhere else in Germany. They have also preserved their old costumes. The men wear very short black cloth jackets, black vests, black leather sheepskin breeches, and high boots. Their heads are covered with a low-crowned, small-brimmed black felt hat. They are excellent farmers, but haughty, and much given to gambling. The women also wear black jackets, with thick petticoats of many colors laid in innumerable small folds, and enclosing their bodies very tightly, which, as their petticoats reach only to the knees, seems quite necessary. White stockings, with flow-

ing garters, cover their legs, and their feet are encased in very low cut shoes. We attended a farmers' ball at Altenburg. All the men and women were in their native garb. None but peasants were admitted to dance. We were spectators only.

The Wends, like all Slav people, dance remarkably well and with great rapidity. The gallop and waltz were their only dances. The men drank nothing but Franconian wine, and several rooms were filled with card-players, with piles of dollars on the tables, — for these peasants are fond of display. From Altenburg we went back via Eisenberg to Jena on foot. In such mountainous and wooded countries, walking is a pleasure; and one learns more of the real people and the condition of the soil and its products in a month's foot-travel than in a whole year of railroad-riding.

Toward the end of the first half year, it was intimated to Adolph Goeden and myself, that if we should make application, we should be received into the inner society of the Burschenschaft. We were accordingly admitted at the last general meeting of the society for that semester, and with great solemnity, at Zwaetzen, where such meetings were held; and we were now entitled to wear the Burschenschaft ribbon.

STUDENT-FRIENDS

Goeden, George Semper, and myself had planned to make a journey during the Easter vacation to Munich. Adolph Goeden was from Friedland, Mecklenburg-Strelitz. He was tall and well formed, had a handsome face, and a lovely mouth with deep dimples in his cheeks. He was of a rather enthusiastic nature, had a warm heart, and had become singularly attached to me. When, many years afterwards, in the United States, looking over some old letters, I gave some of them to my wife, Sophia, to read, she remarked that if they had not been written by a man, she would have thought they had been written by a sweetheart of mine.

George Semper was from Altona, and a brother of Godfrey Semper, the celebrated architect, builder of the Dresden

and Darmstadt theatres, of the Museum at Vienna, and of many other noble structures. George was tall and slender, yet well formed. His face was very regular and had a most gentle expression. His voice was remarkably melodious. Sweet-tempered, he was yet a bold and manly fellow, and very patriotic like his brother, who, though a professor of architecture in the Art Academy of Dresden, built barricades in the May revolution of 1849 in that place, had to flee the country, and returned only after a long sojourn in England and Switzerland. I loved George more than any other of my fellow-students at Jena.

A few days before we started for the south of Germany, on a Saturday afternoon, a group of us stood before the old Burgkeller preparing to visit Zwaetzen, a favorite resort of our society, on the left bank of the Saale. The weather was beautiful, almost too warm for the season. Some proposed taking a circuitous route to the village along the right bank of the Saale via Kunitzburg. This town was about a mile out of the way, and as every one going to Kunitzburg went up to the ruins of the old castle, from which there was a beautiful view up and down the valley, the trip proposed was, of course, more tiresome than the direct one to Zwaetzen, on the great highway leading to Dornburg and Naumburg. Semper had decided to take the Kunitzburg route, and in his gentle way was trying to persuade me to go along with him. But the warm spring air had made me somewhat fatigued, and, in spite of his entreaties, I, with the rest of the crowd, took the other route. I almost regretted it afterwards, for Semper had insisted so much as to seem somewhat displeased at my refusal.

When we had been about an hour at Zwaetzen, sitting in the garden of our inn, singing and playing at bowls, a country fellow came running across the road, crying aloud: "Lord! Lord!" (Ach, Gott! Ach, Gott!) We rose when he exclaimed: "They have all been drowned — all drowned." We did not know at first what he meant, and, questioning him, he replied: "The students — the students." I was seized with terror; we

all ran towards the river-bank which was about a half a mile off, when we met Florencourt, who had been with the party. We soon heard the horrible tale.

The river was very high, the current very rapid. There was a ferry at Kunitzburg, worked by a rope stretched from one shore to the other, the same as is, or was, in frequent use in this country on smaller rivers. A rope or chain to the stern of the boat is connected with the big rope by means of a ring, which rolls along when the boat moves. The ferryman stands in the bow and handles the boat alone. The current takes the boat to the opposite bank. Large flat boats were used, generally large enough to carry wagons and cattle. But when the river was high, foot-passengers only were carried over, in a long small boat, which, in this instance, was somewhat like a canoe. In the boat were Semper, Florencourt, Snittger from Detmold, Wessel from Lippe, and another Wessel, who was on a visit to Jena, and the ferryman. Considering the rough state of the river, there were too many persons in the small boat. About half way over, the ferryman, who held desperately to the rope, could hold it no longer, and in an instant the boat tipped, throwing all out but Wessel of Jena, who was in the stern and held fast to the connecting rope. The canoe, after the load was out, righted itself. The ferryman and Florencourt swam ashore. Semper was an excellent swimmer, but the ferryman said that one of the others had got hold of him, and so both sank, as did also the other Wessel, who probably could not swim. Instant search was made by the people of the villages on both sides of the river all that evening until late at night for the bodies, but no trace was found of them then.

It is needless to say that for days a gloom was cast over the whole town. Not only we of the Burschenschaft, but the professors, and all who knew the three noble young men, were deeply afflicted, and perhaps no one more than I.

The verses entitled "Die Saale" and "Verkuendigung im Herbst" are mementos of my feelings on this terrible disaster.

Some days afterwards Godfrey Semper arrived from Hamburg, but Goeden and myself had already started on our tour. The bodies were found a few miles below Kunitzburg at Golmsdorf, and buried in the village cemetery. Our society at once resolved to erect a monument there. I believe the design of it was made by Godfrey Semper. It was executed by a noted sculptor in Gotha, and late in the summer of 1829 it was placed upon their grave at Golmsdorf. I had been selected by the society to deliver the funeral oration. It was a painful task. It is still among my papers. The Saale Nixe reminds one of the "Erl-Koenig," *si parva licet componere magnis*; but of course in a youth of nineteen the want of originality was quite excusable.

I have mentioned Von Florencourt. He came from Brunswick, and was what might be called a problematical character. He was then very liberal, radically so. In 1832, on my return from the University of Heidelberg, he lived in Hanau, and on my political missions to that place I met him frequently. He was then full of revolutionary ideas. For years I heard nothing of him, but he was mentioned in 1848 as being quite reactionary. He wrote in the interest of absolute monarchy, and if I mistake not, even of Ultramontanism. What became finally of him I do not know. Certainly his late career was in great contrast with the views he held at the University. In a strong, firm hand he wrote in my album:

"Alle die den Geist erkannten,
Sollten sonder Wank
Immer, immer Protestanten
Gegen Knechtessinn sich nennen;
Frei soll Jeder das bekennen,
Der aus Roemern Rheinwein trank."

Zum herzlichen Andenken an
Franz von Florencourt
Stud. aus Braunschweig. Jena am 1 Dec., 1829.

It cannot be translated, but only paraphrased:

"All who have caught the spirit of liberty shall, without wavering, always be protestants against servility; freely shall everyone who has ever drunk Rhine wine out of goblets make this protest."

A TRIP TO SOUTHERN GERMANY

Goeden and myself left Jena about the 6th of April, went by Saalfeld over the mountains, — the Thuringian Forest, — to Sonneberg. Some of the scenery was very fine, part rather desolate, and the roads very rough. The fare was bad. But starting, as we usually did, early in the morning on a frugal breakfast of weak coffee and stale rolls, we were always in condition to relish the most indifferent dinner after a twelve-mile walk, and a bad supper after another twelve miles. In all my travels on foot, twenty-four miles was my ordinary day's march, there being exceptions of course due to the convenience or inconvenience of stopping places. I have walked, on one or two occasions, as far as forty miles. Unlike most other travelers, I always wore well-fitting boots, as keeping out dust and moisture better than shoes. We reached Coburg, an interesting and delightful place, and passed over the Bavarian frontier, where, at the first village, we treated ourselves to some very fine Bamberg beer. I might fill pages with a description of the delightful valley of the Itz and of the splendid old city of Bamberg, in the Regnitz valley, surrounded by castles and richly built monasteries; but as I am writing no Baedeker or Murray handbook, I refrain. That I visited the celebrated old Dom and many other old churches, was a matter of course. I also met Titus, a most noble fellow, who was heart and soul a patriot, and much noted afterwards. If I mistake not, he was a member of the first German Parliament, in 1848.

Along the valley of the Regnitz we came to Erlangen. The weather was beautiful, the beer the best we had thus far

ever drunk, and the students there were most jovial and excellent fellows. We spent three glorious days with them, and drove to Nuremberg, the most unique city in all Germany. In Frankfort there are perhaps a dozen houses and a few churches that take you back to the Middle Ages. But Nuremberg at that time was the Middle Age itself. Of course we saw everything of interest, and hardly knew what to admire most. Next to the noblest churches in Germany and the fountains and other monuments of the sculptors Krafft, Vischer and Stoss, I was most delighted with the picture galleries containing some very fine Duerers and also some Van Dykes and Teniers. There was a curious Venus by Lucas Cranach, very realistic, but so much so that no one would have taken her for the goddess of beauty. In spite of our art-enthusiasm we did not overlook the table d'hôte at the Golden Cock, and the dainty little lunch room, called, I believe, the Gloecklein (Little Bell) where at lunch hours one might find the patricians and the officers of the garrison, as well as the plain burgher and the mechanic, discussing the most delicate Nuremberg sausages with trimmings, and drinking the excellent mild Erlanger beer. The old splendor of the Imperial City, once the center of almost all the European trade, a state within itself, sought in alliance by the most powerful princes, the seat of learning and of the highest mediæval art, is gone; but still, with its patrician and imperial palaces, its once impregnable fortifications, its grand churches and other monuments, and the recollections of its glorious past, it leaves an indelible impression upon all who are fortunate enough to visit it.

From Nuremberg down to Munich, the country with few exceptions is uninteresting, and presents no scenery worth seeing. So we took the coach to Munich. One exception is the valley of Altmuehl, in which lies Eichstaedt, a bishopric with an Episcopal palace and large cathedral, and crowned by the Wilibaldsburg, an old castle on a high hill. The country around Eichstaedt is delightful. It reminded me of Heidelberg. We stayed there all night, and Goeden fell in love with a wait-

er girl called Nanni, who was really handsome, but who, as I discovered, was more accessible to the blandishments of our coachman than to those of my friend.

MUNICH

At Ingolstadt we crossed the Donau on a stone bridge, and the next day at noon reached Munich. Vacation had begun, and not many members of our society had remained, but there were enough for excellent company. Our quarters were assigned with some of the resident students. Their club-house was on a fine avenue between the Carls and Sendlinger Gates. Its name was the Rosengarten.

The city itself lies in a plain which is quite arid and monotonous; only on the farther bank of the Isar are there heights. It has a singular resemblance in situation to Madrid. The Isar is a rapid mountain-stream like the Manzanares, running close by Munich, as the Manzanares does by Madrid. Neither of the rivers is navigable, and only princely caprice could have selected the places as capitals, in what must have been in the beginning a sandy desert waste. The great forests near both places, furnishing most ample hunting grounds, undoubtedly determined the selection. Both sites were out of the highway of commerce. Both are the highest cities in their countries: Munich 1,000 feet; Madrid 2,400. Both have been surrounded by gardens and parks of great dimensions, and both command a very fine view of ranges of mountains from many points in and outside of the city. The Bavarian Alps in an extension of some forty miles are to be seen to the south. The celebrated Untersberg near Salzburg, and other high peaks from 6,000 to 8,000 feet high, close the view on the east, and the Zugspitz and the Wetterstein, of about the same height, loom up in the west. At about an equal distance north of Madrid are the bold mountains of Guadarama, — both ranges during most of the year being snow-capped. The rivers, the artificial promenades and gardens, the enchanting views of the mountains, make the two cities at present bear-

able, and even pleasant. We made many excursions to the surrounding villages, and, considering ourselves as mere tourists, and not knowing that we should ever see the place again, we very conscientiously visited all points of interest, and saw more of the city than many of our friends had done in a year or two of residence.

The new royal palace was just building. The Pinakothek was also in the first stage of construction. Neither the church of St. Louis nor of St. Boniface yet existed, nor hundreds of the splendid buildings and monuments which now make Munich one of the most interesting cities in the world. More than by the statuary in the Glyptothek, fine as it was, I was attracted by the picture-gallery in the Hofgarten. In fullness and beauty, and so far as the Flemish and Netherland schools are concerned, as also old German pictures, it is superior to any gallery I have seen, the one in Madrid not excepted. The Italian painters are not largely represented, and I should say in none of their masterpieces. Of Murillo's there are his excellent pictures of Spanish Street Life, the Beggar Boys, etc., admirably done, but giving no idea of the divine Murillo's art. Of course, I could not devote as much time to this gallery as I should have liked, for it was not open every day. At that time there was still at Munich the Leuchtenberg gallery, collected by Eugene Beauharnais, while Viceroy of Italy. It was not a large collection but very select, and here I found one of Murillo's Madonnas with the child at her breast, which at once struck me as wonderful, and made me worship the master long before it was my good fortune to admire some hundreds of his best works in Madrid and Seville. It contained also a Raphael, a Rembrandt, a Paul Veronese, a Velasquez, a Van Dyke, and many choice modern pictures.

Here also were the celebrated Three Graces (original) by Canova. This gallery has since been removed to St. Petersburg, and on my last visit to Munich in 1863, when my love of pictures had almost become a passion, I much regretted its absence. I met in Munich, by accident, Louis Agassiz. I

was introduced by one of my new friends to a Mr. Schemper, who became afterwards celebrated as a naturalist, and Mr. Agassiz happened to be with him. He was then, after attending the Universities of Zürich and Heidelberg, pursuing his studies in botany, geology, philosophy, and the sister sciences in Munich. He was a noble-looking man, about twenty-four years of age, dark-eyed, and dark-haired, with a fine and healthy complexion, and full of vivacity. Learning that I was going into the mountains, he had Schemper get me two tolerably large phials, filled with alcohol, and begged me to collect for him all the bugs, spiders, and insects I could find on my way. "When you walk through the timber and find a fallen stump of a tree, or walk over rocks, just lift them," said he, "and you will find plenty of such creatures as I want." I took the phials, promising to do my best, — a promise, however, which I did not conscientiously fulfill. I forgot all about it, and did not think of it until we started to return to Munich, when, passing through the large forest called the Hirsch Garten, I made the wagon stop, got down, scratched up the black ground underneath some trees, and filled the phials with worms and bugs. But I am afraid that they were nearly all of the same kind, and very common at that. I expect, however, that when I left them with Schemper, Agassiz had forgotten all about it, and never discovered my faithlessness.

I made another acquaintance in Munich which in a great measure shaped the destiny of my life. It was Theodore Engelmann, who then studied law in Munich. He was from the Rhenish Palatinate, had been in Heidelberg, but had left that place in the fall of 1828, when the celebrated exodus of students took place of which I have already spoken. He seemed to take a great liking to Goeden and me, and from what he heard us say about Jena, he told us that he had some notion to leave Munich and try that place. He had come to no definite conclusion, however, when I left Munich for Salzburg.

SALZBURG AND THE TYROL

Originally we had intended to go no farther south than Munich. But the mountains had so wonderful an attraction to me that I determined to make a tour at least to Salzburg, only a hundred miles from Munich. But Goeden was enjoying himself at Munich, and would not join me. Another student, however, from Erlangen, by the name of Funk, who was on a visit to Munich, and a member of the Burschenschaft, offered himself as a companion, and so one fine morning we left. For some miles southeast of Munich, and until one gets to the foothills, the country is uninteresting. At Aibling we went to an inn to refresh ourselves. We found there at the table, taking beer and eating bread and cheese, a party of three: a gentleman about thirty years of age, and two handsome boys, one about fourteen and the other nine or ten. They wore blouses as we did, of somewhat finer material, those of the boys being embroidered. The man had a knapsack and the boys cylindrical tin boxes, — botanical boxes as they were called, — in which they carried their change of linen and traveling utensils. We sat down at the same table, ordered the same refreshments, and, as is the custom in Germany, saluted the guests, and entered upon a conversation with the gentleman. We were told that they had come from a neighboring village where there was a pretty waterfall, and that they were bound for Rosenheim, which was on our route, to take a look at the extensive salt-works there (Salinen). We started together, and while my friend from Erlangen talked to the boys, I had quite an interesting conversation with their tutor, as he turned out to be. He was desirous to learn something of our northern Universities, which he had never visited, and I got much information from him about Munich and its people. I spoke of the boys as being apparently very well mannered and sprightly. He then told me that he had been their tutor for many years, and was now making excursions with them through the neighborhood; that they were brought up like all

other boys of the better class, and had no pride of their station. And in the course of our talk it came out that the oldest was Prince Otto, afterwards King of Greece, and the other Prince Luitpold, who is now, I believe, the Prince Regent of Bavaria, — both sons of the "Poet King," Louis I. Their older brother, Maxmilian II, who, on the abdication of Louis I, became King of Bavaria, was then studying law at Goettingen. He left Louis II and Otto as his children. Louis, on the early death of Maxmilian II, became Louis II, whose aberration of mind led to his tragic death in the lake of Starnberg. Otto, who should have followed him on the throne, was a natural idiot, and though he has the name of King, is confined, and Luitpold, his uncle, is regent of Bavaria.

At Rosenheim they stopped; and, after a short visit to the Salines, which were no new thing to me, as I had seen the same thing at Kreuznach and Soden, we crossed the Inn, went on our way through mountains and forests, passing by a beautiful little lake called Simmsee, through Weisenheim, where we stopped all night, to Seebruck, on the shore of the largest lake of Bavaria, the beautiful Chiemsee. We took a boat which brought us to Herrenwoerth, the largest of the three islands in the lake, where there is a monastery. It is here that Louis II built the enormous palace that cost so many millions, the product of an inordinate imagination. The lake is encircled by some of the finest mountains of the Bavarian and Tyrolese Alps, five and six thousand feet high. Even the Gaisberg near Salzburg is visible. Indeed there are few finer views to be seen anywhere than on this lake. We took a boat from Herrenwoerth, rowed by two stout and handsome maids in their beautiful national costumes, and crossed, a distance of about twelve miles, to a little village, where we took the road again to Salzburg.

It was quite dark when we landed, and as the road was mostly through timber, we came very near losing our way several times. We arrived at the town of Traunstein on the Traun river late at night and very much fatigued. My expe-

rience is that traveling at night on foot is far more tiresome and exhausting than in daytime, even in warm weather. My explanation is that there is nothing at night to attract one's attention and divert one's thoughts from the mere mechanical movement of the body. In daytime there is the surrounding scenery that catches one's observation; one meets interesting people, and the air is less oppressive.

As we had a hard task before us the next day to reach Salzburg, we got up very early in the morning. The distance was nearly thirty-five miles. In the afternoon we arrived at the Austrian custom-house and frontier. As we had no regular passports, we had all along been somewhat uneasy. We had been told at Munich by some that without a passport *viséed* by the Austrian legation at Munich, we should be turned back. Others were of opinion that students travelling for pleasure would be admitted. As we were not residents of Munich, we could get no passports from the Bavarian authorities. But we had our certificates of matriculation: I from Jena, and my companion from Erlangen, written in Latin with a big seal. Our hearts fluttered a little as we were met by an Austrian gens d'arme at the barrier who asekd us for our passports. I showed him our certificates, and the Latin of it struck him with a sort of awe, while the seal, as large as a dollar, pasted to it, seemed to remove all doubts from his mind. "The Herren may pass." Then came a custom-house officer: "Have you anything dutiable?" "No. Except the tobacco we have in our pouches which hang at our girdles round our blouses." "Then you need not pay any duty." He wished us a "Glueckliche Reise," and so we tramped on with easy hearts.

It would have been hard if we had been turned away at the gates of Paradise; for a paradise it was which had opened up to us for the last half of our way. There was at our right the steep, rocky Untersberg, celebrated in song and fabled in history as containing inaccessible caves in which the old Emperor Barbarossa slept, waiting to awake on the restoration of

the great German Empire. The same myth locates the great Emperor in the Kyffhäuser near the Hartz Mountains, and this version is generally accepted as better authenticated. Right before us were the beautiful heights which surround Salzburg, on one of which is a large Capuchin monastery, on the other the fortress of Hohen-Salzburg. In the background rises the beautiful Gaisberg, some four thousand feet high, from which the view into the lovely regions of the Salzkamergut is of magical beauty. I may be pardoned in giving a sentence or two as to Salzburg from the excellent handbook for travellers in southern Germany by Murray. "It is to its surroundings," it says, "that Salzburg owes its chief attractions. It is impossible to give in a verbal description any satisfactory idea of the romantic beauties of the surrounding district; it is hardly possible to exaggerate them. Salzburg is allowed by common consent to be the most beautiful spot in Germany, and many travelers will not hesitate to prefer the scenery of the surrounding mountains, lakes and valleys to the finest parts of Switzerland. From many points on the heights you can see the glaciers and highest peaks of the Noric and Tyrolese Alps."

The sun was sinking when we entered the city. I was very tired, and when we came upon the cobble-stone pavement, my feet felt like fire, and I could hardly draw myself along to the hotel recommended to us, which was pretty far from where we entered on the other side of the River Salzach. But a good supper, a thorough bathing of my feet in spirits of alcohol, and a good night's rest, made me fresh in the morning and able to give the city and its environs a good inspection.

The city itself has an Italian aspect. The episcopal palace, the cathedral, and many other palaces are built in the best Italian Rennaisance style. Many houses have flat roofs and marble fronts. They are nearly all painted white. We saw Mozart's house; and that of Theophrastus Paracelsus, and visited the fine gardens and châteaux near the city. In

the principal square is one of the finest fountains in the world. To a northerner the place has a peculiar charm.

From Salzburg, round the foot of the Untersberg, we went to Berchtesgaden, and visited the salt mines disguised as miners. There is an immense basin in the interior, filled with water which dissolves the salt rock, and the brine is carried for miles by immense pumpworks, over high mountains to Reichenhall, and from there to Rosenheim, where it is boiled into salt. The reason for this is that at the latter place there is an abundance of timber, while there is none to spare in the valley of the Ach where Berchtesgaden is situated. Berchtesgaden is one of the most beautiful places in the Tyrolean Alps, and the excursion to the King's Lake (Koenigsee) is equal to almost any tour in Switzerland. The lake, of deepest green, is enclosed by steep rocks, with almost no landing places. The Watzmann, on the left side, with its glaciers throws a deep shade over the waters of the lake. There are really two Watzmann Mountains, separated by a valley; the highest peak is over 8,000 feet. Good-looking girls rowed us to an isle where there was a hunting château. The mountains abound in chamois. We had a splendid dinner of trout, then rowed to the southeast of the lake where a large brook comes down a thousand feet from the mountains, forming a most beautiful waterfall. I was so enchanted by the scenery of Berchtesgaden and the Koenigsee that I made a vow to return to it, if life was spared me a reasonable time.

We now turned back towards Munich. A wonderfully picturesque road took us from Berchtesgaden to Reichenhall. Here we met Wuestenfeldt, a student from Goettingen, bound for a tour into the Austrian Tyrol. He painted the beauties of the Inn valley, and of Innspruck and environs, in such glowing colors, that I concluded to leave my companion to return alone to Munich, and to accompany Wuestenfeldt. Indeed it was a most interesting journey. We traversed the deep valleys where the Tyrolese had met the French and Bavarians in 1809; almost every village and town we passed had been the

scene of terrible conflicts, and some places, as the town of Schwatz, for instance, were still partly in ruins, having been burnt by the French. The Lofer Pass, the Strub Pass, were the scene of the most deadly strifes. The mountains, thousands of feet in height, came often so close together that there was barely room for a wagon-road. These gorges are what we call cañons.

We saw several splendid waterfalls on our way. We had to stop mostly at small inns. In the evening young girls and men would come into the guest-room, play on the zither, and sing for their own amusement. We found all the people at that time very unsophisticated. The Bavarian, Noric, and Tyrolese Alps were, in 1829, not thronged with tourists; there were no hotels except in the large cities, and even there they were on the "bourgeois" order, while no outlandish names disfigured the wonderful natural scenery. We saw the people, I may say, "*au naturel.*" Making a detour in the celebrated Ziller-Thal, renowned for the beauty of its inhabitants and their musical talents, we stopped over night at Zell, the principal place of that most beautiful valley.

It was Sunday night, and a dance was in progress in the large room of the inn on the second floor. The people danced like mad, the boys throwing the girls from time to time four or five feet high. And that was no small feat, for the girls were all heavy-weights. We joined in the dance, but did not venture on the throwing. At Rattenberg we reached the Inn, a beautiful, clear mountain-stream, its banks studded with châteaux and monasteries and ruins of old castles. We mixed with the people; they sang to us; and we sang our best Burschenschaft songs for them. In Zell, I bought one of those conical, green, Tyrolese hats, which I wore through the mountains, and later on in the summer at Jena, where every one could dress as he pleased.

At Innspruck we stopped at the Eagle, the inn from which Hofer used to address the people. Some of his homely

proclamations were kept under glass in a frame, and hung up on the walls of the guest-room.

I must forbear giving a description of Innspruck. Its situation as to beauty beggars description. Like Salzburg, it has much of an Italian look; the houses having often flat roofs and arcades in front of the lower stories. The Franciscaner Kirche contains perhaps the finest monument in Europe, the tomb of Maximilian I. In my brief notebook of the journey three signs of exclamation follow the words "Tomb of Max. I." I have seen the celebrated tombs of St. Ferdinand in Seville, of Ferdinand and Isabella in Granada; but they bear no comparison with that of Maximilian I. The Emperor kneeling on the sarcophagus is surrounded by at least thirty colossal bronze statues, representing amongst others Philip I of Spain and his wife Joanna, Rudolph of Hapsburg, Charles the Bold, Ferdinand the Catholic, and Godfrey of Bouillon. The bas reliefs on the marble sarcophagus represent important events of Maximilian's life. Nearly all of them were carved by the eminent sculptor, Colins of Mecheln. In the same church is the modest tomb of Andreas Hofer, with the simple inscription on the stone under which his ashes rest: "Here rests in God Andreas Hofer. A. D. 1809." Since my visit I believe a splendid monument has been erected over or near the tomb of the old hero.

We left Innspruck for Zirl, at the foot of the Martinswand, a perpendicular rock some three thousand feet high. Stopping all night at Zirl, we found a dance going on like that at Zell. We had no trouble in getting partners. There was a ludicrous scene. A Frenchman, a painter, when he saw us getting on so well, thought he, too, would try his luck. got a partner, whirled, or rather was whirled round by her several times, and got so dizzy that he would have fallen down, if the girl had not taken hold of him and carried him to a bench near the wall. He might have been an elegant dancer in a quadrille in the Students' Quarter at Paris, but he swore that he would never try the waltz again. The Tyrolean

dances, however, are not carried on exactly as in our ball-rooms. From time to time the cavalier lets his partner go, claps his hand on his leather breeches, crouching down, gives a yell, springs up again, grabs his partner and throws her sky high. Every man is expected to treat his partner after each dance with a seidel (pint) of the Veltlin wine, almost the only beverage in use there. It is of light-red color, sweet and not strong, and very pleasant to take.

Early next morning we took a guide to go up the Martinswand. Of course, one cannot attack the perpendicular wall in front, but must assail it on the flanks. Zigzag paths lead to the highest peak. Our goal was the spot where Emperor Maximilian, in pursuing a chamois, and losing his footing, had rolled down from above, landing on a small ledge of a protruding rock, above a precipice some eight hundred feet deep. It seemed impossible for him to move a step without imminent danger of destruction. He could be distinctly seen from the valley below. A priest had the funeral service performed below, and absolution was given the Emperor "*in extremis.*" A bold mountaineer, however, came to his rescue, and at the imminent risk of his own life saved him. The legend is that it was an angel of the Lord that relieved him. There was then only a small cross on the spot, and a most perilous narrow rough path had been cut in the rocks leading to it. The rock was a sheer perpendicular one, and no one given to giddiness ought ever to venture to it. Probably there is a safe way to it now, but in 1829 we went by paths as dangerous as I ever travelled in the Swiss Alps or the Rocky Mountains. It took us a full hour to reach the place.

The view towards Innspruck and the surrounding mountains, some nine thousand feet high, was splendid; but we soon retired, as it took a good deal of nerve to stand on our point of observation. The descent was also very dangerous and most fatiguing. Our guide wanted to take us down by a short cut, which was really no path at all, but the dried-up bed of a rivulet, or rather gutter, hollowed out by waters from the moun-

tains. The bottom was sand and gravel, on which we sometimes slipped downward involuntarily for several rods, and only saved ourselves from a percipitous descent by stemming our downward movement with our big Alpine stocks. My friend Wuestenfeldt, who was rather high-tempered, cursed the guide roundly, and made him so angry by his abuse that, if I had not interfered, they would have come to blows. We came to Zirl rather demoralized, and concluded that the whole excursion, made so much of by the landlord of Zirl, and by romantic tourists, was rather a humbug or "sell," as the slang phrase is.

BACK TO JENA

I parted company here from Wuestenfeldt. He wanted to go farther up the valley. But I wished to stay a few days more in Munich and Erlangen, and my time was limited if I was to reach Jena at the commencement of the lectures. I was also short of money, having left a part of my allowance at Munich. Indeed, after leaving Zirl I had only about a half a dollar left, and had yet to travel about ninety miles. The road, an old Roman highway, is kept in the most perfect order, and rises abruptly toward Seefeld, some four thousand feet high, where there is a divide between the Inn and the Isar. It was about twelve miles to Seefeld, and when I had gone about half way up the long ascent I was so tired, (we had taken the exhausting trip to Martinswand in the morning,) that, in spite of the leanness of my purse, I got into a little wagon that overtook me and paid the Tyrolese boy that drove it fifteen cents, leaving me about thirty-five cents for the remainder of my trip. At Seefeld I took only a couple of hard eggs and some bread for supper, in the morning a soft boiled egg, some rolls and a glass of Kirschwasser. To my delight, I could pay for my meals and lodging and had about five cents left for a couple of glasses of beer on the day's march. I had, however, a silver watch with me and by pledging it at the next tavern, I expected to raise money enough to get me to Munich. Still,

I moved on through the wonderful morning and the inspiring scenery that opened before me, when descending into the Isar valley, in a rather depressed mood, I had not walked more than six or eight miles and passed Scharniz, an ancient fort, and the frontier of Bavaria, when a big open farmer's wagon, with four rough seats, drawn by four stout horses, overtook me. Besides the driver, it held four Munich students on their return from their vacation. They were in high glee, singing and shouting. They did not belong to my society, but in my situation I did not stand much on exclusiveness. I halloed to the driver to stop, and asked the students if there was more room left, and whether I could not ride with them to Munich. They said, "Yes. If the driver will take you." They had hired the concern, everyone paying so much. The driver was more than willing; but, in order to relieve myself at once from all anxiety, I told the driver I was out of money, could only pay him at Munich, and that he would have to pay my bills on the way. He shook his head a little at this. But the students at once said: "Never mind. We will pay the driver and what you want on the way. You can pay us back at Munich." They saw my ribbon and knew at once that they were safe enough in trusting me.

We passed through a most picturesque country — through Mittenwald, celebrated for the fabrication of violins, and Partenkirchen, where we had a most splendid view of the Wetterstein and the Zugspitze, over nine thousand feet high. We had several charming vistas of the Starnberger lake. Some five or six miles before we reached Munich the country is uninteresting. It is all forest, and known as the Hirschgarten, — fine ground for hunting deer and wild boars.

I now stayed only two days in Munich, visited the picture galleries again, and also the theatres. Goeden had already left, accompanied by Theodore Engelmann, who had made up his mind to change Munich for Jena. I went back by the same route I had come, by Nuremberg to Erlangen, where I spent a few days most joyously. It was the middle of May,

the weather most delightful, my friends all in fine spirits. Little did I think that on the last day I stayed there, I should be in part a witness of a most affecting scene. Some of us, — it was a Sunday afternoon, May 15, 1829, — had gone to a neighboring village, where we had a very joyous time. Returning in the evening to our club-house, we found nearly all the members of the Burschenschaft there in the greatest excitement. One of the most popular, high-spirited, and at the same time most jovial fellows, Wolf of Nuremberg, with whom I had become very intimate on my first visit, and who had taken me to Nuremberg, had just been brought into town shot dead in a duel. At least, he had been left for dead by the seconds, the physicians having procured a farmer to carry the corpse into town on a wagon. Only one pistol was found on the ground. But, strange to say, in the hospital he revived for a short time. I went to see him. He was shot through the neck. He recognized me and other friends, standing round the bed, but he could not speak. The attending physician pronounced the wound mortal and that no help on the field could have done any good. He died a short time after I left him.

It cast a deep gloom over the whole town. Everybody had liked him. His adversary belonged to the secession party of the Burschenschaft, called the Arminia. His name, I believe, was Wagner, from Rhenish Bavaria. He left the same night and fled to France. Strange to say, the authorities never found out anything definite about this duel, witnessed by two seconds, one impartial witness and a physician. They seemed to adopt the theory of suicide, suggested by the students, while every member of the Germania knew all about it.

When I started next morning for Jena, one of the most influential members of the Germania, Heinkelmann from Bamberg, surprised me as I left the club-house, where I had breakfasted, by telling me that he had suddenly made up his mind to go to Jena. Of course I had my suspicions at once that he had been Wolf's second; and so it turned out. We traveled very fast to reach the frontier of Saxe-Coburg where we should

be safe at least for a few days. But he was never troubled. Though we went in the most delightful weather through the fine scenery of the Thuringian Mountains, and by Saalfeld and Rudolstadt along the lovely valley of the Saale, we both felt rather melancholy, and our minds constantly reverted to the sad fate of our friend Wolf.

CHAPTER V

Last Year at Jena (1829-1830)

It had been agreed upon between Goeden and myself that we should room together for the next term. He had already partly engaged a residence, a very romantic one, which I really did not like to take; but he was so pressing, and thought it so idyllic, that I finally reluctantly consented. It was Rheinhard's Garden House, on a very shady little island in the Saale. We had two rooms, decently furnished; but the house was rather damp, and as the waiting-maid had to come from town every morning from the house of the owner, our breakfast was often late. In high water the small plank-bridge that led to the island was sometimes submerged, and then we had to use a boat to cross. At night, the place being outside of the city limits, and the neighborhood not lighted, it was very inconvenient to walk to.

I was not so romantically inclined as my friend Goeden, and many times I did not go home, but stayed with my friends in town, generally with Carl Fleischer, an Hanoverian occupying one of the best houses in the place, called the Maetherei, from the proprietor's name, Maether. He was a most amiable young man, of a quiet nature, but firm mind. He was most unselfish and generous, but rather exclusive, consorting only with a few friends. He was full of patriotism, and a highly respected member of the Burschenschaft, to which he had belonged in Goettingen. When we parted in the fall of 1830, (I went to Munich,) it was with great respect on both sides. When, after the *émeute* at Frankfort, on the third of April, 1833, the Bundestag began its furious persecution against all who were supposed to be connected directly or indirectly with

the rising, and particularly against the members of the Germania Society, whether involved or not, Fleicher did not deem it prudent to stay in Germany, but with another member of the Burschenschaft, Gaertner of Brunswick, fled to Belgium. At that time there was being raised in England a foreign legion to assist in maintaining the rights of the Infanta Maria of Portugal against the usurper, Dom Miguel, — under the auspices, I believe, of Sir DeLacey Evans, who later was the commander of the foreign legion in Spain that supported Isabella II against the pretender, Don Carlos, and who afterward became a very distinguished general in the English army. Gaertner, of whom I shall have a good deal to say hereafter, when I come to my residence in Madrid as United States Minister, enlisted with Fleischer in this legion, and went to Portugal, where Fleischer fell in battle at the siege of Oporto. I heard of his death, however, only many years after, when I had been in the United States some time.

Goeden became somewhat dissatisfied with me for not sufficiently appreciating the beauties of the Garden House, and was also perhaps a little jealous of my intimacy with Fleischer. Anyway, in the fall we had to leave the island, and I took rooms in the Maetherei, with a fine view of the promenade below my windows and of the hills north of Jena. Goeden and I remained very good friends, nevertheless. He afterwards went to Goettingen, and we carried on a correspondence until I left Jena. I lost sight of him afterwards, until some time in 1861 a son of his came to St. Louis, called upon me, told me that he had come to learn farming, and that his father intended after awhile to buy him a farm. He volunteered in a Missouri regiment, however, and I saw him after the war; but what since became of him I know not. His father had left Mecklenburg, become a distinguished physician in Stettin, where he died in May, 1888, as Herr Medicinal Rath.

In July, not very long after my return from my southern tour, I received the melancholy news of my father's death. He had been sick nearly all winter with a heart or lung com-

plaint. He died comparatively young, being fifty-six years of age. But no one dies too soon or too late.

PROTESTANT TRICENTENNIAL

Nothing very remarkable happened during the summer of 1829, except the celebration of the tri-centenary of the action of the reformed princes and free cities at the Diet of Speyer, in protesting against the demands of the majority of the members of the Diet to stop the work of the Reformation. It was from this protest, that all the different religious societies which seceded from the Roman Catholic Church, received the name of "Protestants."

This anniversary was celebrated by the Burschenschaft after the usual manner of such student-celebrations. The members of the board of directors (Vorstand), and of the court of honor, were clad in black, with black-red-gold scarfs across their breasts, black velvet barettas with ostrich feathers, and white gauntlets and swords at their sides. The other members, both of the inner and outer circle, wore pretty much the same dress, without barettas and scarfs. A procession was formed, about two hundred and fifty strong, all bearing lighted pitch-torches, and a march was made through the principal streets to the spacious market-place. The city-band played on the balcony of the council-house. Frederick Meyer of Mecklenburg, who was then president of the directory (speaker), a giant in stature, made a short and impressive speech, to the effect, that, though now we had full religious liberty and need not renew the protest of our great ancestors at Speyer, yet tonight and always we should loudly protest against any and all encroachments on our civil liberty and against all acts of absolutism and despotism whatsoever. Three tremendous cheers were given to the old and new Protestants. The torches were all thrown in a heap, making a great blaze. I think we wound up the open air celebration with the old Latin student song: "Gaudeamus igitur."

The citizens being nearly all strong Lutherans, turned out *en masse*, and cheered us on our march. Most of the professors also were delighted that we had thus spontaneously and without asking the authorities taken up this celebration. Officially nothing had been done towards it, — except that the music was furnished by the city.

At the end of the semester I had determined to visit my family at Frankfort. Carl Grave and Carl Tamsen, both of Holstein, desired to join me. Grave, whom I afterwards met repeatedly in the United States, was a very diminutive, handsome youth, of a most mercurial character, but amiable and sprightly, and so full of ideas that he could not speak fast enough to let them out, with the result that he often got a little confused. Yet he had excellent common sense, had had a fine education, and possessed a delicate sense of honor: he was a medical student. Tamsen was the very opposite of Grave. He was from the northern part of Holstein (Flensburg), quiet, scant of speech, yet fond of society, and not without some humor. A thimbleful of wine would make Grave almost intoxicated; while half a dozen glasses of stiff grog would have no perceptible effect on Tamsen. On the whole, I could not have had better company.

TRIP THROUGH THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS

Our route to Frankfort was a rather circuitous one. From Weimar we turned off the main road to Frankfort to Koelleda, a sorrowful place, to which old father Jahn, the organizer of the Turnvereins, the old Luetzower of 1813, had been banished by the Prussian government, for having severely denounced the reactionary policy of Prussia after the war of liberation. We had intended to visit him, not that we admired the man so much, for at that time he had become quite royal and loyal; but he was, nevertheless, a sort of martyr, and the Jena students made many a pilgrimage to Koelleda to visit him. He was afterwards elected to the German Parliament in 1848 on account of his early persecutions, but turned out a

thorough Conservative and played a sorry part in that assembly. He had gone to a neighboring village, so that we missed him. As a child I had seen him in Frankfort, for he had visited father repeatedly. From Koelleda, by Frankenhausen, we traversed some of the most fertile regions of northern Germany, called the Goldene Aue, bounded on the north by hills, on one of which stands the celebrated Kyffhaeuser. We went up to the ruins of the old castle, of which we had heard and read so much, and it was quite dark before we reached our night's quarters.

Next day we went by the charming water-place, Alexis-Bad, in the valley of the Selke. It is surrounded by noble forests of beech and oak. We spent one night at Thale in the valley of the Bode, from which next morning we ascended the highly interesting Ross-Trappe, looking down into the dark abyss formed by the Bode. The guide told us of a young girl who, not long before, on account of unrequited love, had made the fatal leap from the rock into the stream. I made a novelette of this not long afterwards. Finding the manuscript amongst my papers, I had it published in the "Illinois Beobachter" for May 16 and 23, 1844, under the title "Aus der Harzreise im Herbst."

By Blankenburg, with its historical château, Elbingerode-Schierke, we ascended in a heavy rain and wind storm late in the evening the Brocken, visiting on the way the stalactite Baumann's cave. The hospice on the Brocken was a massive stone house of one story, with walls several feet thick and the roof secured by huge stones put upon it. We found a large company there, students from Berlin and from Goettingen, and many Philistines. The large guest-room was kept pretty hot, and a good deal of grog was consumed. The dormitories, however, were very cold. The Brocken is but three thousand, five hundred feet high, but in that latitude the temperature at such an elevation is very severe. The morning was cloudy, and for some time we could see but a few yards ahead. But after a while the sun came out for a short time, and we had

quite an extensive view. One goes there to be able to say that he has been on the mystic Brocken. But otherwise there is no great reward for the trouble of ascending it. For geologists and scientists generally the Hartz Mountains are of very great interest. We visited the gold mines at Klausthal and Noerden, and reached Goettingen. Few students were present, though enough to make our sojourn there quite pleasant. Through the most delightfully situated town of Münden (where the Werra and Fulda join, forming the Weser) we reached Cassel, saw all its marvels, including the Wilhelmshoehe, went to Marburg and Giessen, where we had a high time again with our brother students, and thence to Frankfort, where we arrived late at night, and where I was received with great joy by my mother, sisters, and brother Carl. Tamsen and Grave stayed a few days at Frankfort, where, of course, I made them quite at home. They then returned to Jena, while I remained some weeks with my family.

JENA AGAIN. VISIT TO LEIPSIC

Towards the end of October, I left again for Jena. By Aschaffenburg, Wuerzburg, Schweinfurt, Koenigshofen, Roemhild, Schleusingen, Ilmenau, Stadt Ilm, and Weimar, I arrived late in the night at Jena. I went by coach as far as Wuerzburg, but the rest of the road, leading through part of the Thuringian Mountains, some ninety miles, I footed with a very heavy knapsack on my shoulders.

In the winter of 1829 and 1830 I heard lectures on criminal law and German civil law, by the distinguished Professor Martin, and on medical jurisprudence by Professor Henke. If I recollect right, I was tolerably studious that winter. We had a Shakespeare Club and other literary gatherings, with tea and claret, or rum, which we called Attic nights. During the Christmas vacation, some of us paid another visit to Leipsic, and I, like my great townsman Goethe, who had in Leipsic a passionate love affair with the daughter of the house where he boarded, fell in love with a very pretty girl, the

daughter of a widow who kept a small restaurant called the Little Blumenberg, as well as I remember. The student whose hospitality I enjoyed and several other members of the Burschenschaft took their dinners and suppers there, and I thus became acquainted with Friedericka, a tall, well-proportioned girl with large lustrous black eyes and luxuriant blue-black hair, which hung from down her neck in ringlets. She did not wait on the table but kept the books in a small room adjoining the restaurant, and as this bookkeeping took very little time she sewed and embroidered. I courted her assiduously, and before I left, promised to come back as soon as possible. She did not encourage me much, and did not seem to be distressed when I bid her adieu.

On my return to Jena I passed a day of which I have the most lively remembrance, and which I have recollected, I believe, every time I have since suffered from cold weather. That winter was one of the severest ever experienced in Germany. I had taken the stage at Leipsic for Jena. It started early in the morning, about six o'clock. The snow was at least a foot thick on the ground, and it had frozen hard. I was alone in the coach, and it was well closed, so that at first I did not suffer much from the cold, save in my feet. I had no cloak, but had my dressing gown with me, which I put on over my coat. It happened to be the coldest day of the season, twenty-four degrees below zero, Réamur, and the wind blew sharp from the north, which made it worse. Arrived at Luetzen, the first station out from Leipsic, the coach was taken in, and a high sleigh brought out, the postmaster declaring that the snow was too deep for the big coach and that there had been already a half hour's delay from Leipsic. I protested, but in vain. It was a large open box on runners; the mail was thrown in, and a bunch of hay to keep my feet warm. The driver sat in front of me on the mail-bag. There is a vast plain between Luetzen and Weissenfels on the Saale, and the wind almost took the breath out of me. I suffered very much and soon felt sleepy. I told the postillion to rouse

me from time to time, and not let me go to sleep. We went, however, like lightning. At the next station, Weissenfels, the sleigh was again exchanged for a comfortable coach, well filled with straw. While conveyance and horses were being changed, I entered the well-warmed guest-room; but only for a moment, for I was at once taken with horrible pains. I had been entirely benumbed, and the heat of the room made me feel as though my whole body was on fire. I ran out into the yard. The landlady came after me with a basin of icy water. "Put your hands in this, quick," she said, "and then wash your face." It proved at once a great relief, and after dipping my hands repeatedly in the snow on the ground and washing my face with the same, I felt quite comfortable again, and could stay some time in the warm room.

Unfortunately at Naumburg the coach was taken off, and I had to ride in a sleigh again for the last two stations to Jena. But the sleigh was full of straw, so that I could cover myself up with it. The postmaster gave me two blankets, but, best of all, we made a sharp turn at Naumburg, going straight south to Jena, so that I now had the wind on my back. Take it all in all, it was a horrible day.

As to Friedericka, — I may as well give the close of that episode, — I did go back the next spring. I called upon her, and when I went away, she bade me adieu in a manner that seemed to say: "Come again." But there was no passion on either side. A kiss or two were rather taken than given. The secret of my failure I soon found out. A fine-looking, good-natured fellow, one of our own society, by the name of Roland, had been captured by her. He was the son of a rich Saxon land-owner, and he married her in less than a year after I saw her last. Amongst my papers is a sonnet devoted to her under the title "Friedericka."

BERLIN AND NORTHERN GERMANY

For the Easter vacation I had planned an extensive tour. Ludwig Beetz, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who, like myself,

was a law student, and with whom I had become very well acquainted, invited me urgently to accompany him to his home in Ludwigslust, where his father was a distinguished Lutheran minister. Beetz was a very intelligent young man, with a first-rate education; a pleasant associate, though perhaps a little too much inclined to sarcasm. If my memory does not deceive me, he obtained a very high position in his profession after the year 1848. I finally accepted his invitation, but, once in northern Germany, I enlarged my plans considerably.

We left the University in the middle of April, went on foot by Zeitz and Pegau to Leipsic, where I met Friedericka. To go to Berlin from Leipsic on foot was out of the question, as most of the road is highly uninteresting, — indeed, for many miles sandy and marshy. We took a coach, crossed the Elbe at Wittenberg, and stayed half a day in this historical place, which no one can visit without feeling that he is on memorable, nay, almost sacred, ground. It was well to have erected a fine statue of Luther in the market place, though monument he needed none. We visited his and Melancthon's tombs in the Schlosskirche, on the door of which the bold monk had nailed his theses against the papal indulgences, and were shown the place outside the town where Luther burned the papal bull, condemning his doctrines and excommunicating him.

Through a poor and sandy country, we reached, towards evening, Potsdam, — a perfect oasis in the desert, between lakes of the Havel, and most beautifully situated. We saw all that was remarkable there in the morning, and reached Berlin the next evening. Berlin, of course, was not in 1830 the place it is now; it contained then about 250,000 inhabitants; yet it was a highly interesting place in every respect. To give a description of all I saw during three or four days in Berlin, would be useless, and I will confine myself to giving a few notes of places I saw, which are amongst my papers:

Armory, opposite Bluecher's bronze statue; New Guard House, flanked by the two marble statues of Buelow and Scharnhorst; the Royal Palace; New Bridge across the Spree; New Museum, opposite Schloss; Unter den Linden; Charlottenburg, with the tomb of Queen Louise; Rauch's Atelier (Sleeping Child, Scharnhorst's Sarcophagus); King's Bridge, with Schlueter's beautiful colossal statue of the Great Elector; Kreuzberg, with the monument for those who fell in the wars of liberation; House of the Invalids (*Invalido et invicto militi*); in the Old Museum, Halls of Antiquity, Picture Gallery; Wilhelm's Platz, with the statues of the heroes of the Seven Years' War; Library; University; the new antique Werder Church; Engineers' School; the New Palace under the Lindens; Catholic Dom.

We found in Berlin some of our friends who had been with us at Jena; also other students, with whom we had become acquainted before in Halle and Leipsic. They treated us most cordially. They were all members of our society, and while they had to be very cautious in Berlin, and could not show their badges openly, still they had their club-house and lived under the constitution and rules of the Universal Burschenschaft. We spent our time most pleasantly. In the Royal Theatre we saw Richard III. The actor representing the King was a hunchback star from some other theatre, whose name I have forgotten. If any of Shakespeare's creations require to be toned down in their representation, it is Richard III; but instead of that the actor, imitating English performers, exaggerated the character, already overdrawn. I was much disappointed, and the Berlin public seemed to be as little pleased as I was. The house was only half filled. The theatre itself presented a majestic appearance, and as far as machinery, costumes, and scenery went, the performance was perfect. In the Koenigstadt Theatre we saw "Preciosa" very finely played. But we were very fortunate in hearing Don Juan at the Opera House. Henrietta Sontag was starring at Berlin. She sang Dona Anne, and was supported by Mme. Seidel as

Elvira, and the lovely Miss Schaetzel as Zerlina. The celebrated Blume acted Don Juan. I have since heard grand operas at Madrid, Paris, Dresden, New York, and other large cities in Europe and the United States, but never witnessed such an "ensemble" of excellent singers and rich scenery, or heard such an exquisite orchestra, as in Berlin.

We could not afford to buy tickets for a box or reserved seats, but had to be content with the parquet; and, being advised to that effect by our friends, we went to the door of the opera house about four o'clock to join the crowd for the parquet and higher galleries. There we stood in the sun, pressed like herrings, until six o'clock, when the door was opened. We got in, or rather were carried in by the rushing crowd, and procured tolerably good seats. But we were amply recompensed for our two hours' torture.

I had seen Sontag before in Frankfort, in 1829, in Rossini's "Barber of Seville." She was then but 18 or 19 years of age. Her beauty was indescribable. She set all Germany in a blaze. Her voice was equal to Adelina Patti's; her grace and beauty, unequaled by any artist then living; and her acting, particularly in light operas, far superior to Patti's. Boerne, in his miscellaneous writings, has given a most humorous and spirited account of her acting and her reception at Frankfort. With many others, he also twitted me, for I had been guilty of showing my admiration of the godlike Henrietta in two stanzas, in form of a four-syllable riddle, "Palmen-Sontag," which is amongst my collection of verses.

It goes without saying that I visited the Royal Picture Gallery more than once. As I came to Berlin again in 1863, under very favorable circumstances, I may speak of it again.

MECKLENBURG. LUEBECK. KIEL

Leaving Berlin on the 30th of April in a miserable Prussian stage, through endless sand heaths, we reached the celebrated battle-field of Fehrbellin; although after passing the Mecklenburg frontier at Grabow the country became more

interesting, — fertile soil, here and there a lake, and some timber. With the parents of Beetz, at Ludwigslust, we passed several very pleasant days, made an excursion to Woebbelin, near which village is the tomb of Theodore Koerner, under an oak, where he fell on the 26th of August, 1813. A simple stone with his name and date of his death marked the place at that time. His sister Emma, whose heart was broken by his death and who soon followed him, is also buried there. A keeper took care of the spot; but it seemed to have been rather neglected. I believe there is now a fine monument erected to him there.

With Beetz I went to Schwerin, the capital of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and visited his brother-in-law, a counselor at law, who lived very elegantly with his pretty wife. We were royally entertained here. The picture-gallery, in the château, built on an island in a beautiful lake, has some excellent pictures, principally of the Dutch school. There is a Van Dyke, two Rembrandts, a Floris, Teniers, Holbein, and a Dow. Here I parted from my excellent friend Beetz, and traveled on foot through a rich and beautiful country, clean towns and villages, the people of which looked not only well-to-do, but the men stout and handsome, and the women on an average really beautiful. One thing I missed very much. The beer in all northern Germany was at that time execrable. Either it was miserably thin or so thick and strong that no southern German could relish it. In the smaller towns no wine could be had. But the splendid milk of the superior cows of Mecklenburg and Holstein is very refreshing to the wanderer.

In two days I had reached Luebeck, where I was received by a very good friend, Bang, who had left Jena in the fall of 1829. The name by which he was almost exclusively known was "Hiob," or Job. He was a well-informed, highly intellectual man, "un homme d'esprit," and besides, one of the most social of fellows. Stout and tall, a first rate swordsman, popular without courting popularity, he had great influence in our society, and was nearly always a member of

the directory or the court of honor. The only wonder was that he took up theology as a profession. His clerical descent may account for that. He certainly did not relish it. I afterwards lost track of him, but I dare say that he never was a success as a pastor.

Bang was an excellent "cicerone," and Luebeck is worthy of the tourist's attention. It is a real old German town, different from Nuremberg, and yet leaving almost the same impression on the mind. Its quondam prosperity and magnificence, as the head of the once so powerful Hanseatic League, are gone. Its remarkable Gothic churches, its townhall, built entirely of brick, as nearly all the buildings in the north of Germany are, take days to explore. One day we went to the great harbor of Luebeck, ten miles off, to Travemünde, a very pretty place, and there I had the first view of the sea. "Thallatta, Thallatta," I exclaimed, as almost every school boy does at the first view of the ocean. We ordered a fish dinner to be ready within an hour, and saw the fishermen start out to catch that excellent fish, the dorsch. In the meantime, we went a little beyond the town, and took a swim on the sandy beach. The fish, served with choice Holland potatoes *á la maître d'hôtel*, was a kingly feast, and we made the fish swim in some extra fine white port. All French and Spanish wines, as port, sherry, and Bordeaux, are comparatively cheap in these northern sea-ports, since there is no duty to be paid and the freight is little.

One Sunday evening I was invited by a rich merchant, a relative of my friend, to dinner. The house was one of those immense buildings with gable ends toward the street with which Luebeck abounds, and of quaint architecture. On entering you came into a large hall of great height and of the width of the whole house. Only to the right of the entrance were there some small rooms used for offices. A large stairway led to the second story. The hall there was still very ample, but on each side there were suites of rooms, parlors as we would call them, and also a large dining room.

The third story contained the sitting and bedrooms. It was a family reunion. The head of the family and his still handsome wife, a son or two, and two daughters, some four or five related families, clerks of the house, Bang and myself, making in all some forty people, sat down to a most sumptuous dinner. The fish, lobsters, oysters, shrimps, etc., attracted my particular attention, as being novelties to me. There were also, of course, excellent beef and fowls, and the dessert was particularly rich in oranges, bananas, and other exotic fruits, which at that time were very scarce in south Germany. The wines were of the choicest. After dinner we first had good piano-playing and singing by some of the girls, most all of whom were very handsome, — all blondes with exquisite complexions, blue eyes, and plump, healthy figures. We then played social games, particularly charades, our hostess furnishing very handsome toilettes for the ladies. Then came dancing, and, as usual, I fell in love with one of the girls, a maiden of about sixteen or seventeen, sweet but not insipid. I had her as a partner more than once, and I undoubtedly made a fool of myself, though she did not seem to perceive it.

About midnight the party broke up. She was with her father and mother and needed no escort home, but I rather audaciously insisted on accompanying her. The father, a pastor, remonstrated, saying that they lived out of town some distance from our host's home. But all in vain — so much the better, thought I. It was a beautiful moonlight night. The parents led the way, I offered my arm to Emma. I told her of my happiness, and said other pretty things to her, which would appear very ludicrous if put in writing. We reached the Holstein Gate, which was already closed, but was opened for the pastor, of course, who told the watchman to let me in again when I went back to town. We walked about a quarter of a mile on the main road, which led to a suburb, of which Emma's father was the pastor, then turned off to take a nearer cut to the pastor's house, when to my surprise we walked through a churchyard, on the other side of which

was the St. Lawrence church and the pastor's dwelling. The moonlight stole over the white stone monuments and the crosses. I had never seen a churchyard in the moonlight except in the opera of Don Juan. That was a pasteboard one, this a real one. Emma did not seem to be at all afraid, for she did not draw closer to me. I wished she had been. We reached the parsonage. To my surprise the old folks unlocked the door and went into the hall, which was quite dark. I thought it was time for me to leave. "O, Emma," I said, "how sorry I am I must leave in the morning; I shall never see you again." She replied I might see her on my return from Holstein. "Oh, no, that cannot be. Farewell, my dear;" and with that I put my arm around her waist and gave her a hearty kiss. "My God," she exclaimed, but she could say no more. The old gentleman, holding a candle in his hand, appeared in the hall. "Good-bye, my dear Herr Pastor," I said, and tried to make my escape. "Oh, no," said he; "do you think I would let you go out in the cold night air without having you take a glass of wine with us? My wife is just going down to the cellar to get some good Rhine wine." Of course, I had to join them. The lady had already set wine, glasses, and cake on the table, and we sat down for a few minutes, and drank to our parting. Emma, however, did not come in. "I am so tired," she said to her mother, "I must retire. Good night, and a happy journey to you, Mr. Koerner." She was a little embarrassed; but for a girl of sixteen she acted very bravely. In a sort of intoxication I ran through the churchyard, thought of Don Juan, got to the gate, and had to hail the watchman three or four times before he came out. I chided him. But said he, "I thought you would come back at once, and, as you did not, I guessed you had stayed with the Herr Pastor."

I walked home of course, but it seemed to me that I reached home on wings rather than on my legs. In my notebook, after mentioning this romantic episode, I find the following quotation from Don Carlos: "Koenigin — O, Gott —

Das Leben ist doch schoen,'' and three exclamation marks. Amongst my papers there is a description of this party at Luebeck, superscribed ''An Evening at Luebeck,'' which differs in some respects from what I have just written. But upon the whole there is no essential difference. For some reason or another I had left the kiss out.

Next morning I started for Eutin, an interesting city, well known in the literary history of Germany. It was there that John Henry Voss lived — the eminent philologist, and author of the admirable renderings of Homer and other classic authors, — the poet of ''Louise.'' Many other literary celebrities at one time or another resided here. It was also the birth-place of Carl Maria von Weber. It formed then a part of Oldenburg, and was surrounded by the Holstein country. Here lived the family of my friend Maximilan Heinrich Rueder, one of the most influential members of our Jena Burschenschaft. He was a real Northman in appearance, tall and robust, with light red hair and large gray eyes. He was of a serious turn of mind, rather conservative, but a warm friend of his fatherland and of its liberty and unity. He was a man of high moral principles and yet not unsocial. An excellent swordsman, he never sought a quarrel, and no one liked to quarrel with him. He did not spend his vacations at home, but had earnestly begged me to visit his parents, and had informed them of my coming. I was most kindly received by them. Another son showed me the admirable scenery around Eutin. Such forests of oak, and particularly beech, I had never seen before. They were of gigantic size. Beautiful little lakes surrounded the place. This part of eastern Holstein is remarkably fine. Rueder's brother accompanied me to Ploen, a town half way to Kiel, and situated on a large and charming lake. With my friend Rueder I continued to correspond while at the University, and also after I had settled in Frankfort. Although he was not connected with the third of April ''Attentat'' at Frankfort, perhaps not even aware of it, he was nevertheless prosecuted as a participant,

arrested, and imprisoned for a considerable time. He afterwards became a distinguished lawyer, and when he met me in Hamburg in 1864, he was Attorney General of the Grand Dukedom of Oldenburg. We renewed our correspondence, and for many years he wrote me regularly to the United States. Of late, I have heard nothing of him. We were most intimate friends.

What shall I say of Kiel, with its harbor big enough to shelter all the navies of the world combined, and with its majestic forests, bordering the east side of the bay? I reveled in enjoyment. I found there my friends Tamsen and Palm from Hamburg, and G. I. Hanssen, old Jena students, and many other fine fellows. We spent most of our time at the romantic Duesternbrook in the bay, favored by delightful weather.

At the invitation of Hanssen, I spent a few days with him at Holtenau on the Eider. We visited, on a stormy day, the little fortress of Friedrichsort at the mouth of the Eider canal, and had beautiful views of the bay and the shipping. Walking along the rocks and stone walls bounding the sea at the end of the canal, we could hardly keep our legs. The wind howled, and the surge struck the shore violently, so that we were several times covered with foam. Hanssen was a superior man. He had been very studious, and although he had studied law, his favorite pursuits were political and national economy and statistics. A few years after I left him, he became a lecturer on economy, political and agricultural, at Kiel; in 1837 he was appointed professor at the same place, and was successively called to Goettingen, Leipsic, and Berlin, where he was appointed chief of the statistical bureau. But he finally returned to Goettingen, as professor of his favorite sciences. He was the author of many highly prized works. Since 1875 I have not heard of him.

I saw Kiel later in all its splendor and loveliness; but the happy days I passed there and in Holstein in my youth, with

their fresh impression of ocean life, have always remained vividly in my memory through life.

SCHLESWIG AND HAMBURG

On the 11th of May, Tamsen took me in a light carriage with two beautiful fast Holstein horses, to Neumünster, half way to Hamburg. From there I started on foot towards Hamburg, lost my way in the vast Segeberg heath, and reached, late at night, a small village somewhat off the main road. The inn was like all farmhouses in Holstein, — large barns, in the front end of which, on each side of a wide entrance, are a few dwelling-rooms for the family. Close to these are the stables, for horses on one side, and for cattle on the other. Farther back stand the wagons, tools, etc. The loft is filled with hay, straw, and at the proper seasons grain. There are large cellars underneath. I was shown by the landlord into one of the rooms where the whole family, man, wife, grandmother, two buxom girls, a boy or two, and some farm-hands were just at supper. They had milk, black bread, boiled potatoes and raw ham. I found these all very acceptable. After awhile the whole company left, except the landlord and the old woman. I smoked my pipe and tried to talk; but, although I was understood, I only half understood my hosts, who spoke only Low Dutch, and quite a different dialect from that of my friends in Mecklenburg, with whose language I had become tolerably well acquainted at Jena. After some time I asked to retire. I had noticed before a row of what I supposed to be clothes presses, all along one side of the room. But what was my astonishment when the landlord pushed one of the doors aside, and I discovered that it was a sort of cabin with two bunks, in each of which was a bed. "You may undress here," the landlord said, "and turn in. I shall close up the concern when you are in, and then the other people will come and get into the other beds." I did not like the arrangement at all; but what could I do? The landlord said this was the only sleeping-room in the house. So, paying no attention to

the old woman, I turned in, leaving a portion of the movable door open, for fear of suffocation. I soon fell asleep, but in the morning discovered that one of the sons had taken the upper berth. When I awoke, all the folks were up, the women were milking the cows, and the boys feeding the horses. Milk, honey, black bread, good butter, and fat bacon made quite a good breakfast, and after a march of some fifteen or twenty miles I reached Hamburg.

None of my intimate friends were then in Hamburg, so I stopped at a rather indifferent hotel, — the one that had been recommended to me being full to overflowing. One of my acquaintances, however, introduced me to a young man who took charge of me and who turned out to be a most delightful and sociable companion. It was no less a person than Ludolf Wienbarg. He was some years older than I, and had already a local literary reputation. His conversation was most interesting, and it was a great pleasure to listen to him. He had the latest literature of Germany and France at his fingers' ends. He took me to the London Tavern, where a real John Bull kept real porter, and where English beefsteak was a specialty. The evenings we spent at the new Alster Pavilions. Wherever we went, we found friends of like literary tastes. A few years later he published his "Aesthetic Campaigns," which at once made him favorably known to all Germany. He dedicated them to "Young Germany," and from this expression the new school of German Literati took its title. He was considered the head of that school, and fell under the ban of the German Federal Diet. All his publications, as well as those of Wolfgang Menzel, Heinrich Heine, Henry Laube, Carl Gutzkow, and several others, were prohibited. He was the author of "Contributions to Recent Literature," and in later years of a history of Schleswig. He was certainly a man of genius, but had also some of the faults which often obscure exuberant brightness.

I saw everything that was to be seen in Hamburg at that time, including a splendid excursion to the Harvestehude,

situated among majestic woods. I also enjoyed hearing the then very celebrated prima donna, Madame Kraus Wranitzky, in Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris."

The evening of the 15th I left Hamburg by stage, passed the fertile Vierlanden, and crossed the Elbe. On the west side of the Elbe the Lueneburg Heath begins, which seemed to be interminable. Arriving at Lueneburg at night, we were detained there, and did not get to Brunswick until twelve o'clock that night. I stayed at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, took a cup of tea and some rolls for supper, had coffee and rolls for breakfast, and two Prussian dollars for my bill. (True, I had a very large fine room and a solid silver candlestick with three wax-lights.) Viewing this very interesting old city, I then, by way of Wolfenbuettel, made a very pleasant journey, walking leisurely through a fine fertile country, with the Hartz Mountains always on my right, to Quedlinburg, where I stopped for a day's rest, finally reaching Halle. The way I went I must have traveled more than a hundred miles.

I was detained in Halle by an affair of my Jena friend Bierstaedt, who, though there only on a visit, had been challenged by a Halle student; and, as Bierstaedt was unfamiliar with the broadsword, and the Halle student with the short sword, the duel was fought with curved cavalry sabres. He insisted on my being his second. The duel took place without serious wounds being inflicted; but it was hardly over when we were informed that the University police had got wind of it. As these extraordinary duels were prohibited by penalties almost as severe as pistol duels, we immediately left Halle in a light carriage, and, promising a big tip to the driver, flew to the Saxon frontier, about half way between Halle and Leipzic; sent the carriage back, and footed it to the latter place, from where we returned to Jena, just in time for the beginning of the lectures.

Take it all in all, it was a wonderful journey; and as I took the stage only through some very barren regions, and walked about half of the way, stopping with few exceptions

with friends, it cost me but very little. I do not think my expenses were more than thirty dollars, and I was gone nearly six weeks.

This being the last term I intended to stay at Jena, I began it with the determined purpose to study hard; and I did so for about two months. But the outbreak of the July Revolution in France, with its "three glorious days," worked a great change in my quiet every-day life.

POLITICAL DISTURBANCES OF 1830

I observed before that the spirit of liberty and unity which had actuated the German people since the wars of liberty, had never been entirely suppressed by the terrible persecutions of some of the best patriots and particularly of the youth of the Universities. It manifested itself again when the people of Naples in 1820 rose against their worthless and tyrannical King, compelling him to grant a constitutional government, as well as when the revolutions took place in Piedmont and Spain, where the nefarious tyrant, Ferdinand VII, was also made to restore the Liberal Constitution of the Cortes of 1812. These revolutions were put down by the bayonets of the "Unholy" Alliance, and the new systems abolished. The universal sympathy shown for these nations by the intelligent classes of the German people and even by the masses, was a sure indication of the dissatisfaction prevailing at home. The war of liberation of the Greeks, and their heroic and at last partly successful struggle, kept up the political excitement. In some of the South German States which had some sort of constitutional and parliamentary government, the press was comparatively free, and the journals printed there were circulated largely in the other States of the Bund, even when prohibited. Imperfect as the election-laws were in those constitutional States (Bavaria, Wuertemberg, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt), yet the few citizens who were privileged to vote never failed to send some fearless and distinguished men to the legislative chambers who criticised the measures of the

government, proposed reforms and frequently succeeded in warding off illiberal and tyrannical measures.

Great attention was paid to the news from France. Since the death of Louis XVIII, who was sensible enough not to carry reaction too far, and after his brother, the bigoted and arbitrary Charles X, had become King, the liberal opposition in France, led by able men, grew very powerful. The opposition-forces, under men like Thiers, Guizot, Armand Carrel, and Louis Courier, were unceasing in their attacks on the absolutism of the crown and the supremacy of the clergy. In songs (Béranger) and in trenchant pamphlets, the government was denounced, and, what was still worse in France, ridiculed. Republican and Orleanist conspiracies were formed. St. Simon and Fourier astonished the world with their communistic and socialistic ideas, Utopian to be sure, but still containing some grains of truth. There is no question, (if one will be just,) but that France at that time was in politics, in literature, in the arts and sciences, at the head of Europe; and the German Liberals, who at that time looked up to France as being probably able to exercise an immense influence in favor of liberty even in Germany, cannot be blamed if they took a deep interest in whatever happened in Paris, and if they followed the fiery and spirited debates in the French Chambers with more interset than the debates in the German legislatures, which were at best not very important.

No one at the present day, unless he is very familiar with the history of those times, can form an idea of what excitement was created by the French Revolution of July all over Germany, — and, I may even say, all over Europe and in England in particular, — and how it affected above all the liberal young men of the Burschenschaften. We nailed on the blackboard of the University all the bulletins favorable to the Revolution. We threw up our black-red-and-gold caps, and sang the Marseillaise; and I am not ashamed of it now; for we took this revolution to be the dawn of liberty in our own country. And not only were the majority of intelligent

Germans fully aroused, but even the masses of the people in the South and West, who, through the workings of representative governments, had become enlightened as to the oppression under which they suffered. One of their chief complaints was the hindrance to trade, commerce, and industry by the customs lines round most of the German States, both large and small. If heavy duties were exacted upon articles of consumption in one State, the neighboring States retaliated by imposing still higher ones. Some States even taxed goods in transit. The small farmers and the peasantry rose in great numbers in some of the smaller States, as in Hesse-Darmstadt, Hesse-Cassel, and Nassau, petitioning for redress. As the government furnished none, they took up whatever weapons they could lay hold of, burnt down the custom-house stations, drove away unpopular officials, and, finally, had to be suppressed in bloody fight by the military. These news came to us exaggerated. Such scenes had foreshadowed the first great French Revolution, and we — not only we young men, but thousands of others — now expected a general revolution in Germany.

Early in September, the Duke of Brunswick, a miniature despot, was driven out of his capital, and the ducal palace burnt down. A little later there were tumults at Leipzic. Some houses of ill-fame were set on fire, and the residences of government officers stoned. Petitions from all classes were drawn up, demanding municipal reform. In Dresden more serious disturbances took place. The police-building and the council-house were burnt down; communal guards, after the fashion of the French National Guards, were formed; the King compelled in a manner to abdicate; his nephew made co-regent; and a constitution was promised. The Elector of Hesse was also forced to accept his son as co-regent, and to pledge himself to grant a constitution with the consent of delegates elected by the people. There was hardly a State except Prussia in which reforms were not promised to prevent revolutions.

All these things, taking place in the latter part of the summer session of the University, were calculated to draw our attention to a great extent from our studies. Every day almost brought new excitement; revolutionary risings in Switzerland, in Italy, and, last but not least, in the Netherlands, where the southern provinces rose against the Union that had been formed by the Congress of Vienna between Belgium and Holland. The troops of the King were beaten, and though Brussels was bombarded, soon nothing was left to the House of Orange in Belgium but the citadel of Antwerp.

The first news we got in Jena of the disturbances in Leipsic was calculated to raise the impression that a serious movement, aiming at the subversion of the government, (which had been deaf to all, even the most reasonable, propositions for reform,) had sprung up. Leipsic was the intellectual and industrial capital of Saxony, and a successful revolt there, would extend throughout the Kingdom and to the surrounding small Saxon Duchies. Weber, I, and some others, whose names I have forgotten, started, the same night we received the news, for Leipsic. We collected on the Saale Bridge about midnight, and on the evening of the next day reached Leipsic. But we found things very different from what we had expected. Some gambling dens and other public nuisances had been burnt down by the populace. The citizens had applied to the city-council by petition for the redress of certain grievances. The house of a very unpopular official, the Royal Councilor Von Ende, had been attacked, and a petition sent to Dresden for his removal. The students had also petitioned the authorities of the University to reform some trifling matters that seemed to encroach on the academical liberty. But the whole uprising appeared to be a merely local affair.

Since, however, a good many excesses had been committed by the crowds, consisting of thousands of artisans, factory-laborers, and vagabonds, (of which latter class many are always found in industrial places like Leipsic, particularly at the time of its great fairs,) companies of students and citi-

zens had been enrolled to patrol the city at night, and to keep the council-house, city-gates, prisons and other public buildings guarded. We of Jena enrolled at once, the Burschenschaft forming one company, — just for the fun of it. We had badges on our left arms, and small rapiers and cavalry swords at our sides. We were one day on guard at the principal gate, the Petersthor. The citizens not enrolled made it their business to send the guards all kinds of provisions, the best they could afford, and plenty of wine and beer. No one slept that night; we brewed a splendid punch, and of course the students not on guard made it a point to call and see how we were getting along. Indeed, we had a glorious time. There are beautiful promenades around the city, and in the evening they are always full of people. Whenever the one who stood sentinel saw a pretty girl pass either out of or into the city through the gate, he would call out the entire guard and we would hasten out, draw up in line, and present arms. Young as we were, we forgot all about revolution, reforms, constitutions and politics generally, and enjoyed ourselves for three days most gloriously in Leipsic. By way of Altenburg, where there had also been a little outbreak, but where peace had been restored, we returned to Jena, where the professors and students had also formed a sort of national guard, — a precaution utterly ridiculous and in a few days defunct.

A PISTOL DUEL IN JENA

There was another thing which disturbed me in my studies. A spirit of discontent arose in our society. There were some members who thought themselves slighted in not being elected officers of the society, and who had much to say about an aristocratic party, the members of which considered themselves superior to their associates. There may have been some truth in this. But the main opposition came from those who were conservative in their political views and who had become more or less infected with the principles of the Arminians, a society that in Erlangen and Wuerzburg had seceded from

the Universal Burschenschaft. These malcontents used their influence particularly with the members who did not belong to the inner circle, making them believe that the conditions of their full admission were too severe. Quarrels arose; there was much irritation; and more duels were fought in that session than in the three previous ones I had attended. I had my share of it, either as principal or second, for I was very much in demand in the latter capacity. One duel of extraordinary gravity, which, however, affected me only as second, I may mention.

One of our members, Frederick Schenk, from Meiningen, on an excursion to that charming place the Rudelsburg, near Bath Koesen on the Saale River, had quaraled with a lieutenant of the Saxon army, and, having been insulted, I believe, struck him. He was challenged by the officer, and, as was usual between students and officers or civilians, the weapons selected were pistols. The woods near the Kunitzburg, some four miles below Jena, were chosen as the place of meeting. I was not intimate with Schenk, but he was a good-natured, honest young fellow, and, having had difficulty in obtaining a second, he finally applied to me; and I could not refuse, although I had had no experience in duels of that sort.

On a cloudy, disagreeable morning, we drove out to the place; I, in the meantime having got information as to what the practice was in such cases, from the surgeon we had taken along, who had witnessed several pistol duels. Our adversary had a good distance to come, and we had to wait for him several hours. His party consisted of the lieutenant and two high officers, all being either barons or counts, accompanied by a physician. We found no opening in the woods, and had to take a rather narrow forest-road for the fields. We drew chips for choice of distance. Schenk won. The terms were thirty paces, each having the privilege of advancing ten steps, leaving a space of ten steps as a bar between them. I took a position, which was marked by driving in a stick, and then stepped off the thirty paces. As Schenk was no marks-

man, though he had practiced a few days before the duel took place, and as I supposed the officer, being a lieutenant of a rifle battalion in garrison at Leipsic, to be pretty well versed in pistol-shooting, I took ridiculously big steps in measuring off the distance. On each side of the ten feet which they were forbidden to overstep, we marked a line with twigs of trees. Each party had a case of common straight-bore duelling pistols. By consent we took those of the officer. Schenk's pistols were handed to the seconds, — for the seconds had the right to shoot down the principals if they violated the rules. I do not think, however, that there is any well authenticated precedent of a second's having made use of this authority. The rule was undoubtedly made for the purposes of what lawyers call *in terrorem*; that is, to frighten the principals from acting dishonorably.

The pistols were now loaded by the third officer, who was not the second, in the presence of all. We again drew for the word of command, and our side gained it. The principals then took their places — pistols drawn. At the word "Three!" they were to raise their pistols, start and fire, advancing to the bar; but the moment they reached this line, they were not permitted to fire again. We seconds stood half way between them opposite to one another, a little distance off the line of fire. Schenk was a large, powerful man, a real Teuton, with beautiful light brown hair coming down in curls to his shoulders. He had a clear and rosy complexion and large blue eyes. He had been smoking a long pipe and still kept it in his left hand when he took his stand. I had instructed him not to expose himself too much by marching full front towards the bar, but to march sidewise, so as to show only his right side. He did not heed my advice, however, but marched straight forward, giving his adversary a large surface to hit. The officer understood it better; he was a slender young fellow anyway, and he came up not only sideways but even in a slight zigzag line, which, perhaps, was against the rules, though I was not certain of this. Both

fired at the same time after having advanced about five steps, leaving a distance of about twenty paces between them. The road being very narrow both of the seconds heard the whistling of the balls. Both then advanced to the bars, but when I went to the combatants to ask them whether satisfaction would be taken, Schenk staggered and slipped to the ground. He had been shot through the ankle of the left foot. The boot was cut off; and it was found he had received an ugly and very painful wound. The duel was declared off; the parties shook hands all around; and we carried our friend to the carriage. The officers behaved like gentlemen, and I may say that we were no discredit to our Burschenschaft. They said that they had never seen any one behave with more coolness and bravery than Schenk. Indeed, he smiled good-naturedly all the time he marched toward the mouth of the pistol. The officer had aimed well enough; but, as is often the case, balls will strike much lower than one expects. Poor Schenk suffered a great deal. It was several weeks before he could use his foot, and I believe he had to limp all his life.

The secret of the duel was remarkably well kept, which, of course, was very necessary, as duels with pistols were not subject to the jurisdiction of the University authorities, but to that of the Criminal Courts. Confinement in a fortress for at least two years is the smallest punishment; though, as a matter of fact, after a short confinement pardon was sure to be granted. Such is the force of public opinion, which will not excuse a gentleman if he declines to fight when challenged.

CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS ON JENA

The time to leave Jena for another University had arrived. The days I had passed in that place were sunny days indeed. I was strong, healthy, and always in good spirits. I was an honored member of a society composed of young men from all parts of the fatherland, from the Alps to the Baltic and North Seas, from the Danube to the Elbe and Weser, from the Rhone to the Oder and Weichsel. Some of them

were men of genius. The majority of them were men of high intellectual culture, one and all of them filled with an intense love of German unity and liberty, not a few of them ready to lay down their lives any moment for the realization of their ideas. Birth or fortune counted among us for nothing. Intelligence, courage, truthfulness, sense of personal honor, and nothing else, gave power and influence. While by the constitution, and much more so by the traditions of the Burschenschaft, meanness and licentiousness were not tolerated, but visited by the expulsion of the guilty, most of us led a very liberal, free-and-easy student-life. We indulged in all kinds of jovialty and even in frolics, sometimes extravagant, but never subversive of the good opinion for moral conduct in which the Burschenschaft, from its beginning, was held by the professors and citizens of the Universities where the societies existed. A certain asceticism and inclination to mysticism, which had manifested itself in the first four or five years of the Burschenschaft, had vanished. We had become, as already observed, more realistic. Our society was open to both Jew and Gentile, and I really should not have been able to tell the religion of most of my friends. "Do right and fear no one," seems to have been the only religion adopted amongst us.

As the Burschenschaft had taken its start in Jena, had, in the time of the tyrannical reaction, been severely persecuted and had furnished many eminent victims for imprisonment and exile, it took the lead of all the affiliated societies in the other Universities; and to be a Jena Burschenschafter was the best passport, not only among all students as such, but even among a great many intelligent citizens all over the country. But I had to leave.

CHAPTER VI

Munich

"Die schoenen Tagen von Aranjuez sind jetzt vorueber."

I had determined to attend the University of Munich for the last year of my studies. Mother, sisters, and brother Carl were much opposed to my going there. They thought that Munich was no place for a Protestant to go to; that the University was under the influence of the Jesuits, and that it did not have a good reputation for scholarship. It was also intimated that Munich was rather a dissolute place. Now, as for the Jesuits, I did not care; that could affect only the theological faculty; and as for the objection to the other professors, it was not well founded. For Professor Von Maurer stood very high as a lecturer on the history of German public law, and Professor Beyer was an excellent teacher of the German civil and ecclesiastical law. What inclined me to the place was that it was a large city with many opportunities for instruction in other branches than the law. I also thought that in such a city student-life would not be as absorbing as in one of the minor Universities. Besides, and that was a weighty consideration, it was no more expensive than Jena, and afforded in every respect a much better and finer living. I also had become strongly attached to Theodore Engelmann, who, being a citizen of Bavaria, was by law compelled to pass at least a year at Munich, and so had to go there again. We had already arranged to room together. I finally succeeded in obtaining the consent of my family. Mother was right when, at a later period, she said: "O, had you only followed my advice. I had some premonition that evil would befall you there."

FROM JENA TO ERLANGEN

On the fifteenth of October I left Jena, accompanied by Willie Weber and some other friends, who brought us in a carriage to Kahla, at the foot of the large château and old fortress of Weimar, the Leuchtenburg. Here we parted, deeply moved. Tears filled the eyes of William, who, in spite of his occasional wildness and fearlessness, amounting almost to temerity, was very tender-hearted, and whose strong attachment to me ended only with life. One, whose name I regret not being able to recollect, but who was also of our society, and bound for Wuerzburg, had been persuaded by me to make a detour through the Fichtelgebirge (Pine Mountains), which I had proposed to visit on my journey to Munich. By Poessneck and Schleiz, quite handsome and lively cities, through fine valleys and forests, we went to Hof in Bavaria. There we found some of our Jena friends at home, and spent a day or two quite pleasantly. One of them, well acquainted with the country, accompanied us to Wunsiedel, sacred to our young hearts as the birthplace of Jean Paul and of the unfortunate Carl Sand, and beautifully situated. From there we went to the charming Alexander Bath, to the château and park of Louisenburg, from where we had a splendid retrospect of the Thuringian Mountains; west to the Schneeberg and Ochsenkopf, the highest peaks of the Fichtelgebirge, and east and south towards the Bohemian Mountains. We then walked to the foot of the Ochsenkopf, which is some three thousand feet high, and the next morning ascended to the source of the Main. We rested there under the shade of some majestic trees for about an hour. A little spring, clear as crystal, is compressed within a little stone wall, and from there trickles down and forms a small brook, which, however, is soon swelled by various other rivulets. We had a guide, and by filling several large tumblers, we stopped, for a second, the whole river. My thoughts carried me back to my dear Frankfort.

We then ascended the Ochsenkopf, and after enjoying a broader, though similar, view to that at Louisenburg, went down into the valley of the Oelsnitz to Berneck, a most picturesque place surrounded by the ruins of several castles. My friend was intimately acquainted with Von Sensburg, whose father resided at Berneck, holding the position of judge of the district. Sensburg had been a student at Wuerzburg, but was now at home and also intended to go to Munich, though not yet ready. I remained two days in the hospitable house of the judge; and my new friend Sensburg, in his light carriage with two noble horses, brought me to Bayreuth, once seat of a magnificent residence-palace, of which some traces are left. It has a fine situation on the Red Main, an affluent to the Main.

At Bayreuth I found a coach bound for Erlangen, in which some gentlemen had already engaged seats. Early in the morning we left Bayreuth, the coach being a very handsome landau, the top of which could be let down, giving us a fair view of the beautiful valley of the Wiesent and the Franconian Switzerland, as it is called. Of course, the comparison with Switzerland is inappropriate; but the country around Muggendorf and Streitberg is of a most wonderful conformation. The valley is bounded by rocks of considerable height, showing the most singular and grotesque figures. We visited the Muggendorfer cave, a large stalactite grotto, very similar to Baumann's Cave in the Hartz Mountains. On the top of some of the rocks hang the ruins of old castles. Take it all in all, I thought that I had never seen within so short a time such romantic and grand scenery. We finally entered the valley of the Rednitz and reached beloved Erlangen just at sunset.

In Erlangen I spent a few days very pleasantly; went to Nuremberg, where Von Godin and another student, both of whom were on their way to Munich, joined me, and, taking the return coach to Munich, reached that place by the old

beaten route (Eichstaedt, Ingolstadt) about the 26th of October, 1830.

A more detailed narrative of my journey from Jena to Erlangen is amongst my papers, headed "Through the Fichtelgebirge," describing the various scenery and the interesting people we met on our route.

LIFE AND STUDIES IN MUNICH

On my arrival at Munich I found Theodore Engelmann already there. He had engaged rooms from a Miss Von Schmitt in the Neuhaeuser Strasse, not far from the Karlsthor, and opposite the Jesuit Church and the University building. It was a good wide street and a principal thoroughfare. The rooms, it is true, were in the fourth story (what would here be the fifth); but this had the advantage that we were not disturbed by the street noises. At our age, to climb that high, several times a day, was a matter of no consequence. We had one very large room, with four windows toward the street, a part of which at the back was made into an alcove for our beds. The furniture was good and everything was kept very clean. Miss Von Schmitt was an old maid, the orphan daughter of some royal official, and had a little money of her own and a pension from the government. She had taken this four story flat, renting her two front rooms. She had garnered up all her natural kindness and bestowed it upon her friends and the world generally. She treated us with a motherly kindness. Perhaps I am not quite accurate. Theodore was the main object of her care. I was rather the stepson. She was rather suspicious of me. She thought I was too wild, and when our room was turned into a duelling ground, on account of its being safe from police interference, (for the clang of arms could not possibly be heard in the street below and hardly in the lower stories,) she was in despair and deplored me to desist. I am so particular as to Miss Von Schmitt, for somewhat later she rendered me a great service

and remained in correspondence for many years with our relations in Germany.

We found the Burschenschaft in Munich in a prosperous state. It was recognized by the government by the name of Germania. It was far ahead of all the other student societies, which, with the exception of the Helvetia and the Cæsaria, were hardly respectable, and with which we had no connection whatever. By far the greatest number of students at Munich did not belong to any society. On the other hand we had many friends amongst the artists, painters, sculptors, and architects that swarm in Munich, who would come to our clubhouse, and take part in our excursions. Some of our members had brothers in the army, and they also sought our company. This intercourse with non-students made our life still more interesting. We were, or rather imagined ourselves to be, a rather superior set of fellows. There was Stumpf, a noble fellow, who was speaker, I believe, when I arrived; Hoeninghaus, from the lower Rhine, a very talented and well educated young man; Benno Von Raisch, whom we lost the next summer by death, and to whom we gave a most pompous funeral; Anthony Guitzmann, a most amiable man, who obtained a high position afterwards as surgeon-general of the Bavarian Army; Von Crailsheim, one of the most jovial and sociable of fellows; Joseph Kircher, from Fulda, who, not long after me, came to the United States, and was long an honored citizen of Belleville; Von Waldenfels, from Franconia, a high-minded, sterling young man; the most amiable Von Sensburg, of whom I have spoken before; Von Godin, from Bamberg; Schauberg, from Rhenish Bavaria; Prosper, from the lower Rhine; Gutienne, from Saarlouis; Soherr, from Bingen, — all hail-fellows-well-met and full of the love of liberty. Some others who were popular amongst us I cannot name, recollecting only their nicknames, which most students have.

Living was very cheap, and the beer, of course, was excellent. There were some wine-houses, where the best wines

were kept, but except those from Rhenish Bavaria, they were very dear. Students and officers could visit the Royal Theatre cheaply.

I engaged lectures with Professor Von Maurer on the history of the German law. Maurer was then a member of the upper house of the Bavarian legislature, and became afterwards, during the minority of King Otto of Greece, one of the regents of that kingdom. Ecclesiastical and German civil law, I studied under Professor Beyer. I also attended the lectures of Professor Stahl on the philosophy of law. Stahl, of Jewish descent, was a man of eminent talents, of deep learning, and a most fascinating lecturer. He was of splendid stature, and had sparkling eyes. At that time he was not a reactionary in his views, though even then he taught that states were not the products of human reason, but founded on the authority and the revelations of God. Later he went to the extremes of absolutism, was called to Berlin, became a member of the House of Lords (Herrenhaus) and leader of the Junker and Feudal party. While his doctrines were despised by the Liberals, his uncommonly high talents were admitted by all.

While, as a result of the French Revolution of July, there had been uprisings and commotions in many parts of Germany, Bavaria had remained comparatively quiet. King Louis, poet and Macænas of the arts, had been considered a Liberal. He had heretofore met with little opposition in the chambers. The press was comparatively free. The first few months after my arrival, everything was very quiet in the Bavarian capital. We students lived in *dulci jubilo*. But in the first days of December the news came of the revolution in Poland. The Viceroy Constantine, and all his officers and guards, had been driven out of Warsaw. Not more than thirty students of the military school originated the bold step. But the Polish army soon joined, and then all the people. The news created the greatest excitement in Munich, and we students at once hailed the event with open hearts. Speeches

were made. Cheers to Poland resounded in all places of resort. A number of our society concluded to volunteer; but very soon learned that neither Prussia nor Austria would permit anyone to cross their frontiers to aid Poland. Some Polish patriot songs, translated into German, soon found their way to us, and were shouted wherever a crowd met.

MUNICH CELEBRITIES

Through Senator Thomas, of Frankfort, an ever true friend of our family, I had received letters of introduction to Professor Oken, to Philosopher Schelling, to Professor Von Maurer, and to Professors Ringseis and Goerres. The letters to the two latter I did not deliver. They belonged to the reactionary and Ultramontane party. Goerres, at one time quite a red Republican, editor of the "Rhenish Mercury," (considered at the time of the War of Liberation as the fourth of the Allied Powers,) had been afterwards prosecuted by the Prussian government, and had in the course of time turned out a mystic and finally a Romanist of the deepest dye. He was then one of the professors of history at Munich. I, from curiosity, attended one of his lectures. He was a man of powerful frame, of towering height, and stood as straight on the platform as a Prussian grenadier, though then nearly seventy years of age. He used no notes. He spoke as by inspiration; rapidly, and with the fire of an ancient Hebrew prophet. He had a large audience, mostly of Catholic students of theology. He had been lecturing on universal history for some two months when I heard him. He had just reached Noah, who, he said, had the child Jesus in his lap already. I got bewildered, did not know whether the man was in earnest or mocking his hearers. They, however, seemed to be delighted with these elegant pyrotechnics of words.

Oken was a small, nervous man, very plain and cordial. I was invited several times to evening parties at his house. The company was small, mostly professors and artists, but there were often ladies present, most of them very beautiful,

as might be expected in a city known for the beauty of its women of all classes. There was neither tea nor coffee served, but light wines, and chiefly beer, which was preferred even by the ladies. There was not much etiquette, but very cordial intercourse. There was some good singing and good music.

Every Sunday morning I spent some two hours in the picture gallery. I also visited the theatre occasionally. For a city like Munich, the theatre was not what it ought to have been. Eslair, once considered the greatest dramatic actor in all Germany, was still performing; but he was then quite old. He had a gigantic frame; but his voice had failed. I saw him in King Lear, one of his greatest parts; but he overdid the character. A charming actress, particularly in comedy, was Charlotte von Hagen. She was held to be the most beautiful of all the beautiful women of Munich. In King Louis's collection of beauties, portraits painted by the best painters, and filling a room in the royal residence, she shone prominently. By a friend of mine I had been introduced into a family where I met Charlotte, and also her beautiful sister Amalia, several times, and was, of course, quite smitten with their charms of person and conversation. Amalia sang excellently to the guitar. Charlotte was the favorite of the students, particularly of the Germania, who never failed to applaud her under all circumstances. In fact we were called Charlotte's guard. She afterwards was engaged by the Royal Theatre of Berlin, where she was also much admired. I attended one very singular performance. Victor Hugo's "Hernani" had just created a revolution in the Paris literary world. The classicists and the romanticists almost came to blows in the theatre. I do not think that this drama, (of course, I do not speak of Verdi's opera,) was represented in any other German theatre but Munich. In spite of the noise it had created in Paris, and the enthusiastic recommendation of the piece in the Munich journals by some literati, the house was only half filled. Its brilliant, but stilted and sometimes nonsensical, language almost dazed the public. Had it not been for the

presence of the royal family, the play would have been laughed at and hooted down; and even as it was, there was now and then some hissing. I found many beauties in the play, though I regretted its being disfigured by so much extravagance. It was never put on the boards again.

THE MUNICH EMEUTE OF CHRISTMAS EVE, 1830

So everything seemed to go on quite smoothly with me until Christmas eve, or, as it is there called, Holy Night. As in all Catholic countries, high-mass is celebrated at midnight, and the churches are thronged with people of all classes; while soon after dark the streets become filled with people walking in the principal avenues, just as in Protestant countries on New Year's eve. Young men and boys beat small toy-drums and play on fifes, or amuse themselves by whirling big rattles, making an infernal noise. These instruments are on sale in all the streets. The nearer midnight, the greater the tumult; for by that time the men and boys have swallowed a good deal of Muenchener beer.

Now some of our society, myself among them, after supper at our club-house, had gone to a small students' resort, not far off, where there was an extra fine sort of beer on tap. We had a good time, and were quite exhilarated, though by no means drunk, when we left the house about ten o'clock, to see what was going on in the streets, and to attend mass at midnight. There were not more than five or six of us. On reaching the Kaufunger and Neuhaeuser Strasse, we bought some of the big rattles, and marched along with the crowd towards the Karlsthor, when one of the company proposed that we should serenade a prominent member of our society who had just recovered from a dangerous disease but had not been out yet. We went in front of his house, called lustily for him, and shook our rattles. He lived only a hundred yards or so outside of the Karlsthor. He made his appearance before the window. We cheered him, made use of our rattles, and a crowd who had followed us played on their fifes,

rattles and drums. There was no more noise or tumult made than there was inside of the city, but suddenly an over-zealous *gen d'arme* interfered, and in the rudest manner tried to disperse the crowd. We protested when he attempted to take hold of me. For the students at Munich, after matriculation, are furnished with a card on which their name and residence are written, and no police officer is authorized to arrest a student, except in cases of high crimes, all he can do being to ask for the student's card, and on complaint, have the offender cited before the proper tribunal. I offered my card, but he refused it and grabbed me. I pushed him back pretty roughly, and at the same time someone in the crowd, (it was never ascertained who it was,) knocked him down. By that time, two or more *gens d'armes* had issued from the guard-house at the Karlsthor to help their comrade. They were received, however, by a volley of hard snow-balls, thrown, not by us, but by a crowd of working men, laborers, and boys who had by that time gathered in large numbers.

The *gens d'armes* called out the guards, and about half a dozen soldiers came running towards us with fixed bayonets. The crowd ran away, and some of my friends did the same; but I, and another member of our society, whose real name I have forgotten, but who went by the name of Bummel, and a young painter, were surrounded. Resistance would have been foolish, as we had no weapons but our pipes and rattles. We were arrested, taken to the Karlsthor, and locked up in a room which the non-commissioned officers occupied. For a while everything appeared to be quiet, and we expected to be released by the officer on duty, simply by giving up our cards. But that was not to be.

Our friends had, as I learned afterwards, run back through the gate into the Neuhaeuser Strasse, calling "Students to the rescue" (Burschen heraus). This was a sort of a rallying-cry customary at the universities and generally obeyed by all the students belonging to societies. A good many students were in the streets, and they soon gathered, the

word being passed, "To the rescue of our friends." The dense crowd in the street, gathered some from curiosity and some from mischief, (many being quite intoxicated,) marched towards the gate; false reports having been circulated that some students had been killed and others illegally arrested. We heard the terrible noise, and could hardly account for it. Soon the whole guard, some twenty-five in number, commanded by a lieutenant, was called out, ordered to load, and then drawn up inside the vaulted gate. It was said, — but with what truth I know not, — that rocks had been thrown from the Carl's Place, and also from the Neuhaeuser Street, at the soldiers. While the noise and tumult was increasing, we were seated on a bench, had lighted our pipes, and were taking things quite coolly. Some time elapsed, when we heard the cry, "The cuirassiers are coming!" We heard the tramp of their horses and the clang of their swords, and soon they cleared a large space near the entrance to the gate toward the city. It was also said that when they rode up, they were received with showers of stones, but probably it was only snow balls and pieces of ice that were thrown.

The door of our apartment was opened. A very tall, martial-looking officer of the cuirassiers, in garrison at Munich entered, accompanied by the lieutenant of the guard.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said; "Who of you is hurt?" "No one," I replied. "How did you get here?" he asked. I briefly told him what had happened. I did not exactly say that I had pushed the *gen d'arme* back, but said that I had tried to get away from him when some stranger caught him from behind and threw him over; that I had offered my card in the first instance, but that he had refused to take it, and cursed and behaved as if he were drunk. Bummel corroborated my statement, though I am pretty sure that Bummel, who was of herculean strength, had knocked the *gen d'arme* over. "Gentlemen," said the officer, "give me your cards." This we did. The young artist told him that he had had no quarrel with anybody, but was taken along for being

found near us. "Now go home," the officer said, "and quiet your friends outside."

This officer, as we afterwards learned, was no less a person than Prince Charles, brother of the King, and colonel of the first regiment of cuirassiers. We had to walk through a row of troops before we reached the crowd, who cheered us tumultuously. I felt so little excited, that as soon as I had found some of my friends, we went forthwith to the Church of Maria to attend the midnight-mass, or rather to be a spectator at this midnight proceeding. There was nearly as much noise in the church as outside. Next day was Sunday, and I went as usual to the picture gallery, and in the evening to our club-house, where we discussed the events of the previous evening as a huge joke.

What was our astonishment when, next morning, there was published a royal decree, and a copy of it affixed to the doors of the University, that the lectures were suspended, and that all students should leave Munich within twenty-four hours, except such as were permanent residents of the city. A great crowd of students had gathered, and it was soon agreed that a meeting should be held for the purpose of taking some action on the matter. But the trouble was, where to meet. The great hall, and all the lecture-rooms were closed, and if we met in some hall in the city, the assembly was likely to be dispersed. But there being students present belonging to the different corps, it was decided that each society should send a deputation to one of our club-houses to act in the name of all the students. We had a meeting in the afternoon. A committee of three was appointed to draw up a petition addressed to the King himself, asking for a repeal of the decree, or at least for a suspension of it, until the affair of Christmas eve could be investigated. I was one of the committee, and the draft in my handwriting is still amongst my papers. Whether it ever reached the King I know not; for on the same day the Burgomaster of Munich and the municipal council obtained an audience with the King and by the strongest

kind of remonstrances, almost amounting to threats, induced him to modify the order so that only all non-Bavarians (foreign students as the order read) had to leave Munich.

Nobody obeyed the order (although afterwards I wished that I had), and it was almost impossible for the police to enforce it, as they could not readily ascertain who were foreigners and who not, as there were a thousand hiding-places in the capital, which the citizens, if only in their own interest, (being all in our favor,) placed at the students' disposal.

ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT

The next day, on returning from dinner, Miss Schmitt handed me a citation, which some police officer had left with her, requesting me to appear at the central police station at five o'clock in the evening. As the students in Munich do not enjoy any privileges of jurisdiction, and were subject, like the rest of the people, to the ordinary tribunals, I had expected something of the kind, and did not feel alarmed; only the unusual hour appeared to me somewhat strange. I went as directed, and, on entering, a *gen d'arme* asked my name, and reported it to an official, who was sitting behind a table, a clerk at his side. I was requested to take a seat before the table, my card was handed to me, and I was asked my name, etc. "Tell me," the police-judge said, "where you were on Christmas eve and what happened to you." I told him my story briefly. He wanted to know who was with me. As Bummel had been arrested and had given his card, I gave his name, — he being, of course, already known. Concerning the others, I said I did not know who they were, that I had drunk a great deal (drunkenness being, if not an entire justification, yet a pretty good excuse under the prevailing law), and had paid no notice to who had followed us. The deposition was read to me, and I had to sign it. The judge rang a bell, and very much to my surprise a *gen d'arme* appeared and asked me to go along with him.

I was first taken to the guard-room where I found an unusual number of soldiers, some stretched on large bunks, others walking about, and, as I thought, nearly all drunk. They made an infernal noise. I discovered no officer. I was left there, however, only a few minutes, when I was taken up to one of the very top rooms of the large building, and locked into an apartment which was perfectly bare of any furniture. I was left in utter darkness. I could not explain this; it was not a cell but merely a large garret. Half an hour later I was taken down again, placed in charge of two *gens d'armes* with guns and fixed bayonets, and told to follow them. The streets were lighted only with lanterns; the night was quite dark. They marched me to the great Central Prison in the Sendlinger Street, a large monumental building called the "Frohnfeste," erected not very long ago by the well-known royal architect, Von Klenze. I had, of course, often seen it from the outside, as it is considered one of the sights of Munich, and now I was to have the benefit of an inside view.

Indeed, as a prison it was a very creditable building. Fine large stairs led to the different stories, and the corridors were very wide. The middle of the second story was occupied by a handsome chapel. All the front rooms, used for offices of various kinds, were high. The cells themselves, which are in the rear, are very high, but probably of different size.

On entering I was shown into the room of the superintendent. There my watch, my purse, and my pocket knife were taken from me. I was measured and a description of my person put down in the big register. I was then led into a cell in the third story. It was fortunately a corner room, some twelve feet high and twelve by fourteen feet in extent. There was a window to the south and another to the west. They were high up near the ceiling, were about two feet long, and only about a foot wide. The wall was at least two feet thick, and there were bars on the outer side. The windows could be opened only by using a ladder; but by putting my

table on one of the bunks — there were two on the walls of the cell — I could open the windows myself, which was a great relief to me. On one of the bunks there was a thin mattress, two sheets and a blanket. This was my bed. Besides the table, the only furniture was a hard wooden chair. A massive iron stove, fastened with iron bands to the floor, and heated from the outside, made the cell warm enough. There were two doors, one on the outside, and an iron trellis; the inner door, of heavy wood with iron knobs, having a small opening in the middle with a cover which could be opened on the outside by the jailer. When the man who had conducted me left with his lantern, I was in total darkness.

Considering that there was really nothing the matter, and that at most I could only be lightly fined for trying to get away from the *gen d'arme*; thinking thus that my imprisonment could last only a few days, I took the matter quite coolly, and rather as a romantic incident. I lay down and slept fairly well.

LIFE IN A MUNICH PRISON

In the morning one of the jail servants, (there were two in my section of the prison, waiting on me in turn,) brought me a jug of beer holding about two pints, and a loaf of good bread. I was not in the habit, except in travelling or on excursions, of taking beer or wine before dinner. I told him to take the beer away. He opened his eyes and seemed to be amazed at this order; for he was one of those good and true low-class Bavarians who never take coffee or tea, or water for that matter, but look upon a man who will not drink beer at any time of day or night, as a madman. "Well," said he, "that beer will be put to your credit on the books." "O, no," I replied, "you drink it yourself and nobody will be the wiser about it." To convince him, however, that I was not quite crazy, I told him that if beer was furnished at dinner or supper I would drink it.

I had not to regret this arrangement. Rough and uncouth as both of my attendants looked, (I had strong suspicions that they were reformed convicts,) they treated me very kindly, after their manner.

I may as well give an account here of my prison diet. Breakfast, beer and a loaf of bread. On fast days no meat, but a thick pea-soup and mashed potatoes for dinner. On other days the dinner consisted of soup, rice, barley, peas and about half a pound of fair boiled beef. Supper, beer and a loaf of bread. With your own money you could get, however, excellent dinners from the warden of the prison, better cooked, too, than in any hotel, and cheap, the price of the prison-meal being deducted. But from hygienic as well as financial reasons, I did not often order extra meals.

The first few days I passed in this way, without books, without light, almost; for in these last December days it was near nine o'clock before daylight came into my room, and it disappeared at four in the evening. What annoyed me most at first was the interruption of my habit of smoking. I cannot say I felt very comfortable, yet I was very far from being low-spirited. But I vowed that if ever hereafter I should be imprisoned, I would not be shut up innocently.

On the second day of my incarceration, Miss Von Schmitt, having somehow ascertained where I was, called at the Frohnfeste, and though not admitted to see me, was allowed to deliver for me clothing and other necessaries. So I received a large package with my dressing gown, change of linen, toilet articles, etc.

After the lapse of some three days, I was ordered to appear before the court, which was held in one of the front rooms of the prison. It was not exactly a court, there being only one judge and a secretary, or actuary, as such officers are called. The mode of procedure was then in Bavaria, and in nearly all other German States, as follows: If a crime or a misdemeanor above a minor offense, triable summarily before the police or inferior courts, had been committed, and the

criminal or supposed criminal had been arrested, a member of some court of superior jurisdiction was deputized to conduct the preliminary investigation (inquisition). He performed the same office as the judge of instruction in France. During this investigation the accused was closely confined, could not see anybody, except with special permission, nor could he receive letters or send them without their being submitted to the examination of the inquisitor; neither could he consult with a lawyer. After the accused has been examined, confronted with witnesses if necessary, and after all the witnesses had been heard and expert testimony been taken, when needed, the depositions were submitted to the court of appeal which had to decide whether a case had been made out or not. If proper cause appeared for regular prosecution, the record was sent back and then a more thorough investigation was made and the case decieded by the first court in full session.

The judge who had charge of my case, was a member of the city court of Munich. His name was Stecher; and he was by no means an agreeable man, inclined to be impertinent at first, but soon brought back to decency by one who knew nearly as much law as he did. I had to go over the story the same as before the police court. What sort of a man Councilor Stecher was, may be seen by the following incident. The café from which we started that night had as a sign a large gilded cock stuck over the door. I stated that we had left the Golden Cock (Goldene Hahn). "There is no such beer-house in Munich," he said, "you need not tell me such a fable." "Yes there is," I said, "and it is in the Sendlinger Strasse right close by here." "O," said he, "that is not the Golden Cock, that is the 'Gockel,' now I understand you." "Gockel" is the name for "Hahn" in the Bavarian and Suabian *patois*.

After I had finished my statement he continued his examination, asking me whether I was not a member of the Germania, whether we had not sung revolutionary songs, — Polish songs; whether we had not cheered the Polish revolu-

tion. "Yes, we did," I answered," "but while these Polish songs might be considered revolutionary in Russia, I do not see what interest the Bavarian government has in our sympathy for Poland." At the end of the examination, I asked him to have books sent me and to be allowed the use of pen and ink. He said that must be decided by the court. From these questions it dawned upon me at once that the government was trying to give this trifling affair a political view; and I was at once satisfied that I might have to wait some considerable time for a decision.

But my friends had been at work. Before I got books, Professor Schelling, who stood very high with the King, got permission to call upon me. I had never seen him before; when I called upon him he was not in and I had left my letter of introduction with his servant. He was by no means an imposing looking man. His hair was very light and thin, his features not striking, his eyes light gray — in short, he looked just as most learned German professors usually look. When he spoke, however, one could at once see that this ordinary appearance covered a very high intellect. He spoke encouragingly but without committing himself, as he probably did not know anything of the facts. He wrote, however, a very noble letter to my brother, assuring him that he would take all possible interest in my case; that he thought that I could not be severely punished if at all, for the riot had commenced only after I was arrested. Schelling's letter is among my collection of 1831.

After awhile, Theodore sent me a lot of books: Say's "National Economy," with copious notes by Morestadt; the "Penal Code," Stahl's "Philosophy of Law" and others; and Miss Von Schmitt, from the library of the Odeon, or some other social club, a large collection of reviews and magazines. In the course of time, I ordered all of Goethe's works, which had appeared then for the first time in a complete edition, some thirty volumes; all of Schiller's works, the Nibelungen, the Bible and the Koran; but the two lat-

ter books were kept back by the judge. I should have liked to know the reason for this exclusion. He admitted the whole series of the "Nemesis," a most liberal and unorthodox magazine and Spinoza's "Treatise on Ethics." Ignorance of general literature is the only explanation. It was also strange, that, though I sent for them, I was not allowed to receive from my books Virgil, Horace, and Sallust.

By and by I got paper, ink and pens, and the use of a pen-knife, which served to cut my meat, for I got neither knife nor fork, the meat being cut in pieces and put in the soup. Whenever I ordered a dinner or supper from the warden I got a knife and fork, and wine, coffee, or chocolate, when I ordered it. This was done probably on the theory that a man who calls for a good dinner had no idea of committing suicide. After two weeks more I got candles, but when the jailers made the rounds at nine o'clock every night, examining the bars at the windows by striking them with a big hammer, and also the stove, they took the light away. Some four letters I received from Theodore and Miss Von Schmitt, which had reference only to the sending or returning of books, linen, etc., and I was permitted to write to them and also to my mother and brother.

The correspondence was strictly examined, and, as I found afterwards, most of it was retained by the judge.

Upon the whole I passed my time very well, studying my law books and making extracts from them all morning, and reading lighter literature in the evening. I now and then indulged in poetical flights, wrote maxims and little prose essays. With the exception of the first few weeks, when I had no books, no writing material, and scarcely any light, I do not think I felt a moment of *ennui*. I really learned more law during my confinement than I had in Jena for two years. My other reading, which really was immense, was also very profitable to me, so what may have been considered at the time a great affliction was really a blessing in disguise. On Sundays and other feast-days, the inner wooden

door was opened in the morning so that we might hear the intonations of the priest, and the jingling of the bells when mass was said in the chapel, the doors of which were likewise opened. That was all the religious service dealt out to the prisoners, but probably enough for those who wanted it. We had no exercise. I never went further than from my cell to the judge's room, and that only twice. I had in all but two examinations, the latter one lasting only a few minutes and the questions being of no importance. Owing to lack of exercise, I also dispensed with the beer at supper, greatly to the delight of my jailers. With the exception of a very slight attack of quinsy, I felt remarkably well and my health had become much better than it was during the first month of my stay in Munich. The damp and foggy atmosphere of Munich and the sudden changes had made me feel quite unwell.

I had one rather unexpected experience. The second or third night of my confinement I heard a distinct but not loud knock on the wall separating my cell from the adjoining one. After a while it was repeated, then there were three knocks. I listened attentively, then I heard very plainly the words: "Who art thou, comrade?" in a coarse upper-Bavarian *patois*. I did not answer. Another knock. "Can you not talk, fellow?" another voice said in the same dialect. I made no answer. Another knock. "Wilt thou not tell us what thou hast done to get locked up?" Not answering again, they quit knocking and talking. They commenced again next night, when I grew impatient and speaking close to the wall, slowly but not very loudly, "Let me alone, you ruffians, or I will tell the jailer." That stopped this sort of communication. The walls separating the different cells were not so thick as the exterior ones, but still so thick that one should think it impossible that a conversation could be carried on through them. I learnt afterwards that trained criminals have a kind of alphabet by which they can communicate merely by knocks.

All the time that I was confined I did not know what was going on outside. I did not know that anybody but myself had been incarcerated, except perhaps Bummel, who had been arrested at the Karlsthor. What I learned after my liberation astonished me greatly. The night I was taken to the Frohnfeste, and the next night, about thirty other young men had also been arrested, most of them members of the Germania, but some artists and some belonging to other student societies, amongst them, Von Lerchenfeld, whose father was then or had been Bavarian Ambassador to the German Diet, and with whom I had fought a duel only a week or two before. We had since made up, but how he became implicated in the Christmas Eve affair, I do not know. Many were sent to the Frohnfeste, others to the Red Tower (Rother Thurm), another prison. The same night a large number of troops patrolled the city, the soldiers acting very rudely, and some collisions happened. Rumor had increased the number of the arrested ten-fold. The royal order closing the University and banishing all students from the city created immense excitement. The city fathers, as I have already observed, in an audience before the king, expressed their dissatisfaction very plainly. The order was modified, but it seems the King was greatly alarmed. Though there were then in Munich two regiments of infantry, a battalion of riflemen, a regiment of cuirassiers and artillery, the citizens' militia was called out. One whole battalion of them were camped for three days in the inner courts of the Frohnfeste, other detachments assisting in patrolling the streets. The people became alarmed. Sluggish as the Bavarians are, still the French and Belgian revolutions, the partial risings in some of the German states, as in Saxony, Brunswick, Hesse-Cassel, Goettingen, and at last the Polish revolution, had had its effects. There were thousands of students, artists and employees of great industrial establisments in Munich; besides, amongst the lower classes there are always plenty of men ready for mischief. Curiosity mainly, however, drew people into

the streets. There was stone-throwing against the patrolling troops, sentry boxes were upturned, lanterns smashed. Arrested persons were rescued. In fact, for three nights in succession there were many collisions and the city was in a state of great tumult. But there was no plan, no understanding to upset the government, no cause to change the ministry, and in fact no one dreamt of it.

Bavaria was considered in a measure a liberal state. It had a constitution, imperfect, but still, better than none. The King had some queer notions in his head; he had written much bad poetry and had become the laughing stock of the nation. But he had always been a good German, had as Crown Prince been openly opposed to the Napoleonic rule, and had, therefore, fallen under Napoleon's ban. In the War of Liberation, as soon as his father Max had joined the allies, he had fought against the French at Brienne, Arcis-sur-Aube, Bar-sur-Aube. He was a great admirer of German liberty, and had made a pilgrimage to Weimar to show his devotion to Goethe. In Munich he was very popular. He had moved the University from Landshut to Munich. He had spent millions of his civil list to beautify the city. He was the patron of all the fine arts, and had called eminent men from all parts of Germany to Munich as professors in the University. Painting, sculpture, architecture, found in him an enthusiastic supporter. Even the press was freer at that time in Bavaria than in any other German State. Incredible as it is, it is well authenticated that he lost his head on this occasion so completely that preparations were made the day after the arrests had taken place for a flight of the royal family. Traveling carriages had been drawn out and horses made ready. Some squadrons of cuirassiers were in a yard to accompany the fugitives. When the legislature met some time later, the ministers were called to account by the opposition and many of the facts stated were drawn out. In the heated debate it appeared clearly that all the commotion had been produced by the absurd measures of the government. It was proved

that the soldiers had received double pay, had been made drunk, that nearly all the bloody conflicts during these three nights had been provoked by the soldateska. That a camarilla of Jesuits (Catholic and Protestant) had impressed the King with the idea that a great conspiracy was at the bottom of these tumults. They sought this opportunity of driving the King from his hitherto more liberal course of government. The noise of half a dozen rattles and the beating of toy drums by a few students on Christmas evening had grown up into a certain symptom of revolution. The result of the proceedings against us plainly showed that it was the government that caused the December Commotion (the December Unruhen), as they are called in the history of the times.

RELEASE

Precisely four months after my imprisonment, one of my attendants opened the door at an unusual hour, three o'clock in the afternoon, and told me to come to the audience-room. His ugly, uncouth face was smiling all over, and he seemed much excited, as if something joyful had happened to him. "What is the matter?" I asked him. "Be quiet, be quiet," he said, "you will hear good news." As I said, both my jailers, though in a rough way, had shown me some attention, but now I saw that I had touched somehow or other the heart of this old, hardened fellow. He smiled and laughed all the way to the room, where I found Councilor Stecher sitting behind his table with a rather sour look. He informed me that the court of appeal at Landshut had passed upon the case, and he read me the interlocutory order sent down by that court, the substance of which was that upon due investigation the court had decided that there was no cause for a criminal prosecution against Gustave Koerner and consorts accused of having forcibly resisted the armed forces of the king; that if there was any offense committed it was for the police court to try it.

This proceeding is similar to the action of the grand jury when they find no bill. I was, of course, somewhat affected, but I showed not the slightest emotion. I did not want to appear to exult under the decision, which was but strict justice, and did not after all give me any compensation for what I had unrighteously suffered. I merely remarked that there had been much ado about nothing. He informed me, however, that probably I would receive an order from the police court not to leave Munich without express permission. The final order and opinion of the Supreme Court would be sent down hereafter.

When I was about to return to my cell to get ready to leave, he remarked: "There are some letters on the shelf — from you and to you — which have been retained as improper. You may take them now." The shelf was so high that I could not reach the package without a little step-ladder which stood in the corner of the room. I thought it below my dignity to take them down that way. I said the one who put them up there can hand them down to me — otherwise they may stay where they are. He looked daggers at me. But his secretary did what I requested. So I got a bundle of letters from home, from Miss Schmitt, and from Theodore Engelmann. When I left my cell my two attendants were there, expressing their great joy at my delivery, which was the more sincere as they got from me every day the two mugs of beer which I refused to take, and which they now would miss.

The first thing I did was to write home, while I was yet in my cell. Next I went to the club-house, where I was received with tremendous cheers. Some of my fellow-members had, on giving bail, been liberated on the first of March through the influence of members of the Chambers from their districts.

A few others had been discharged a few days before I was. The charter of the Germania had been repealed by the University authorities soon after my arrest. But the organization was kept up, nevertheless. The society had even sent

delegates, Theodore Engelmann and Hoeninghaus, to the Burschenschaft Tag (General Council) at Dresden, which was held in March or early in April. We all had become far more revolutionary than we ever were before. Most of my friends had become ill in prison, and all of them seemed to have taken it harder than I did. I came out in perfect health and much improved financially, having had no personal expenses worth mentioning for months. I had greatly improved my knowledge of the law, so that I concluded to hear no more lectures on law in Munich, but to study privately. That also saved money.

SALZBURG AND THE BAVARIAN TYROL

There were short vacations in June, when some of my particular friends set out on a journey to Salzburg and the Bavarian Tyrol. I concluded to be one of the party. I got permission to leave Munich for that purpose without trouble, and so we traveled the same route I had taken two years before. There being four or five of us, all gay fellows, we had a great time. We traveled leisurely and visited the Salzburg Rhigi, the Gaisberg. We went up in the afternoon and got there before dark. Near the top there was the hut of a "Sennerin." She was no ideal milkmaid, but a stout, robust, middle-aged woman. We got nothing to eat but some new cheese, very insipid, and only some buttermilk to drink. We had taken some rolls along, and everyone had his flask of cognac. A sort of small log-house filled with hay was our sleeping apartment. It was a bad enough dormitory. The hay was pretty dry and the hay dust got into our noses. We did not sleep much, for we told stories, and had to get up before sunrise. But we were amply rewarded for our toil. The panorama is delightful. Seven lakes are visible, among them the large Chiemsee. The whole range of the Tyrolese and Salzburg Alps extended before your eyes. We were intoxicated with the beauty of the view. From Salzburg, visiting the Gollinger waterfall, we went to romantic Berchtesgaden, the Koenigsee with its manifold charms, and then returned to

Munich again by Rosenheim. This entire tour we made on foot.

How little we were cowed by the persecution we had undergone was proved by the fact that on the eighteenth of June, the anniversary of Waterloo, we gave a banquet at our club-house to Baron von Closen and to Messrs. Schueler and Cullman and to other members of the Bavarian legislature, which was then in session. They had severely denounced the measures of the government regarding the Karlsthor affair and the edict of the King restricting the liberty of the press, which he had issued under fear of what he called a rebellion. By a large vote, this edict was declared unconstitutional by the Chamber, and the King had naturally to dismiss his prime minister, Von Schenk, to save him from impeachment. At this banquet we toasted the Liberal members; they replied in patriotic speeches. Some of us spoke pretty freely and the struggle of the Poles was by nearly all of us mentioned with enthusiastic sympathy. But the government did not choose to call us to account, though we existed now as a society in defiance of the authorities.

DUELS IN MUNICH

Nothing further of particular interest happened during the summer. Some incidents, however, I will mention. My friend Prosper had got into difficulties with one of the officers of the infantry regiment stationed at Munich. A challenge passed, and, as was usual with officers, pistols were selected. This was a serious business, and I was sorry that Prosper persisted in having me as his second, probably because he had learned that I had acted in that capacity in such a duel before. On the morning of the day that we were to go out to the forest of Schleissheim, we got into a coach which was, according to arrangement, to pass by the officer's residence in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city, where we would find him in a carriage with a second and a physician, and whence we were to drive out together. We had an open carriage and

we came near the house designated. We saw no carriage but a *gen d'arme* pacing up and down the sidewalk just before a house which was evidently the one in which the officer resided. We immediately told the driver to stop. I got out to reconnoitre. I went quietly to the house. Seeing no impediment, I went through the gate that led to the lawn before the house, went up to the door and rang the bell. Out came a servant. I asked for the officer. "He cannot be seen," said the servant, "he has just received orders from his colonel not to leave the house." In fact he had been arrested with privilege to stay in until he was wanted. Of course I knew what that meant; we hastened back and beat a very quick retreat. We had no doubt that the *gen d'arme* had orders to arrest our carriage and its occupants; but as I came alone he must have thought that I had nothing to do with the matter and so let me pass. There is no doubt that someone had notified the colonel of what was going on. It must have come from the officer or his friends, for, except Prosper, myself and one other, nobody knew of the intended duel. How the matter was finally settled I do not know, for it happened shortly before I left Munich for good. Another matter turned out somewhat serious for me.

Quite unexpectedly I had to fight a duel with small swords with a gentleman who was a practicing lawyer and who had been a member of the Isaria. My adversary was very tall, extraordinarily so, and took full advantage of his size. I was more skilful and remained on the defensive, but towards the end I grew impatient, attacked him, touched him slightly, but at the same time received a thrust in the right breast. Fortunately it was a triangular blade, and glanced off on one rib, creating only a flesh wound, which ended the matter. I lost considerable blood, but otherwise the wound had no effect except that my right arm was lame for some time, and I had to carry it for a week or so in a sling. I have mentioned this duel particularly, because it came very near being fatal to me, and also because some ten or twelve years afterwards I got a letter

from my tall friend in which he reminded me of our short acquaintance and asked me to do him a favor. He had, he wrote, abandoned the profession of law, had attended an agricultural college, and was a superintendent of a large landed estate in Bavaria. He had an idea of emigrating to the United States and of buying a large quantity of government land. He wished me to give him some advice. His letter was very friendly and respectful. I complied with his request.

In August, I was to leave Munich for good. Applying for permission, I was informed that I could not leave unless I furnished bail for fifty florins (twenty dollars), and would submit to any judgment that the police court might render against me. Miss Von Schmitt got one of her friends (being a woman, she could not do so herself) to go my bail.

Anticipating, I will state how this police court trial ended. It must be recollected that in April, 1831, the matter was referred to the police court. In the winter of 1832 that court found me guilty of having disturbed the peace and sentenced me to four weeks' light confinement. The senate of Frankfort, being the executive of that free city, was requested by the police court either to extradite me or to carry out the judgment by imprisoning me in Frankfort. But I had by that time passed my state-examination, had been admitted to the bar, and had been sworn in as a citizen. The senate declined the request, as I learned from the chancellor of the senate, very properly representing to the Munich tribunal that there could be no question of extradition in a bagatelle case like this; that, while to imprison a student for a few weeks was a small affair, which did by no means injure him, it was quite a different thing to imprison a citizen of Frankfort, a doctor of law and practicing attorney. The senate indirectly warned me not to touch Bavarian soil, as I surely would be arrested. What became of the bail, I never learned; at any rate, I was never called upon to pay anything.

FAREWELL TO MUNICH

The Germania concluded to give a formal valedictory "comitat," as it is called in student language. This is not an uncommon proceeding in the smaller Universities; but it had never been known in Munich. On the day of leaving, — after having bid adieu to Miss Von Schmitt, who had acted as a mother towards me, and to some other friends who were not students, including also some very pretty female waiters at the club-house and other places of resort, — our society assembled at the Rosengarten. A dozen students or so, acting as marshals, with scarfs, leather breeches and high boots, were on horseback. Some rode in front of the carriage, which should have been drawn by four horses. But there were only two horses before our carriage, and there was no driver on the box. The driver, dressed like a jockey, rode the saddle horse and guided the off horse. The Russian Ambassador had just introduced this fashion, and in mockery of what was considered by the people in Munich as eccentric, this mode was adopted by us and excited much merriment. I was seated in this carriage, and also Bummel, whom I had invited to ride with me. Others of the marshals rode on either side of us. Some five or six carriages containing members of the Germania followed. Other carriages were filled by artists and friends of our society. Two or three of the cadets of the Cuirassier Guards, who had brothers in our society, in full uniform, closed the procession. We went through some of the fashionable streets leading to the town of Dachau, twelve miles from Munich, where the procession was to stop. The unusual sight attracted great crowds. It was considered as a defiance of the authorities who had so unjustly persecuted us. By a previous arrangement, the cavalcade passed the house where Charlotta von Hagen lived. It was halted, and she appeared at the window waving us an adieu with her handkerchief. I reciprocated by kissing my fingers and waving my hand toward her. I thought she looked very beautiful then. The students all lifted their caps to her, and some even cheered her.

Arrived at Dachau, we had a lively time. It so happened that there was a ball that evening in the place and we were invited to attend it. So most of my friends stayed there over night, and it was not until morning that I went to bed after a rather exciting and fatiguing day. It was a very warm night. I left the window open at my bed but shut the door. But after I had fallen asleep, another student came in, who occupied the other bed in the room and left the door open. In the morning I awakened with excruciating pains in my left side. I could not move, had to call in a doctor, and so was detained in Dachau some five days. But I had plenty of visitors from Munich who kept up my spirits.

HOMEWARD BOUND. THE SUABIAN ALP

As soon as I could be lifted into the carriage that went from Munich to Augsburg, I left, accompanied by my jovial and spirited friend Gutienne, who was going home to Saarlouis by way of Frankfort. We had a very handsome woman as a fellow-passenger, a woman who had seen much of the world. We took her to be an actress, though she was very reticent as to her status. She afforded us great entertainment. I made the coach stop a short time at Friedberg, paying a flying visit to my charming friend, Charlotte von Haus, whose husband was the district physician residing at that place. At Augsburg we found some of our old Jena friends: Edwin Poeshell, Reichenbach, Conradi, from Munich, who made our stay there very pleasant. We saw all there was to be seen in that old, once so magnificent city, and made some very interesting excursions into the neighborhood.

On the twenty-ninth we took the stage at Ulm on the Danube, which is also a place worth seeing. I think the dome at Ulm is one of the very finest cathedrals in the world. It is 416 feet long, 166 feet wide and 144 feet high. The tower, not then finished, is 340 feet high. It has five portals. But it is not so much the size, although that is equal to almost any cathedral in Europe, but the exquisite workmanship, which

makes it so preëminent a monument of Gothic architecture. From there we made a detour to Langenau, a small town north of the Danube, to visit Dietrich, an old friend from Jena, who was then at home, and who had invited me, when he left Jena, to his house. His father, a venerable man, was the pastor, and we spent a day with that family, which reminded me very much of the Vicar of Wakefield's family circle.

From there we went in a light carriage through the Suabian Alp, having on our right the ruins of Staufeneck and of the ancient castle of Hohenstaufen, the original seat of the noble, imperial race of the Hohenstaufens. In Goeppingen we were most royally received by that noble fellow-student of ours, Pistorius, who had three beautiful sisters. From Goeppingen we made an excursion to Boll, a famous watering place, where I took a bath. We had a splendid dinner with our Goeppingen friends there, and on our return to that place we left the same night for Tuebingen. We reached the Neckar and Nuertingen, where we took another bath in the river. In Tuebingen we remained five days. We had a glorious time there. Gutienne could not be induced to leave with me. From Tuebingen we visited the ancient imperial city of Reutlingen and the most romantic castle of Lichtenstein, perched on a perpendicular rock, at the foot of which rushes a small but clear river. The Lichtenstein is 2,800 feet above the level of the sea. Wilhelm Hauff, one of the best German novelists, has made the place famous everywhere by his beautiful romance, "Der Lichtenstein." We saw Uhland's house and garden at Tuebingen, but did not see the noble and charming poet whose songs had so delighted me when I was a mere boy and most of which I knew almost by heart.

In Tuebingen, I met Brunk on his way home to Rhenish Bavaria. Brunk had been a member of the Germania in Munich and had also been imprisoned for some time on account of the December tumult. He was a jovial companion and he agreed to accompany me to Heidelberg, provided I would go by way of Stuttgart. I was very willing to see that noble

old place and we started on foot to Stuttgart, my lameness having left me. When I saw the old Gothic Stiftskirche, tears came into my eyes. A large, well executed aquarell representation of it had always hung in our sitting-room. The sight of the original called back my earliest childhood. We, of course, saw the new and old Schloss, the fine Schloss-park and Dannecker's atelier. Leaving Stuttgart, we turned next toward the Black Forest, reached Freudenstadt at the foot of the celebrated Kniebis Pass, but for some reason which I do not now recollect we changed our minds and turned northwards into the beautiful and romantic valley of the Murg. We stayed one night and one day at lovely Gernsbach, and then turned off to Baden-Baden. It was a splendid trip. We took some baths, visiting the old Schloss; left Baden August 12, and by Carlsruhe and Heidelberg, finally reached Frankfort.

I was received with open arms by my mother, brother and sisters after an absence of two years and my adventure at Munich. Their love for me was unbounded and unceasing. I thought many times I hardly deserved it in the degree they bestowed it.

CHAPTER VII

Heidelberg

There had been a great change in Frankfort since my last visit in the fall of 1829. The July Revolution in France, the revolutions in Poland, Belgium, and in some of the German States, had worked on the minds of the people of that city very strongly. The sympathy with the Poles in their heroic struggle against the Russian power had been great. Warsaw had now fallen; but that only increased the hatred toward the Czar and toward the King of Prussia, who was looked upon as the accomplice and tool of the Czar. In France a strong opposition had arisen against Louis Philippe on account of his pusillanimity and his failure to take up the cause of Poland. The debates in the French legislature became very heated, and Republicanism became the order of the day amongst the young. Some states in Italy had risen against their princes, who were supported by Austria. The debates in the English Parliament on the Reform Bill attracted great interest. Democratic clubs had been formed even in Frankfort. Liberal papers were started, speaking a language hitherto unknown in Germany. Under the influence of the Bundestag, the editors of these papers were repeatedly prosecuted and heavily fined. But the fines were readily paid. The Liberal party in Frankfort counted hundreds of men in easy circumstances. In fact, some of the party were men of large fortunes. The persons condemned were all talented young men of high character. They were looked upon as martyrs. Large crowds collected about the prison, which, for political offenses, was in the main guard-house, at the west end of the Zeil. The guards were insulted. One night the house of one

of the older senators, Mr. Von Guita, who was suspected of being the mouthpiece of the Austrian President of the Diet. was stoned by the populace and all the windows broken. The citizen guard was called out to suppress the mob. The whole town was alarmed. There were, of course, many collisions, and it took hours before the tumult was quelled.

Not long after this, at the time of the vintage, when in the evening thousands of people leave town and resort to the many pleasure-gardens around the city, at a time when, heretofore, the gates had been left open until a late hour at night, the police imprudently ordered the gates to be closed at nine o'clock. Many had not even heard of the order, and when, about ten o'clock, several hundred people, mostly young clerks, mechanics and tradesmen of all sorts, on their return from these resorts, found the gates closed, there was a great outcry. It was demanded that the gate should be opened. It was the gate of All Saints, leading eastward. The demand was not heeded. Then stones were thrown from the outside. In the meantime, an equally clamorous crowd had collected on the inside on All Saints Street. Finally shots were fired, one soldier killed outright, several wounded and the gate was forced. In the meantime, a general alarm had been sounded. Detachments of soldiers went to the relief of the guard. The citizen soldiers, some very reluctantly, also turned out. Rumor had exaggerated the affair. It was reported in the city that a bloody fight was going on in All Saints Street. A great many people armed themselves to oppose the soldiers. Crowds gathered in every part of the city. A rush was made on the prisons to liberate the political prisoners.

It was truly a tumultuous night. There was nothing political in the commotion. The stupid order of the police had brought it about. The men that did the shooting were young mechanics. On vintage day, people generally carry pistols and guns and fireworks to make a noise outside of the city, an immemorial custom in Frankfort during the three vintage evenings. Still the disturbance would not have occurred had

it not been for the universal excitement all over the western and southern parts of Germany and the strong desire to oppose the existing illiberal governments, and, if possible, to bring about a change even by a revolution.

While I was thus staying in Frankfort, I received instructions from the Munich Burschenschaft to represent them at a universal council of the society to be held at Frankfort at the invitation of Jena, the leading Burschenschaft of that year. It was one of the largest councils ever held. Deputies appeared from Leipsic, Jena, Marburg, Giessen, Munich, Erlangen, Wuerzburg, Tuebingen, Kiel, and Breslau. The Arminia had a secessionist organization and was not recognized as a Burschenschaft. The word "preparation" was stricken out of the principal article of the old constitution which defined the objects, so that it now read as follows: "The Universal German Burschenschaft strives to bring about a free and justly organized government, subsisting in the unity of the people, by means of moral, intellectual and physical culture at the universities." Other resolutions requested all members to join the revolutions which had for their object the liberty and unity of the Fatherland.

Although I had gone through the usual academic triennium generally considered sufficient for entrance to any learned profession, I did not feel sure that I would be prepared to take the degree of doctor of law, which was necessary for practicing law in Frankfort. Like other strange survivals of ancient customs in the old city, no one could practice one of the liberal professions, without being either a doctor of law, of medicine, or of philosophy. That was right enough hundreds of years ago, when the respective State governments had not established examining boards or commissions before which every applicant to a profession had to appear to prove his qualification. But, as a rule, these boards had now been instituted everywhere, even in Frankfort; so that being a doctor counted for nothing, — if the candidate could not satisfy the board, which in Frankfort consisted of two judges of the

city courts and two of the Appellate Court. This same anomalous rule prevailed also in the other free cities, Hamburg, Luebeck and Bremen. It was a hardship, inasmuch as the expense connected with graduation was considerable, and in Heidelberg, for instance, amounted to about $120.

It was therefore agreed that I should go to Heidelberg. A diploma from that University was considered in Frankfort, and in other places also, as of more value than one from any other University, except perhaps Goettingen and Berlin; the law faculty there having the highest reputation.

THE HEIDELBERG BURSCHENSCHAFT

To my beloved Heidelberg, accordingly, I went, in October, 1831. The three years' interdict having come to an end, a great many members of the Burschenschaft who had been at other Universities, now found themselves together. From Bonn there came at least a dozen, nearly as many from Goettingen, and some from Munich, Wuerzburg, Giessen, and Tuebingen. They had all been full members, and most of them were in one way or another well acquainted, at least by reputation. In a few days we had constituted ourselves a branch of the Universal Burschenschaft, and were some fifty strong.

There was, however, a society in Heidelberg calling itself Burschenschaft made up of students from Baden who could not help studying at Heidelberg since the law required it, as well as of others who had paid no attention to the interdict. Now we were perfectly willing to allow the Baden students to join our society, but would not receive those who had defied the bans. It took a week or two to settle the matter and finally a compromise was made. We took in the Baden students and allowed the others to become applicants for admission, which admission depended upon the vote of those who were members already, so that ultimately we had the pick, and I do not think that at the time there was a better or more

respected Burschenschaft in Germany than that of Heidelberg.

All the other provincial societies were publicly recognized; the Burschenschaft was not; consequently we could not wear our colors nor could we have any relation with the above societies (corps). They considered us as Philistines, and were not bound to give us satisfaction when they offended us unless they chose to do so. We concluded to adopt a corps constitution, submitted it to the authorities, and it was approved. We called ourselves the Franconia, adopted blue, red and gold as our colors, elected our senior, consenior and sub-senior, attended the general assembly of the corps, and appointed a delegate to the convention of all the seniors. But this was mere outward show. We lived under the Burschenschaft constitution, had our directory and court of honor. The senior of our Franconia was Von Hude, from Luebeck. I was consenior. I was the speaker of the Burschenschaft, and Hude one of the directory (Vorstand).

HEIDELBERG ACQUAINTANCES

I went to Heidelberg with the intention of studying very hard, and so indeed I did the first half of the semester; the latter part being disturbed by various incidents.

I made some very interesting acquaintances. One of the most talented young men I ever met at the University was Henry Brueggemann, from Muenster in Westphalia. Small of stature, he was full of life and fire. He was an enthusiast, a master of speech, highly educated in every way, a model Burschenschafter. In my opinion, he made by far the most effective speech at the great Hambach festival in May, 1832. He stayed some days with me in Frankfort, and in a speech at Wilhelmsbad, before thousands of people from Frankfort, Hanau and the neighboring villages, electrified the audience to such a degree that when he left the balcony of the château from which he had spoken, he was carried around on the shoulders of some of the people under the deafening applause

of the crowd. Brueggemann, after the Frankfort Attentat, was, of course, prosecuted, imprisoned, and I believe, condemned to thirty years' imprisonment in the fortress. The amnesty of Frederick William IV, when he ascended the Prussian throne in 1840, set him free. He became for years the chief editor of the "Cologne Gazette." I have not been able to get any accurate information about him. In 1862 I called at the office of the "Gazette" at Cologne, but he had not returned from his summer retreat, so that I, very much to my regret, had not the satisfaction of seeing my old friend and fellow-revolutionist.

With me in the same house, on the same floor, roomed Max von Bigeleben, of a distinguished Hessian family. He was of a most amiable disposition, a young man of very fair promise, and very handsome. Being law students, we frequently discussed legal questions, and I found his company most agreeable and useful. In 1848, and after, he played a considerable public rôle. I believe he belonged to the great German party that was opposed to the exclusion of Austria, and, if I recollect aright, he held afterwards a prominent office in the Austrian government. Hude had been with me in Jena. In 1848 he was a delegate to the Bundestag from Luebeck, and sought to liberalize that institution as long as it existed. I have lost track of him.

Hoeninghaus, from Krefeld, talented and highly cultured, had been in Munich with me. After 1833 he fell under the ban of the government, was a long time in prison, but was finally pardoned through the influence of Alexander von Humboldt. Eigenbrodt, from Darmstadt, was another noble fellow. Adolph Berchelmann, from Frankfort, was another true and noble youth belonging to our society, who after the third of April, 1833, succeeded in escaping from Frankfort and came to America, where he lived in St. Clair County and Belleville as a practicing physician, and died there beloved and respected by all who ever knew him.

Koehler, from Holstein, a man of vast acquirements, an enthusiastic liberal, and editor of a journal in Mannheim, was prosecuted and sentenced to imprisonment at Bruchsal for two years, but was rescued in 1832 by Hermann Moré and some other students in the boldest manner from that terrible prison. The plan to liberate him was laid in Frankfort and the means furnished by the Press-Union. I met Koehler afterwards at Strassburg as an exile. I could fill a page were I to name all the generous and patriotic young Burschenschafter then at Heidelberg. Most all of them were criminally prosecuted in 1833, some of them condemned to death, a punishment which was changed to imprisonment for life by an amnesty, on the accession of Frederick William IV, in 1840.

REFUGEE POLES IN GERMANY

Warsaw had fallen. Thousands of officers of the Polish army and many civilians who had taken an active part in the revolution had passed into Prussia, where, however, they were not permitted to remain. France offered them an asylum. These exiles now passed in various groups through Germany. They were most cordially received by the liberals. Everywhere committees had been appointed to raise means to pay their expenses in the hotels, provide for transportation, and take care of the wounded. These Poles bore themselves with great propriety, received the many ovations given them modestly, and while, of course, deploring the fate of their unfortunate country, did not indulge in idle denunciations of their oppressors. A Polish committee was also formed in Baden, consisting of some very high officers of the Liberal party, of some members of the Baden legislature, and of some professors of Heidelberg and Freiburg. Professor Mittermaier, from Heidelberg, was one of the most active members.

We also of the Burschenschaft raised money and had a representation in the committee. Some Poles had already arrived at Heidelberg. We at once took them to our club-house

and to our houses as guests. The priest Pulaski, who had been one of the leaders of the radical party of the revolution, and who had not been permitted to stay anywhere in Germany any length of time (having been signalized by the Prussian police as a most dangerous agitator,) was kept by me as long as he chose to stay. Very soon we got news that a large party of Poles had arrived at Frankenthal on their way to France. A large number of the Franconia went out to that place in carriages and on horseback. We met there about fifty officers. The citizens of Frankenthal, including the most intelligent and respectable classes, and we students treated them cordially, gave them a banquet, and made speeches, condemning in the most bitter terms Russia, and more particularly Prussia, as an accomplice in the oppression of Poland. We followed the exiles to Speyer, the capital of the province of Rhenish Bavaria, where they met with a still more enthusiastic reception. A splendid ball was given, where the beauty of the city was gathered and did homage to the gallant Poles. It must be said that most of the Poles were refined in manner, spoke French fluently, and even German; and their almost unparalleled bravery in fighting for their independence certainly deserved the enthusiasm with which they were welcomed.

The passage of these heroic Poles who had sacrificed their fortunes and everything else dear to man, marked an epoch in Germany. It fired the hearts of all liberals, still under the excitement of the revolution in France, and those who were partially so in Brunswick, Hesse-Cassel, and Saxony, to still more decided opposition, and gained for them a large number of men, heretofore indifferent. Liberal papers sprang up in western and southern Germany. Freedom of the press and of speech was loudly demanded by the different legislative assemblies. Public meetings were held, and the measures of the governments openly criticised. It is not to be wondered at that the ruling powers began to be alarmed and resorted

to repression. Our poor Franconia was thought to be important enough to fall under the ban of the authorities.

It is true our society had in a very short time made itself very important. Composed, as it was, mostly of older students, nearly all of them good swordsmen, it took at once high rank among the corps. It constantly increased in numbers. A funeral of one of the members, Giessen, from Rhenish Bavaria, was, including deputations from other corps, attended by some two hundred participants, who, with the exception of marshals and adjutants, bore torchlights, which on the return to the city were thrown in a heap on the public square, making quite a large fire. Orations were delivered and dirges played by a band. Our reception of the Poles at Heidelberg, our excursions to places elsewhere had, of course, been duly observed; nor had it escaped the eye of the authorities that the Franconia was only a mask behind which stood a very vigorous section of the Universal Burschenschaft. So it happened that late in February Von Hude and myself, the ostensible leaders of the Franconia, were cited to appear before the University judge, who communicated to us a decree of the academical senate, ordering the dissolution of our corps. We remonstrated, but to no effect. We appealed to the Minister of the Interior of Baden. A draft of this appeal is still among my papers; but the decree was affirmed. We claimed a trial; but we were given to understand that we had committed no criminal act, that the dissolution was not a punishment but only a police measure, and that no reason need be assigned for the adoption of it. We had to submit. Our relations with the other corps at once ceased. If duels were to be fought we had to appear as civilians, and to apply for arms and seconds to one of the other corps by way of courtesy. Of course, the Burschenschaft continued to exist as heretofore, but in secret.

It may be here remarked that during the winter another council of the Universal Burschenschaft was held in Stuttgart, where the Franconia was duly represented. I, however, was

not a member of it. It was there resolved that the Burschenschaft had for its object the liberty and union of Germany, which from now on could be obtained only by revolution, and that every Burschenschaft hereafter should join the existing union for the liberty of the press called the "Vaterlands-Verein." This resolution was afterwards used against all the members of the Burschenschaft, and decided the unfortunate fate of many of that community.

HECKER. A HEIDELBERG DUEL

Before I finish my narrative of this semester at Heidelberg, I must mention a rather interesting incident. One night returning from my club-house, I heard a great noise ahead of me, and, coming nearer, I found two young members of of our society engaged in a quarrel with three or four other students. I addressed my friends, telling them that if they had any difficulty, to settle it in the right way next morning, and not to quarrel in the street like schoolboys. The most boisterous of the other students, quite correctly taking this reprimand as intended for him also, turned to me, saying: "What the devil do you mean? This is none of your business." I replied: "I did not speak to you, but to my friends; and I will say what I please." Whereupon he called me an "imbecile," the customary word of insult, provocative of a challenge. I asked his name, as I had never seen him before. "Hecker is my name." "Mine is Koerner," said I, "you will hear from me." Upon inquiry I was told that Hecker was a very fine fellow, very popular in his society, the corps of the Palatinate (Pfaelzer), but very high-tempered and quarrelsome, and a person who had had many duels on account of his hotheadedness. A few days afterwards, we met at the ordinary fighting grounds, the Hirschgasse, a public house on the Neckar, opposite Heidelberg. Hecker was very much excited, and, as I was cool, looking on an encounter with broadswords as a very small matter, he was no match for me. After cutting him across the breast several times, he finally very

imprudently brought his left hand, which is always kept behind the back in such a duel, forward as if to parry a strike, and in this wise I struck him in the hand between the thumb and forefinger. The wound was an ugly one, had to be sewed up and dressed, and so this unpleasantness ended, leaving me entirely untouched.

Now the fact is that I had forgotten everything about this affair, as I have forgotten several similar ones, not even recollecting the names of my adversaries. After I had been some ten years or more in this country, I saw notices of Hecker in the German papers as being one of the most eloquent and radical members of the opposition in the Baden Chambers; but even that did not bring the little duel to my recollection. Besides the name is not an uncommon one in Germany. Some years afterwards, however, in 1845 or 1846, I was informed that the distinguished tribune of the people was no other than the one I had fought with in the Hirschgasse. Baron Von Itzstein, the leader of the constitutional opposition in Baden, and Fred Hecker had undertaken a journey to the north of Germany just for pleasure. They, without the least idea of danger, had extended their journey to Berlin, where they were ordered by the police to leave Berlin instantly. This step on the part of the government, as arbitrary as it was stupid, created the greatest excitement, not only in Germany, but was severely commented upon by the English and the German press. Here was a German nobleman of large possessions, who had held high office, a member of the legislature of one of the sister states, and here was Hecker, a prominent lawyer, practising in the highest courts, also a member of the legislature, both men of unimpeachable character and of great reputation, treated like vagabonds and ordered out of a state which belonged to the common country. The indignation of the liberals knew no bounds at this outrageous and wholly unjustifiable act. It was condemned even in Prussia by a large majority of the people. On their homeward journey, as soon as they were outside of Prussia, where the police would have in-

terfered, they were everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm, were banqueted, and in every way honored. They received a great ovation at Frankfort. My brother being one of a committee of reception at a dinner given in their honor, was introduced to Hecker, or Hecker to him, when the latter at once asked my brother whether he was a brother of that Koerner who had gone to America. Being answered in the affirmative, he in his dashing way said: "O, I am so glad to see you. When you write to him give him my most cordial greetings. I knew him in Heidelberg, and — look here — he left me this memento," showing him the scar which he had really inflicted upon himself by his imprudence. My brother's letter first recalled the long forgotten matter to my mind.

IMSBACH AND THE ENGELMANN FAMILY

Toward the end of my term at Heidelberg, I received a letter from my friend Theodore Engelmann. He had left Munich late in the fall of 1831 and had gone home to Imsbach, where his family lived. His father, Theodore Frederick Engelmann, was master of forests (Forstmeister), and his official residence was, or ought to have been, in Winnweiler, the seat of the canton. But Mr. Engelmann, owning a house and some land in Imsbach, a village only a mile or two from Winnweiler, resided there. It was situated at the entrance of the romantic Falkenstein valley, in a beautiful region near Donnersberg, Mt. Tonnere, the highest peak of the Haardt, a continuation of the Vosges Mountains. Mr. Engelmann had then already formed a plan, with some of his relations, to emigrate to the United States with all his family, except one married daughter. Theodore had concluded to go also. Thinking that law would be of no use to him in the far west, he was learning a trade and had already made arrangements to learn the trade of tanner in Kaiserslautern. He invited me to come and spend some weeks in Imsbach, where I could also find a quiet place to prepare myself for my examination previous to graduation. He had so often talked to me of his family and in

such terms that I had already formed a very high opinion of his parents and his brothers and sisters. I accepted his invitation.

Towards the end of March, 1832, I went with my friend and fellow-student, Hermann Moré, to Gruenstadt, where his parents resided, stayed there over night and became acquainted with his father, who held the office of notary, a quasi-judicial office under the French law, which still, with modifications, prevailed in the German provinces west of the Rhine, and one of much profit and importance. The old gentleman was widely known in Rhenish Bavaria as being a man of superior mind, of great business capacity, and also of exuberant wit and humor. He was an extreme liberal. He had a very fine family, his daughters counted as the most beautiful girls in the province. One of them afterwards became the first wife of Edgar Quinet, a well-known French philosopher, historian and scientist. The Morés were also related to the Engelmann family.

The next evening I arrived at Imsbach. My reception there was most cordial. Theodore must have given a most favorable description of me to his family. I was treated at once like a member of it. Mr. Engelmann, the father, then fifty-two years old, of noble stature and bearing, of very regular, handsome features, very clear complexion, large, beautiful blue eyes, and honesty and benignity beaming from his face, made at once a striking impression on me. He was the finest elderly gentleman I thought I had ever seen. His very light hair showed some streaks of gray, and his moustache was quite gray. In his full dress uniform he looked very military. Mrs. Engelmann showed her French descent. Her hair was black; brilliant dark eyes gave her a very interesting look; she was a bright woman and of as kind a disposition as her husband. Two daughters were absent: Margaret, who had married Mr. Fred Hilgard, her cousin, who lived in Speyer and was engaged in the wholesale wine business, being the owner of two estates, one called St. Johann, near Landau, and

the other Klosterhof, near Kirchheim. He had been mayor (burgomaster) of Speyer, but owing to his liberal views, his last election had not been sanctioned by the royal government. Josephine had been for years with her uncle, Joseph Engelmann, the well-known bookseller and publisher at Heidelberg, and was still there when I came to Imsbach. There were at home, Caroline, Charlotte, Sophie, Betty, and Theodore, and two small boys, Jacob and Adolph. Ludwig, a year or so younger than Theodore, was a student of pharmacy at Heidelberg. Sophie was sixteen years of age and Betty about twelve.

I had a room to myself, with a large table on which I could spread out all the law books I needed for my study. After breakfast, which was quite early, I went up and with hardly any interruption read and wrote until midday. Dinner always lasted some time, there being much conversation. Mr. Engelmann, Theodore and myself, and the chief clerk in the office, quite a pleasant and intellectual young man, always had wine.

A great contrast existed between the two sisters Caroline and Charlotte. Caroline was self-conscious, and positive. Her conduct was regulated by what she considered to be right. Having formed an opinion she stood by it with great firmness. Though she had small feet and hands, she was very stout and strongly built. Charlotte, who was quite small, of a very fair complexion, large brown eyes, and more delicately framed, was very emotional. Her heart frequently ran away with her head; all was impulse with her; and she could easily be swayed by momentary impressions.

Both sisters, however, were of very kindly dispositions; both were devoted to their parents; and both very enthusiastic liberals. They had been frequently away from home, had seen many very excellent people at the hospitable house of their father, and had read a great deal. I found them, therefore, quite interesting. Margaret, Mrs. Fred Hilgard, from Speyer, came to visit her parents. She was a very handsome lady, and left a very favorable impression on me. It was quite

natural that I should take more interest in Sophie than in the older sisters. Being so much younger, she was kept, or rather kept herself, more in the background. She was then sixteen. I thought that she was even more attentive and devoted to her parents than her sisters. She was tender also to the other members of the family. She was not long returned from Speyer, where she had been for some two years with Margaret; that city affording better advantages for education than the Imsbach village or even the town of Winnweiler. I do not know why it was, but it did me good to look at her. Even when we did not converse much, her very presence delighted me. A few times we walked in the garden quite alone, or went out into the valley a short distance. Of course, I said many kind words to her, but was careful not to betray any particular feeling. Under the most favorable circumstances, I could not obtain a position to enable me to found a family for the next ten years in my native city; besides, her family had nearly made up their mind to emigrate in the near future to America. Whether she had any tender feeling for me at that time I did not then know. Her extreme modesty would have prevented her from showing it. I thought, however, that I had discovered in this young maiden a fund of tenderness, a purity, and an utter absence of selfishness which was bound to make any man happy who was fortunate enough to win her.

I must give myself credit for having studied pretty hard during the six or seven weeks that I stayed at Imsbach. Others may have thought that I was idling away a good deal of my time; but I had always made it a point not to appear too busy, even when I was. I allowed myself plenty of leisure hours in order to do much work in a short time. I made many fine excursions into the neighborhood. Mr. Engelmann often put his fine saddle-horse at my disposal, and I visited some very pretty places. At one time the whole family went out some ten miles to a fish pond of which Mr. Engelmann, together with some other gentlemen, held a lease. They also,

on appointment, came out there with their families and friends. Every spring just such a meeting took place for the purpose of diminishing the number of fish, and particularly the pikes, so destructive to the young brood of fish. We found a large party present. A part of the water was let off and a large number of fish taken in nets. The ladies and their servants got up a splendid dinner, cooking and broiling the fish on the ground. There were plenty of good things and in this wine-land there was no absence of excellent wine. Cakes and other dainties were in abundance. In fact, it was a most brilliant *fête champêtre.*

At another time, Theodore, Caroline, Sophie, and myself paid a visit to Wachenheim, at the invitation of Mr. Joseph Engelmann, of Heidelberg, who had a country-house at that beautiful place, celebrated for its superior vineyards. We walked all the way, some twenty miles. Starting early in the morning, we took dinner at Ramsen with an under-forester (Revierfoerster), in Mr. Engelmann's district, where we had some of the splendid trout for which Ramsen is so well known in that district of the country. Taking a good rest, we reached Wachenheim late in the evening, and were most cordially received by Uncle Joseph. We stayed there all next day, Theodore and myself making a short excursion to Duerkheim, where we accidentally met our friend and fellow-student from Munich, Gutienne. He was a most lively and sociable fellow, a native of Saarlouis, tall and very handsome. He was an enthusiastic Liberal, and became afterwards, in 1848, a member of the Prussian Constituent Assembly, which was forcibly dissolved in November, 1848. We took him along with us to Wachenheim, and from there to Imsbach. At both places, he charmed everybody by his vivacity and his good humor.

In Wachenheim I met for the first time sister Josephine. She was some two or three years older than Sophie. Her sweet and highly intellectual face, her agreeably interesting conversation, gave me at once a very high opinion of her char-

acter, which a more intimate acquaintance at a later time did not fail to confirm. We had a very pleasant home trip. This excursion by the side of Sophie was one of the sweetest spots in my life.

At last my time had come to go back to Heidelberg. My Latin dissertation had been written. I had already applied to the faculty for graduation as a doctor of law, and the middle of May had been fixed for my examination. About the sixth of May I left Imsbach where I had lived an idyl. I had been treated as a son and brother. With many kisses I parted from the girls. My heart was a little heavy. Before me, a somewhat rigid examination by some of the greatest legal lights, behind me, Sophie, whom I had named the "little flower of the Alsenz," the clear little stream which runs by Winnweiler and empties into the Nahe at the Ebernburg near Kreuznach, and bears that name.

CHAPTER VIII

The Hambach Festival

I have already spoken of my promotion as doctor of law — June 14, — but when I took my leave from lovely and famous Heidelberg, I did not go directly home to Frankfort. On the 26th of May the great festival at the ruins of the large castle of Hambach near Neustadt was to take place.

WIRTH AND THE PRESS UNIONS

Dr. John G. A. Wirth had received a classical education, had studied law at Erlangen, and was pursuing his profession. He, however, quite early engaged in literary labor and published several journals of political and national-economic character. He was not what we call here a newspaper man, but a real journalist, such as Germany had not seen since Goerres in his rational days had published the "Rhenish Mercury." Wirth was a man of genius, an idealist; his language, written or spoken, was most impressive and fiery, but always chaste and noble. When he first published the "German Tribune" in Munich in 1831, at the time the Bavarian legislature was in session, his opposition to the government was moderate, and was kept strictly within legal bounds. But in criticising the reactionary measures of the government he was bold and outspoken. The singular clearness and force of his arguments at once gained for the paper a very large circulation in the heart of Bavaria and Jesuitism. The government became alarmed. His articles were sadly mutilated by the censor, and in many other ways he was much annoyed. The post-office was directed to interfere with the circulation of the paper. Wirth's remonstrances were rejected. The government papers

made war on him in the coarsest and most scandalous way. No wonder that such a fiery soul as Wirth's could not brook such a course. His language became more decided, and finally he decided to remove his press to a more congenial region. In the winter of 1832, he published the "Tribune" in Homburg in Rhenish Bavaria, where the laws being substantially those introduced by the French after they had annexed the country to the left of the Rhine, gave far more liberty to the citizens than the laws of the rest of Bavaria. The "Tribune" soon became the organ of the Liberal party in Germany and made the governments tremble. Some of the neighboring States prohibited its circulation, and at the instance of the Bundestag, the Bavarian government from time to time confiscated the journal and prosecuted its editor and printer for what they called the abuse of the press. Wirth then, by a public address to the German people, called upon them to form patriotic unions for the purpose of supporting all Liberal papers, assisting in their circulation, raising a fund for indemnifying editors when they were fined by the courts, and printing pamphlets. A central committee for these patriotic or Press-Unions, as they were generally called, was established at Deux Ponts (Zweibruecken), consisting of the eminent lawyers and statesmen, Schueler, Savoye and Geib. Sub-committees were formed in almost every city and town in the Rhenish and Franconian provinces of Bavaria, in Wuertemberg, in Baden, in Hesse-Cassel and Hesse-Darmstadt, and in Nassau. And in a very short time, similar unions were formed in Saxony and in the dukedoms of Coburg, Altenburg and Weimar, in the Prussian Rhenish provinces, in Westphalia, in Hanover, and even in the Hansa towns and Holstein. Everybody became a member who subscribed some money every week or month, the amount of which was left to each one to fix. Even in a great many villages such societies were formed. The papers principally supported by these unions were the "Westbote," edited by a most able lawyer, Dr. Siebenpfeiffer, the "Tribune," the "Watchman on the Rhine," the "Zeitschwin-

gen," the "Donau-Zeitung," and several papers published in Frankfort. The Bundestag prohibited these unions, but did not prevent their spreading all over the country. The subscribers did not need to give their names if they did not choose, but might adopt some *chiffre* or fictitious name.

THE HAMBACHER SCHLOSS FESTIVAL

While political excitement, so much increased by the Polish exodus and the bold language of the press, thus ran very high, some thirty prominent citizens of Neustadt by the Haardt issued, at the instance of Dr. Siebenpfeiffer, an invitation for a general German festival to be held on the 27th of May, 1832, at the Hambacher Schloss, situated on a high hill, near Neustadt, now in ruins, once a beautiful castle, destroyed in the Peasants' Wars by the infuriated and downtrodden serfs. The meeting — such was the language of the invitation — was not to celebrate great and glorious events, for the Germans had no reason to commemorate such, but to express the desire and the hope to obtain legal liberty and national dignity. From every part of Germany the people were to meet for brotherly reunion and for a peaceable discussion of the common interests of their great country.

The idea of such a national confederation took like wildfire. The Liberal press at once warmly supported it. The Bavarian government took the alarm. The President of the province, Von Andrian, at once issued an order forbidding the meeting. But this was like pouring oil on the fire. The inaugurators, having obtained the opinions of distinguished lawyers, who pronounced the meeting legal according to the established constitution and laws, published a strong protest against the ordinance; the city council of Neustadt protested still stronger. All the city councils of the province followed suit, and, last but not least, the provincial delegates, a body of the most distinguished men of Rhenish Bavaria, elected by the legal voters and charged with the power of administering the local affairs of the province, being then in session, also

insisted in the most determined manner on a repeal of the ordinance. The government, frightened, repealed the order, and refrained from sending even police or troops to the place.

Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, and perhaps some neighboring governments forbade their people to attend; but very few obeyed the mandate. The people did meet, and, according to the report of the government officials, the number, including a great many ladies, amounted to some thirty thousand persons. By others it was estimated as high as fifty or sixty thousand. That the Heidelberger Burschenschaft, as well as a good many other Burschenschaften, was fully represented, was a matter of course.

In company with an intimate friend, C. Heintzmann, I left Heidelberg on the 23rd of May, 1832, but stopped on the way at Speyer at the house of Mr. Fred Hilgard. Sophie Engelmann was there on a visit. We were hospitably received by Mr. Hilgard and his wife, Sophie's sister. Two days I passed there most joyously. There I met also Dora, a sister of Theodore Kraft, who had been with me at Heidelberg, and who was a cousin of Sophie. She was a lovely girl. In company with Miss Emma Heimberger and other friends we took pleasant walks, and spent one afternoon in a beautiful summer garden. Emma was a fascinating girl, of rather irregular features, brilliantly dark eyes and hair; of great vivacity and very beautiful. She became afterwards Mrs. Theodore Hilgard, Jr., and was for years a bright star in our German-American settlement. I made also the acquaintance, at that time, of her brother Gustav, who was a few years my elder, had studied law in Heidelberg, and came out to the United States a year before I did, with Theodore and Edward Hilgard, sons of Frederick Hilgard. He was good-natured, jovial and social, perhaps too much so; but as a companion and true friend no one could surpass him.

Mr. Fred Hilgard took us through a lovely and picturesque country in his own carriage to Neustadt, which, like the surrounding villages, already overflowed with people. We met

at Neustadt, Theodore Engelmann and his sisters Caroline and Charlotte, who, having many friends and relations in that place, secured us comfortable lodgings. A great many distinguished leaders of the Liberals had already arrived. The streets at night were crowded. Bands paraded, serenading some of the guests. Next morning all the roads leading to Neustadt were crowded with carriages and vehicles of all kinds, thousands on horseback, and many thousands who had stopped in the near neighborhood, on foot. In the public square and adjoining streets the festival committee, supported by many marshals, arranged the procession, and its march up to the old castle was really a magnificent sight. Numerous bands of music were distributed through it. The delegations marched under their own banners, all displaying their national colors. There were sections of Poles, of French Republicans, most of these in the uniform of the National Guards, and thousands of students with banners. Even the ladies wore scarfs of the national colors, and several thousands of them graced the procession by marching along the road. On the highest tower of the castle an immense flag, black, red and gold, bearing the inscription "Resurrection of Germany" was floating. From the mountain one of the most beautiful panoramas of Germany presents itself. The green Rhine is seen in its course from Mannheim to Mayence, and also Frankfort, Speyer, Worms, Oppenheim, and numerous other towns and villages of the Rhine, Neckar and Main valleys. The background is formed by the Haardt Mountains on the west, on the north by the beautifully curved heights of the Taunus Mountains with their ruined castles, while the Bergstrasse ending at Heidelberg closes the view of this enchanting scenery.

THE SPEECHES

From various platforms eloquent speeches were made by Doctor Siebenpfeiffer, Wirth, Scharpff, Henry Brueggemann, and others, representing the sad condition of Germany, its insignificance in the council of European nations, its depression

in trade and commerce, all owing to the want of national union, the division into thirty-eight States, large and small, with their different laws, different weights and measures, different currencies, and most of all to the custom-house lines surrounding every State. The orators complained of the pressure which Austria and Prussia exercised over the German Diet at Frankfort, compelling even liberal-minded princes to the adoption of unconstitutional and illegal measures. Brueggemann, whose speech was one of the most eloquent, addressed the meeting as the representative of the German youth, which, in spite of criminal persecutions, he asserted had kept the idea of the liberty and unity of the Vaterland alive. Persecuted by the government, ridiculed by the indifferent and by the organs of the government, the Burschenschaft had ever represented the union of all the German races, had obliterated State lines, and had persistently propagated the necessity of a national union throughout the land by its members. It was an exciting moment, when, at the close of his speech, he called upon the assembly to hold their hands up and to swear the oath which the delegates of the three Swiss cantons, on the height of the Ruetli, swore, as given in the glorious language of Schiller in his "Tell."

"We swear to be a nation of true brothers,
Never to part in danger and in death."

"Wir wollen sein ein einzig Volk von Bruedern,
In keiner Noth uns trennen und Gefahr."

"We swear we will be free as were our sires
And sooner die than live in slavery."

"Wir wollen frei sein wie die Väter waren,
Eher den Tod, als in der Knechtschaft leben."

Thousands held up their hands, and in the most solemn manner repeated the sentences as given by Brueggemann. After a deep silence tremendous cheers arose, and Bruggemann was taken down in triumph by an electrified multitude.

Many other speeches were made from the various stands. They differed in form and substance. But upon the whole the prevailing sentiment was that reforms in the different constitutions and in the constitution of the Bund should be brought about by force of public opinion and the support of a free press enlightening and informing the masses about their rights and duties. Some excited speakers, despairing of a peaceable solution, advised forcible resistance to illegal measures. Mr. Lucien Rey, a distinguished French journalist, from Strassburg, made a most admirable speech in French, congratulating the Germans on their endeavor to obtain constitutional freedom, and assuring the assembly that the French Republicans had no idea, even if they might fly to the assistance of their German brethren, of asking compensation by the cessions of the Rhenish provinces which at the time of the revolution had been conquered by the Republican army. This was in reply to some passages in Wirth's speech in which he insisted that Germans must rely on themselves, and not count on assistance from France, as such assistance would not be given without claims for compensation. In form and substance his speech was a masterpiece.

Speeches were made by some Polish officers, and on the second day of the meeting by Fred Schueler, the greatest of all Liberal leaders as regards personal presence, a man of eminent legal knowledge, power of oratory and purity of character. Joseph Savoye, a distinguished lawyer and statesman, also made a speech. In fact, there were large gatherings during the three days of the 27th, 28th and 29th of May at the Hambacher Schloss. Besides the gentlemen mentioned, there were present a great many Liberal leaders of the legislatures of Bavaria, Baden, Nassau, Hesse-Cassel, Hesse-Darmstadt and Wuertemberg, and the leading journalists of the liberal papers of Frankfort, Mannheim, Carlsruhe, and Stuttgart. Numerous addresses came from the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, from the central Polish committee at Paris, and from several other cities and towns. Ludwig Boerne, whose letters from

Paris, had just then electrified all Liberals, was also present It was the first time I saw him. He was of small, delicate stature, broken in health, and deathly pale. He showed his Jewish descent plainly, but his features were highly interesting. His brilliant black eyes gave light to his pallid face. His mouth was firmly cut; round his lips played a melancholy smile. He was very reticent, and when we Heidelbergers serenaded him and addressed him in very flattering words, he thanked us very briefly and seemed to be overcome by emotion.

CONCLUDING MEETINGS, AND RESULTS

Several meetings of the principal leaders were held in Neustadt, and many discussions took place as to what was to be done. Some were undoubtedly under the impression that a provincial government should at once be organized, and that the people should be called to arms. Of course, this chimerical view found no favor with the large majority of those present. The principal object, agitation, had been obtained. The press-unions were to be extended and supported in every nook and corner of Germany. Everyone was to strive to bring about the election of Liberal members to the various legislative assemblies. Similar meetings were to be organized, and in case the present members of the central committee of the Press-Union should be arrested, other members were designated who should take their places, and the central committee was then to be moved to Frankfort.

The meeting made a great impression on me. A greater popular demonstration I have never seen even on this side of the water. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and the feeling that the wrath of kings and princes would be visited upon a great many of us made the event still more exciting. All of this took place in one of the most lovely and interesting spots in our country, favored by splendid spring weather, amidst the shouting of patriotic songs and the smiles of thousands of fair women. It was enough even to fire the hearts of old and considerate men. How must it have worked upon us young

men! I venture to say that no one who witnessed this popular rising, no matter how indifferent he might have been, has ever been able to obliterate from his memory the May festival at the Hambacher Schloss.

CHAPTER IX

Before the Storm

Returned to Frankfort, I now had to begin the real struggle of life. I at once prepared for the state's examination a written essay on some important point of law, which had to be submitted to the examiners, consisting of four members of the highest courts, who, after passing judgment upon it, appointed two of their commission for an oral examination. That examination was to be of a more practical nature; that is, it extended to the body of laws prevailing in the free city, and to the rules of practice in the different courts. I went to work in earnest, but things went so slowly that I was invited to an oral examination only at the end of the year, and the decree of admission was not rendered till in February, 1833. This was, however, the usual time which elapsed between application and reception. Nevertheless, I had been employed in some cases, though my briefs and pleas had to be signed by some practicing lawyer-friend.

FIRST GERMAN LAW SUIT

In one case I was much interested. My brother Charles had been accused of having distributed a printed address to the people of the Dukedom of Nassau advising them not to pay certain taxes, on the ground that the legislature had refused to vote them, and that the government was demanding direct taxes at a time when the income from the domain belonging to the state was sufficient to pay the expenses. Charles had given one of these addresses to a young friend to read, under promise of having it returned. But the latter had sent it to his brother in Nassau, who handed it over to the mayor of

his town. Charles was tried by the police court of Frankfort, and condemned to pay a fine and to be imprisoned for four weeks in the citizens' prison. He appealed, and I carried his case to the Appellate Court, prepared the argument, but objected to the court as being prejudiced, — whereupon under the then existing law the case was sent to the law faculty of Berlin to decide it in lieu of the Frankfort court. Doctor Reinganum, the leader of the Frankfort bar, signed the papers for me. No decision had been made before I left Frankfort for the United States, but I had the satisfaction to learn soon after my arrival here that the Berlin faculty, though it had not quite acquitted my brother, had reduced the judgment to a nominal fee and reversed the imprisonment, averring, as I had contended, that even if the address were revolutionary, (which I had absolutely denied,) the defendant had not wilfully distributed it, but had been guilty of negligence merely.

POLITICAL EVENTS

But much as I was desirous of attending to my business only, it was impossible to remain indifferent to the political events which now crowded upon one another with rapidity, particularly in Frankfort and its neighborhood.

Early in June the German Diet in Frankfort had issued an ordinance requiring the governments of the different States to suppress certain Liberal journals, amongst others the "German Tribune" and the "Liberal," edited by Professors Welcker and Von Rotteck, distinguished members of the Baden legislature. The Senate of Frankfort had, in pursuance of this edict, forbidden the circulation of these papers. Of course, their place was at once supplied by others, and a universal cry of indignation ran throughout Germany on account of the act of the Diet which was wholly unconstitutional and void in substance and form. About the same time the Bavarian Field Marshal Wrede, at the head of a large body of troops, had entered Rhenish Bavaria, and, with the assistance of the military, Wirth, Siebenpfeiffer and many others were arrested.

Schueler, Savoye and Geib escaped arrest by withdrawing to France, as did a great many other Liberals. The central committee of the press-union established itself at Frankfort. The presses upon which the "Tribune," the "Westbote" and other Liberal papers had been printed were taken possession of by the police.

In the meantime, however, public meetings were still held, one at Wilhelmsbad, near Hanau, where some ten thousand people met, the most important feature of which was that thousands of small farmers and peasants participated, showing as much interest and enthusiasm as those belonging to the higher classes. Another meeting took place near Wuerzburg where Doctor Behr, mayor of Wuerzburg, made the principal speech, which many members of the Bavarian legislature attended. An address was sent to the King himself, in which a series of unconstitutional measures, adopted by his ministers, were denounced in clear, logical and most pointed language, and the King urged to dismiss his faithless ministers. Behr and many provincial Liberals were thereupon arrested and subjected to criminal prosecution.

In Baden, and Hesse-Darmstadt, similar popular meetings were held. But the excitement and indignation reached the highest point when, on the twenty-eighth of June and the fifth of July, 1832, the Diet issued a string of ordinances at the instance of Austria and Prussia, (Prussia being, as usual, the mere tool of Metternich,) which at once destroyed the guaranteed sovereignty of all the other German States. These provided that the legislatures could not refuse to make appropriations demanded by the governments, that in case of resistance, or in case of threatening insurrections, the Diet could interfere and send military assistance, even if the State in question did not call for such aid; that the debates in the legislative assemblies and the publication thereof should be properly controlled; that no State should be allowed to grant unlimited liberty to the press; that all journals which had a revolutionary tendency should be suppressed; that the former ordinances

of 1819 against the liberty of teaching and against associations of students should be strictly enforced; that no associations, nor any meetings of a political character should be tolerated; and that a commission should be appointed by the Diet to watch over the proceedings of the various state legislatures and the due execution of these ordinances, and to report to the Diet, so that additional measures, when necessary, could be taken to secure the peace and quiet of the confederated states.

This was driving things to the very verge of absolutism. The Liberal papers denounced the ordinances, even the moderate ones. Some of the most learned writers on public law published elaborate opinions of these ordinances, showing their nullity in both substance and form. The most prominent members of the bar in Baden gave an opinion to the same effect. By a large majority of the legislature of the Electorate of Hesse, under the lead of the distinguished professor, Sylvester Jordan, a resolution was passed that the ordinances were not binding in that State. In some of the other legislatures similar resolutions were introduced, but not carried.

In spite of the ordinances, meetings were held, condemning the acts of the Diet as usurpations. When one Liberal paper was suppressed, others started immediately. The central committee of the Press-Union in Frankfort remained in full activity. Liberal editors in Frankfort were repeatedly arrested, fined and imprisoned. Not a day passed but we heard of repressive measures in the different state governments, some of which would have readily disobeyed the usurping ordinances of the Diet if they had dared, but could evidently not resist such powers as Austria and Prussia combined. Other governments would have supported even more extreme measures.

ASSOCIATES IN FRANKFORT

Having been away from Frankfort for more than three years, I had now become a comparative stranger. Through brother Charles, however, I soon found myself in congenial

society. Grown up in the Liberal traditions of our father's house, he was intimately acquainted with some of the leading Liberals, and, in fact, was one of the most active amongst the very numerous class of men who saw the only chance for the material and intellectual welfare of Germany in an entire change in the present system of government.

A large majority of the bar, including some of its most prominent members, many noted physicians, many teachers in the colleges and schools, as well as highly respectable and well-to-do merchants and mechanics, were counted among the Liberals. Dr. Gustav Bunsen and Dr. Adolph Berchelmann, fellow-students in Heidelberg, had also returned to Frankfort to settle. Bunsen had two brothers, George, who was at the head of a boys' seminary, and Charles, a physician of many years' standing. Both were determined Republicans. I soon was introduced into their families. It was natural in these exciting times that politics should form almost the sole topic of conversation and discussion at all our social meetings. Nearly all the persons I associated with were members of the Press-Union. There were no secret societies, no conspiracies; but still there was a determination on the part of many to share in any movement to bring about reform, even by force.

I was soon made aware by Gustav Bunsen that there was a sort of inner circle, consisting of men who were not willing to wait for an occasion on which they might show their Liberalism, but who were for making an occasion. They might be called radicals, and they had formed connections with similar spirits in other places, principally in Hanau, in Giessen, and other towns of Hesse-Darmstadt; also, in Stuttgart, Cassel, and Marburg in the Electorate of Hesse; in Homburg in the Landgravate of Hesse. Yet even these more exalted Liberals had no secrets, no pass-words, no badges, though they knew one another very well. With some of the Hanau people I was already well acquainted, for Florencourt was there, Spangenberg, a fellow-student, and George Fein, whom I had known at Munich, who had been an assistant editor of Wirth's

"Tribune," and who had been banished from Rhenish Bavaria. These were active revolutionists, and found in Hanau a fertile field for agitation.

Among them was Dr. Franz Guerth. Guerth was a born conspirator, and sought to form sub-societies after the manner of the Italian and French revolutionists, groups bound by oaths, operating in secret and unknown to one another, each led by a member connected with a central directing committee. But he failed in this attempt, as Germany is no soil for such organizations. I never doubted, as some did, his pure patriotism; but it was combined with a very strong personal ambition. His mind was very fertile; he loved to lay great plans. He had connections with the Polish central committee at Paris, whose head at that time was the celebrated Lelewel; he put himself in relations of some kind or another with most of the Liberal leaders of the opposition in the different States, and set on foot a military conspiracy in Wuertemberg. He was indefatigable; constantly on the wing; and causing meetings of the most prominent Liberals to be held at various places. He could make impossible things appear very probable, and easily persuaded himself that success was certain; and, being convinced himself, he convinced others. With all his enthusiasm, he was shrewd; having carried on, under the eyes of suspicious and watchful governments, his agitation for many months without discovery.

Guerth soon showed me particular attention. He had learned that I had, at the various Universities I attended, enjoyed the utmost confidence of the Burschenschaft societies; that I must be known to all the members of the Burschenschaft, at least by reputation, and that in case of need I could exercise considerable influence upon former and present members of our society.

I confess that I was not very favorably impressed with Guerth's personality. There was a certain fanaticism in his eyes. Nor was he of a social disposition. In a word, he was not sympathetic to me. But as the Bunsens and other

gentlemen of a very high character believed in him, so did I. After April, 1833, he fled to England, became engaged in the legal business, returned after the amnesty of 1848 to Frankfort, and wrote works on English jurisprudence, one of which he sent me to Belleville. I believe he followed his profession peaceably in his native city.

I do not know but that, owing to my strong feeling for the regeneration of Germany and my bitter hatred of all oppressions, I would at a moment's warning have joined in any revolutionary outbreak. But Gustav Bunsen and Guerth had the greatest influence in making me a participant in the movement which culminated in the Frankfort Attentat of the third of April. It must be understood that the plan of that attempt was not matured until the end of the year 1832, and that I had no actual knowledge of it until some time in February of the next year. Owing to the fact that I had to undergo an examination by highly conservative members of the courts, I did not make myself conspicuous at the meetings, nor did I sign protests or addresses. As observed, I studied pretty hard during the day; but in the evenings I took a swim in the Main in almost all kinds of weather, after which I joined our friends in our social circle. It was an exciting and highly interesting time, made still more pleasant by the great tenderness and love with which my family treated me.

Some time in December, I was notified that the board of examination would proceed to my examination on a certain day. I passed the examination, as I thought, very successfully, and in February the senate rendered a decree admitting me as a member of the bar. I had also to enroll myself in the National Guards and I selected the first battalion of the volunteer infantry in which a great many of my friends, members of the bar, and others already served. I had then, according to the law, to take the oath of citizen in full uniform, before the junior burgomaster, which was done on the 22d of February, 1833.

REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA

During the winter nothing remarkable happened, though the government continued to prosecute under some pretext or other Liberal members of the different legislatures, and to suppress and muzzle opposition journals. But even before I had been admitted to the bar, Dr. Guerth had given me to understand that a revolution was to be started early in the spring, and that he wanted me to help bring it about; that I should visit Cassel where great political excitement then existed, and also some of the Universities and some of the Burschenschaften, to warn them to be on the lookout, and to head, or at least take a hand in, the risings at these places, as well as to call upon them to send some of their trustiest members to Frankfort at a time to be appointed, — for Frankfort, being the seat of the Diet, was to give the signal for the rising which was to take place in all the States with the exception of Austria and the greatest part of Prussia.

To satisfy myself of the truth there was in the many representations I had had from Bunsen, Guerth and others, regarding the aspect of political affairs, rather than to act as an emissary, I undertook the task which was so urgently pressed upon me, and on the 25th of February set out for Cassel with letters to several Liberal leaders there, amongst whom Professor Sylvester Jordan was by far the first and most important. This missionary journey, which lasted from the 25th of February to the 17th of March, I have described at great length in a manuscript now amongst my papers, which was published many years afterwards by Casper Butz, then of Chicago, in the "Westen," the Sunday edition of the "Illinois Staats Zeitung," a copy of which is, I believe, among the packages containing my writings, "Schriftliche Arbeiten," of each year. From this manuscript, written not long after the events related in it, I will here extract only the more important points.

THE SITUATION IN CASSEL

The next day I arrived at Cassel, the capital of the Electorate of Hesse. I first called upon some of the leaders of the revolution of 1830 and soon ascertained that the whole country was just then in a fever of excitement. The legislature had been dissolved by the government the previous fall, because it had not sanctioned the ordinances of the German Diet, and had, in other respects, disagreed with the government. It had met again a short time before, but the government had asked to exclude Professor Jordan, who had been elected by the University of Marburg and to whom the ministry had refused to grant leave of absence. The legislature insisted that under the constitution Jordan was entitled to his seat; another dissolution was threatened. The persons I communicated with were men of great influence with the middle and laboring classes. They were members of the National Guards, and they assured me that if another dissolution should take place, and Jordan should give the signal, the legislature would stay as a convention and defy the Elector and Prince Regent, who actually carried on the government. During the few days I stayed at Cassel, I went with friends to several public places where I met people of all classes, public employees, officers of the army, citizens of every profession and trade, and I heard no other talk but politics and a general expression of dissatisfaction with the government and threats of open revolution.

DR. SYLVESTER JORDAN

My main business, however, was with Professor Jordan himself. Dr. Sylvester Jordan was a native of Tyrol. Having studied law at Bavarian universities, he was as early as 1821, a lecturer on public law in Heidelberg, but was soon called to the University of Marburg. He at once made himself known as a very eloquent and learned jurist, wrote several treatises, particularly on criminal law, and was elected by the University as a member of the constitutional assembly that made the constitution of 1831, one of the most liberal in Germany at

that time. Jordan had been the main author of the instrument and when elected a member of the legislature in 1832 he took the lead in the Liberal party; in fact, was looked upon as the head and front of the Liberals in the Electorate, and had become known all over Germany as one of the great lights of that movement.

I had a letter from Dr. Franz Guerth for him, but I was to ascertain from him independently the state of public feeling in his country and to form a judgment as to how far the people could be relied on in case of an emergency. I took the precaution not to tell even the most pronounced Liberals that I would visit Jordan, nor did I enter my name on the register of the "King of Prussia," the hotel where I stopped, although it had been presented to me by a hotel waiter. And this was rather fortunate for Jordan. Several years later he was arrested and imprisoned on the charge of having been an accessory to the Frankfort *emeute* of the third of April. The trial lasted through five years. He was found guilty of high treason, as having known of the conspiracy and having encouraged it, by the court of first instance, and condemned to five years' imprisonment in a fortress. But the court of appeals reversed the judgment and acquitted him. In the course of the trial, the proceedings of which excited great interest all over Germany and were printed and published, the greatest effort had been made to connect Jordan with persons who actually had participated in the *émeute*, but in this the prosecution failed. Now the published report of the commission appointed by the German Diet who tried the persons accused of having been in the *émeute* traced me in my travels prior to the third of April to almost every place I had been, except Cassel. Had the trial court found out that I was there a few weeks previous, and had had an interview with Professor Jordan, it would have been a very aggravating circumstance and might have changed the judgment of the higher court.

Jordan was a man of powerful frame. His features were somewhat rough and did not at first show the intellectual force

which he undoubtedly possessed. Warming up, however, in conversation, his eyes became very expressive. He spoke with an openness and want of restraint which at once reminded me of his southern nativity. His young wife, whom he had just married, was present, but he told me not to mind her as she was fully cognizant of all his sentiments and all his plans. He had a general idea of our plans in Frankfort. He was certain, he said, that the government would again dissolve the legislature, that in that case he had no doubt the people would sustain the legislature, and would be prepared to join any general uprising in Germany. Many members of the assembly were as determined as he was, and even in the army many officers, and some of the highest rank, would stand by the constitution. Jordan was not mistaken about the spirit of the army; for later (1851) nearly all the officers declared themselves bound by their oaths to support the constitution and disobeyed the orders of the commander-in-chief.

IN GOETTINGEN.

I left Cassel on February 27th for Goettingen, being pretty well convinced that Electoral Hesse could be counted on, if at any place in Germany a popular rising, promising success even for a short time, took place, and that Jordan would not hesitate, if called upon, to join other distinguished leaders in forming a provisional government. Arrived at Goettingen, I at once gathered my old friends around me, Von Rochau, Alban, and Gaiser, my fellow-students from Jena, all determined to sacrifice everything for the freedom of Germany. They were ready the moment they would be called upon, which would be soon. To Rochau I communicated all I knew myself, and left it to his judgment how to act.

August Ludwig Von Rochau was an enthusiastic youth, actuated by the highest principles, of a fiery temper and brave as a lion, tall and graceful, with reddish hair, large blue eyes and regular features. On the fourth of April in the afternoon, an hour of two after I passed through Darmstadt, he

was arrested there, resisted with all his might, and finally stabbed himself. But he recovered from his wound, and was kept in prison at Frankfort during his trial, for several years. He was condemned to imprisonment for life, but broke out the day after the sentence was passed upon him. He lived in France and Switzerland as an exile until the revolution of 1848 enabled him to return to Germany. He settled in Heidelberg, and became distinguished as a historian and publicist. His work on "Practical Politics" has taken high rank in German literature.

Thankmar Alban was another very noble student. Tall and finely molded, yet very muscular, his dark eyes contrasted with his clear complexion. He was a fine swordsman and gymnast, and knew not fear. Arrested at Frankfort on the night of the third of April, he was confined, during his trial, in a cell at the guard-house of the constables. On the second of May, 1834, he succeeded in sawing through the bars of his window, and, letting himself down with a rope made out of his bed clothes, escaped. He went to Switzerland, continued his studies at the University of Zuerich, and settled as a practicing physician in the canton of Bern, where he died.

I was also introduced to several civilians in Goettingen, all members of the Press-Union. There was much dissatisfaction in Hanover. Dr. Koenig and Dr. Freytag were still in close confinement, accused of having been implicated in the revolution of 1831. They were highly respected and highly intelligent, and the severe prosecution against them was generally condemned. There were several Press-Unions in Hanover and they were extending through the country. But the opposition was confined principally to the higher and middle classes. The nobility and the officers had still an immense influence in Hanover, and owing to their English government, there existed there a strong feeling of state sovereignty and an old Guelph spirit.

I spent a few days in Goettingen very pleasantly. Mr. Bethmann, the owner of the first hotel there, "The Crown,"

was a great Liberal. He gave me and my friends a splendid champagne breakfast.

LIBERALISM IN SAXONY

On the third of March my friends brought me in a carriage to Heiligenstadt, where I had to take the stage to Halle and Leipsic. We had a hearty shaking of hands, and with the words, "We will meet in Phillippi," I bade them adieu. My stay in Halle was short, as I had to take the next stage for Leipsic. Some friends I should like to have seen, I did not find at home. In the evening I reached Leipsic. Here I found some of my old university friends and was also introduced to the leading Liberals. They were nearly all literary men, mostly journalists. Press-Unions and similar societies, I was informed, existed throughout the kingdom, particularly in Dresden, the capital. I also learned that a good many Polish officers, in accordance with orders from the Polish committee in Paris, had already either clandestinely returned to Poland, or were near the frontier, to stir up a rising there as soon as there would be an outbreak in Germany. At the table d'hôte of the Hôtel de Cologne, one of the first hotels in Leipsic, the conversation upon politics was exceedingly free. The most decided liberalism was openly preached. But the distance from talking to action is greater than is generally believed, particularly amongst the Germans. It was somewhat different with the unreflecting races of Gallic and Celtic origin.

Dr. Burckhardt, who had written historical works and who was lecturing to the general public on modern German history, was an old friend of mine, and while he was satisfied that the opposition to the government in Saxony was very strong, he did not think that any independent action could be expected. It seemed to me that the Liberals had at that time no leader of eminence in Saxony. One of the most interesting persons I became acquainted with was the publicist, Dr. Spazier, very favorably known by his "History of Po-

land." He was a great talker, and his conversation was so lively as to be almost oppressive.

In my narrative of these propaganda trips, I find the following lines when at Leipsic: "I was looking over a Leipsic journal. One may imagine the alarm I felt when reading the following taken from the 'Frankfort Journal:' 'Yesterday Dr. Breidenstein and a Pole, who had been enjoying his hospitality for some time, were suddenly arrested at Homburg. The cause is said to be a treasonable conspiracy.' Dr. Breidenstein was a young physician who had served as such in the Polish army. I did not know him nor the Pole personally, but only by reputation. I was aware, however, that both knew of our plans and were personally assisting in carrying them out. Dr. Breidenstein had very great influence in that region of country, and the Polish officer was a man of ability and bravery. The ground upon which we stood became gradually more treacherous. Every hour, every minute, we must expect to be swallowed up, and perhaps even, what was most to be regretted, before resolution had ripened into action."

Both Dr. Breidenstein and Seylling, the Polish officer, broke jail in Homburg before the third of April, and fled, I believe, to France. A brother of Dr. Breidenstein was with the crowd that came from Bonames and Homburg the night of the third of April, but found the gates closed and the conflict over. Both the Breidensteins were excellent and very patriotic young men, sons of the ecclesiastical superintendent and court-preacher, Von Breidenstein, who held the highest clerical dignity in the landgravate. The small garrison of Homburg had been won over and several of them were with Breidenstein and George Neuhoff on the third of April. Neuhoff joined us in Illinois, as did Frederick Kempff; both were surgeons in the Homburg contingent.

On the fifth of March I left Leipsic for Altenburg. There I was at once amongst a large circle of Jena friends. Wilhelm Weber was at home, but expected to resume his duties at Leipsic at the commencement of the summer session. The

Liberal party of Altenburg was very strong. There was in the city a large Press-Union and similar unions existed in the country. One of the principal leaders was Dr. Rittler, highly esteemed as a citizen and as a physician. He also became an exile and came over to New York, where he soon acquired a high standing. I found him very determined, as much so as William Weber. He had connections with Liberals in Leipsic, Dresden and other points in the Kingdom of Saxony and seemed to be satisfied that on a general rising the people in Saxony and the Saxon dukedoms would not be wanting. We talked much of our dear friend Koehler, who had gone as a physician to Poland, had been taken prisoner, but having been released, died at Kalisch of typhoid fever, in the arms of Gustav Bunsen, who had also gone to Poland. I spent several days at Altenburg in a highly interesting manner. I left my warm friends with much regret. My next stopping place was dear old Jena. I arrived at midnight in a heavy snowstorm, and took lodgings at the "Sun," on the south side of the market place.

AFFAIRS IN JENA. FRITZ REUTER

Thousands of remembrances crowded upon my mind. I found only a few of my old friends there. Although vacation was yet some weeks off, Jena was almost deserted by the students. I have already spoken of the dissensions of the Germania and the Arminia. For some reason or other, in January or February, the enmity between the two societies had increased. Collisions and fights had occurred in the public streets, and on one occasion a real battle had taken place. Many had been wounded and one killed. Other student societies also had had trouble with the authorities. The Weimar government had sent some companies of soldiers into the town, which was considered an infringement upon academical liberty, and when the troops entered a great many students left Jena, temporarily at least.

Amongst these was Fritz Reuter, to whom only a short time ago, July, 1888, a splendid monument was erected in the wall promenade at Jena, and whose name is written in the hearts of all Germans. It is hard to tell in what his greatness as a poet consists. But whoever reads him will at once say "This is a poet." A deep insight into human nature, a warm sympathy with all mankind and even with all nature living or dead, a most genial and humorous spirit, combined with an incomparable power of plastic representation, have made Fritz Reuter the poet of the German people. Victor Von Scheffel has been compared to Reuter and has even been placed above him by some. Some lines in their lives run parallel, and some lyrics of Scheffel are charming. But he is a mere comet, who has created a momentary sensation. Reuter is a fixed luminary, which warms, delights and fructifies our earth.

Reuter had, while I was in Jena, taken up his residence at Camburg. He had been a member of the Germania, but was not implicated in the late disturbances. He had by no means been a leader in that society, and was too much of a gay and jovial student to trouble himself much about politics. He did not return to Jena, but went home to Mecklenburg, and stayed there until the fall, when, on his journey to Leipsic, where he intended to pursue his studies, he was arrested in Berlin, kept in close confinement during his trial for three years, accused, on the sole ground of having been a harmless member of the Germania, of an attempt at high treason, and sentenced to death. By the grace of the King of Prussia the sentence was commuted to imprisonment in a fortress for thirty years. In the year 1840, at the instance of the Duke of Mecklenburg, he was sent to Mecklenburg and there confined, but very gently treated, until by the amnesty of 1848, granted by Frederick William IV on his taking the throne, he was liberated. His volume, "Ut mine Festungstid," tells of his sufferings.

In his instance there were the most barefaced violations of all laws on the part of the Prussian court. To construe mere membership in such a society as the Germania, (when no act had been done by him, and when there was not the slightest proof that he even knew of the outbreak at Frankfort, and while not a single Jena student was then present, though some, who had been years before at that University, were,) into an attempt to commit treason, was in itself an outrage. There existed at that time no law of the Bund against high treason, but the offense was defined in the laws of every single State. If then he had joined the Germania at Jena the courts of Saxe-Weimar were the only ones that had jurisdiction over him; if he had intended to subvert the Weimar government and had been a citizen of Weimar, his being a member of the Germania might have been considered as an attempt to revolutionize Mecklenburg, to which, as a native, he owed obedience, and then the courts of that State would have had to judge him. Indeed, that government claimed him from Prussia. But that Prussia, a State to which he was a stranger and owed no fealty, on his traveling through Berlin, should have arrested, tried, and sentenced him, was such a palpable violation of the law as to cast an indelible stain on the Prussian court and government. No one can read his narration, disclosing the unspeakable mental and physical torture hundreds of highly educated young men had to undergo, whose moral conduct had been above reproach, without justifying the attempts made to overthrow such guilty governments at the risk of life and liberty. "Ut mine Festungstid" has branded forever the Prussian government of that time as one of the most infamous that ever existed.

I found, however, in Jena, a few old fellow-students with whom I soon arranged things to my satisfaction.

THE CAUSE IN BAVARIA

It was still snowing when I left that town on the 13th of March, for Coburg. The snow in the Thuringian Moun-

tains was so high that for some stages we were obliged to travel in sleighs. Friends I intended to meet in Coburg were absent; so I immediately hired a carriage and went to Bamberg. Dr. Heinkelmann, my friend from Erlangen and Jena, himself a radical Liberal, had always been a very cool-headed man and looked at things as they were. He represented our cause as very weak in Bamberg itself. The strong measures against the press, the heavy sentences passed upon editors and printers, had frightened the people of old Bamberg, whose Liberalism had never been very warm. The Press-Union, having been forbidden by heavy penalties, had been abandoned. The Liberal spirit was stronger in the neighborhood. A plan had been laid to bring the small but strong fortress of Kronach, which was well supplied with arms and ammunitions, into our power at the first signal. A part of the garrison was in the movement. It was destined to be a rallying place for the people ready to join us from the Thuringian and Pine Mountains. Nuremberg, Anspach, Bayreuth, were in the neighborhood, and in all of these places we had many friends of our cause.

After a short stay I took the stage to Wuerzburg. At the drawbridge of the fortress my passport was demanded, for it was here I first entered Bavaria. It was taken up against my protest, with the promise, however, that it would be sent back to me from the police court to my hotel in half an hour. Considering that I was still under a sentence of four weeks' imprisonment by the Munich police court, I felt some little anxiety at being arrested, should my passport be critically examined at the police bureau; but I find the following note in my manuscript narrative of this journey: "The German police *visées* passes between eight and nine o'clock at night. Such unusual activity made me a little sick. If our government begins to govern even in the night-time — poor Germany, what is to become of you?"

I soon found many old friends at Wuerzburg. Wislizenus was a fellow-student from Jena. Pfretzchner, from Kronach,

and Von Weltz, from Kelheim, I had known in Erlangen and Munich. Wislizenus came to the United States, and we will meet him again. Karl Pfretzchner, who had influential relations in Bavaria, and in some way or another was not imprisoned very long, abandoned his profession as a lawyer, became a very wealthy banker and manufacturer, having branches of his business (hardware) in Chicago, and we remained in friendly correspondence for a long while, he acting for men in Germany in some financial matters. He died only a short time ago. Rubener was taken prisoner on the night of the third of April, bleeding from nine wounds, as he desperately defended himself. In trying to escape from the Constables' Guard-House in May, 1834, the rope on which he let himself down broke and he unfortunately fell so as to break his skull. This was the official version. Another was that he was killed by soldiers, while he lay helpless on the ground. He was a very handsome, noble young fellow, intellectual and amiable, but of a fiery spirit. Another of my Wuerzburg friends, Bernhardt Licius, taken prisoner on the third of April, broke jail as early as October, 1833.

In a very few words everything was understood. Every member of the Burschenschaft would act as desired, and a large delegation would go to Frankfort at the time appointed. The spirit of the citizens of Wuerzburg, which at one time had been at fever heat, had cooled down considerably. The formerly so popular Burgomaster Behr was in close confinement in the Frohnfeste at Munich. Eisenmann and Widmann, the editors of the opposition papers, were also incarcerated. The King had removed the court of appeal for the Franconian Provinces to Aschaffenburg, which had caused the withdrawal of many employees and the principal members of the bar from Wuerzburg. The distinguished professor of medicine, Dr. Schoenlein, had been compelled to flee to escape arrest. He became professor of medicine at the new University of Zürich.

Still the opposition amongst the people was only subdued by force, and it was sure to revive if an opportunity offered. On my return journey to Frankfort in the fast stage, I met a young gentleman who had been studying pharmacy, and who in conversation told me that he intended to go to the United States shortly. His name was Pingret and he was from Rhenish Bavaria. I had then no idea that I would cross the ocean with him in a few months on the good bark Logan.

CHAPTER X

The Third of April, 1833

"Wer die Folgen ängstlich zuvor erwägt,
Der beugt sich wo sich die Uebermacht regt."

Arrived on the 17th of March at Frankfort, I found that our friends had been very active. Dr. Gustav Bunsen had provided arms and ammunition, Dr. Guerth had held meetings with some of the Liberal leaders in different places in Hesse and Wuertemberg, where measures were taken for a simultaneous rising. To the most prominent agitators, Guerth, Bunsen and Dr. Juris Neuhoff, a brother of George Neuhoff, I reported the results of my journey. While many promises had been made, I did not fail to observe that they could not all be relied upon. Yet we had to act, and even if we failed (as I always believed we should), and even if we should perish, it would not be in vain. It was to be manifested that there were at least a few thousand men in Germany that were willing to do more than to protest and then to submit, and who were ready to sacrifice their all to bring about unity and liberty. No act done from pure motives and for a good object fails to have important consequences. I am sure that amongst the many hundreds who acted directly or indirectly in this rising at Frankfort there were not more than could be counted on one's fingers who had any selfish motive, except the ambitious one to become martyrs.

At Dr. Guerth's I met a young gentleman who had come from Leipsic to get more accurate information about our project. He was then a student at that place. It was Edward Tittmann, of Dresden, of a distinguished family, tall, but

strongly formed. His features were regular and his large blue eyes suited admirably his light blond hair. In fact, he was the very picture of the ideal German youth. I took a great deal of interest in him, though we were together only a few hours. I could not foresee how soon we should meet again on the other side of the ocean, and how close our friendship would become. After the events at Frankfort there was no safety for him any more in Germany. His older brother Charles was as much implicated as he was, and both having sacrificed the finest prospects in life, left their native land, went first to Switzerland, then to New York, and about 1836 or 1837 joined us in Belleville and soon became closely connected with our family by friendship and marriage.

PLANS OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS

I did not remain at Frankfort long. I was urgently requested to go to Metz, where Frederick Schueler lived in exile. His high character, his great popularity in Rhenish Bavaria, his eminent talents had pointed him out as one of the men who should, in case of success, become at least temporarily a member of the provisional government. He, Jordan, Von Itzstein, Von Rotteck, Von Klosen, Count Bentzel-Sternau, were to be proclaimed a provisional government. They were to call all the Liberal members of the different legislatures of Germany together as a preliminary Parliament, which, when assembled, should order elections for a constituent assembly, which should establish either a republic of the whole nation, or a confederate one, or, if the sense of the people demanded it, a constitutional monarchy. It will be seen that our plan was in outline what happened in Germany in 1848. A few Liberal leaders got together, summoned all the distinguished Liberals to Frankfort, who formed a Vor-Parlment, which in turn called elections for the real Parliament.

I may anticipate here in what the weakness of our plan consisted. In 1848 the French Revolution and the establish-

ment of a republic in France had spread such terror among the continental governments that they were at first dumfounded and did not dare to oppose the first steps taken by the Liberal leaders. But in 1833 the governments had gotten over the fear which had first seized them after the July Revolution. In order to gain time for even the first step, it was indispensably necessary to hold Frankfort for at least a week or so. But we had no regular troops to rely on. A few hundred bold young men, (even if, as could reasonably be expected, some few hundreds from the neighboring cities and towns would join them,) could not cope with the strong battalion of the Frankfort line troops and the three or four battalions of the National Guard. True, some of the latter were ready to join us; many would not have turned out against us; and the two artillery companies would have fought mainly on our side, as their major and other officers were already engaged with us. But the great majority of the National Guard would have been against us. To be sure, there was a great mass of working men, laborers and people from other places in the city, who were generally disposed to take part in any outbreak; but to organize, arm and control them, within a day or two, was out of the question. Besides, there were, within twenty-five miles, at the great fortress of Mayence, several regiments of Austrians (Bohemians) and Prussians and also some battalions of Hessians, in addition to artillery and cavalry, who could reach Frankfort in half a day. Nor had we any well known military leader. True, we had two or three Polish colonels, or majors, — brave and experienced soldiers, but strangers to all but a few of us.

Some of us believed that we should at once have several thousand Frankfort people with us, and three or four thousand from the neighboring cities and towns. But even if this had been so, unless some organization were formed among them, they would have been no match for a few battalions of regulars with their batteries.

I, therefore, was to see Schueler, give him the details of our plans, and, if possible, ascertain whether he would place himself at once at the head of our movement. I consented the more willingly to take this journey, as it gave me an opportunity to see again and bid a final adieu to the Engelmanns at Imsbach, which was only a short distance from the great road to Metz, the "Kaiserstrasse," built by the first Napoleon, and connecting by a most excellent *chaussée* Paris with Mayence. I had carried on, while in Frankfort, with some of the family, a lively correspondence, and when they finally determined to emigrate to the United States, early in 1833, I had promised to see them before their departure. Edward Kohloff, an old university friend of mine, then a teacher in George Bunsen's seminary, and also a warm friend of Theodore Engelmann, having often visited the family before, went with me as far as the station near Imsbach, while I continued on my way to Metz, postponing my visit until my return trip.

I arrived at Saarbruecken late in the evening of the 24th of March, having left Frankfort on the evening before. I had to wait some hours there for the stage for Metz. At Forbach, the first French town, our baggage was rigorously examined by the custom-house officers and our passports by the *gens d' armes.* I found the place full of soldiers. Another similar visitation took place at St. Avold, and I again saw many soldiers. Although rather early in the spring, I found the country looking quite beautiful; and not having slept for two nights, I was just putting myself into a comfortable position for a nap, when I was startled by a most surprising incident. Though traveling very fast, I had just espied walking along the footpath by the road, Theodore Engelmann, knapsack on shoulder. I immediately made the conductor stop, jumped out and took him by the arm and made him mount the stage. I exchanged my inside seat with a passenger on the outside, and seated Theodore beside me, so that we could converse at full liberty. All this was against

the rule of the road; but I spoke so commandingly, told the conductor that I would make it all right at the next station, that he had to yield to my persistence.

Theodore was as much astonished to find me here as I was to overtake him in this place. I soon explained myself to him, and he did the same to me. His Liberal notions and their free expression had for a long while aroused the suspicions of the government, and he had besides signed the protest against the ordinance of the Diet at Frankfort, in common with many of the best and most intelligent citizens of Rhenish Bavaria. A short time before the government had instituted proceedings against the Protestants, and Theodore had received a summons to appear on a certain day at the police court of Kaiserslautern to stand a preliminary trial. As his family was to leave in a few days, he, in order to escape arrest, had thought it best to take time by the forelock, and, by means of his summons, he represented himself at the French frontier as a political fugitive and was permitted to pass into France, where I found him by the sheerest accident.

CONFERENCE WITH SCHUELER IN METZ

Shortly after my arrival at Metz, I went to the house where Mr. Schueler used to stop when in the city; but not finding him there, I left a note begging him to meet me at my hotel if he should come to Metz that day. In the meantime, I hunted up Mr. Dornès, counselor-at-law, and head of the Liberal party at Metz. Dornès was a man of most engaging presence, of high intellect and of the most determined character. What was called the Liberal party at that time in France was the Republican party. The Citizen-King's monarchy, in their opinion, had been a delusion; a republic was the only alternative. That party was well organized, and had its local and its central committees. They knew their exact number at every place, and were prepared to obey implicitly the command of their leaders in Paris. Such an organization was impossible in Germany at that time. The

Germans had too much individualism for such party discipline as existed and still exists in France. Dornès was satisfied that Louis Philippe's régime would not last long. But they would bide their time. They would sympathize with any Liberal movement in Germany; and if a revolution there succeeded, it might at once have an influence on France. But nothing should be undertaken in Germany with the expectation of assistance from France. I told him that was exactly my own view and that I had come to Metz not to solicit aid, but to have an interview with Schueler. He spoke very highly of Schueler and offered to accompany me to his country seat.

I returned to my hotel and found Mr. Schueler, who had received my note, waiting for me. He invited me to come out to St. Ruffin, his residence near Metz, which I did, in company with Dornès the next morning, going out in a carriage to Moulins, which is only a short distance from St. Ruffin, situated on a considerable hill. The view from there was charming. Metz, with its mighty towers, high buildings, and extensive fortifications, was right before our eyes. We could follow the course of the Moselle upwards to the ruins of a colossal Roman aqueduct. Vineyards and orchards crown the bank of that lovely river. I spent a most delightful day with Schueler and his wife, a native of France, very highly educated and *spirituelle*, and Mr. Dornès. Schueler gave me a very interesting description of the parties in France. He was very eloquent, and what surprised me most, was full of wit and humor.

Regarding the main object of my mission, it was perfectly satisfactory. He had not thought the time for our rising so near, but was prepared at any time to follow our call and to devote himself to our cause in any station the people might think fit. He accompanied me to Metz late in the evening, and I parted from him and Dornès with an emotion to which I was not often subject. At any other time I should have stayed a few days more in the agreeable city of

Metz. It was at that time more German than at a later period, but still quite different from a real German city. It was filled with soldiers, the garrison having of late been much increased. It has a large military school, and we met as many military men and cadets in the public square and the fine cafés, as civilians. And they are a lively set, constantly laughing and talking. I saw files of soldiers marching to mount guard. They went like so many school boys, not keeping pace. One had his gun on the left, the other on the right shoulder. Their gay uniforms, wide red trousers, and jaunty little caps made them look like a troop of soldiers in a burlesque opera. What a difference between these little, lively chattering fellows and the stout, earnest, somewhat stolid-looking German soldiers.

We witnessed here, too, quite an exciting scene. The siege of Antwerp had come to a close, and one of the French regiments had just returned to Metz, where it belonged. It was drawn up on the fine large public square before the cathedral. They were surrounded by thousands of their fellow-soldiers and their city friends and acquaintances, particularly young women. No sooner was the word given: "Ground arms — stack arms," than they all broke loose, ran into the crowd, and there was an embracing, hugging, kissing and shouting, such as I had never before seen. What pleased me most was that there seemed to be no distinction of rank. The officers shook hands and kissed the sergeants, corporals, the privates, just as they did their equals.

Whatever change may have come over me regarding my opinion of the French people, I then did love the French; nor do I really dislike them now. And while they themselves thought that the July Revolution had turned out a fraud, and that they were still oppressed by the government, there was so much more liberty of speech, of the press, and of action there than in Germany, that I breathed lighter and freer in France, and felt sad when I saw again on my return the white and black frontier posts of Prussia.

I parted from Theodore in sadness, as I expected to see him no more in this life. I could not, considering the intimacy between us, conceal from him what was my object in visiting Metz and Schueler. I gave him, however, no details, but intimated that in a few days we should be ready for the movement. He seemed to feel much regret that he was leaving his country just when such an important crisis was impending; but he was so circumstanced that there could be no thought of his returning and joining the fray.

I left Metz early in the morning of the 28th of March, and arrived the next day at Imsbach, where I bade adieu to the Engelmann family, then just on the point of leaving with many friends for Havre, where they were to depart for the United States.

THE BEGINNING

Arrived at Frankfort in the night of the thirtieth of March, I made my report. I had mailed a letter in Mayence to some French gentlemen in Besançon and one in Metz to a gentleman in Paris, including, I believe, one to Lelewel, the president of the Polish committee. I was now informed that several dozen Polish officers had already arrived in Rohrschach, in Switzerland, for the purpose of assisting our friends in Constance, Freiburg and Strassburg, to organize and lead the Liberal volunteers who were supposed to be ready to rise in mass in upper Baden and the Black Forest; and that four or five Polish officers and non-commissioned officers would leave the quarters assigned to them by the government to perform similar services in Wuertemberg, Rhenish Bavaria and Hesse-Darmstadt. What was my astonishment when the day after my arrival Theodore Engelmann made his appearance at our house. As my family knew the circumstances which had taken him to Metz and that his family certainly expected to find him there, it was hard to explain his visit, but somehow or other we invented a plausible story to account for it. He had overcome all his well-grounded scruples, and had, without passports, by avoiding cities and towns and us-

ing the country roads, succeeded in getting himself through to risk his all for a cause he held sacred. Surely it was a great sacrifice.

A very disagreeable piece of news reached us about this time. The French government had granted small pensions to political refugees, principally to the thousands of Poles exiled after the failure of the revolution of 1831, which were to hold until they should be able to support themselves. It so happened that just then a bill with this appropriation was before the French chambers. Some one proposed to reduce the sum heretofore fixed. Lafayette very properly opposed this motion, but in doing so committed one of those indiscretions which were not uncommon with him. "So far," he said, "from diminishing this appropriation it ought to be increased, as it will not be long before we may expect a large number of exiles just as worthy of support as those we have already amongst us." This passage created a great deal of sensation. It was generally taken in Germany as a hint of an impending popular commotion.

In the manuscript already mentioned, I said almost nothing about the events of the night of the third of April, so that it may not be amiss to speak of them now more in detail; and I will for this purpose use the report of the president of the commission appointed by the Diet for the purpose of watching all revolutionary movements, which was published by order of the German Diet. I could not now after fifty years trust my own recollections. But this report was sent me in 1837. I read it, of course, carefully, and found it in the main correct. It ran as follows:

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE FRANKFURTER ATTENTAT

"In the last days of March and in the first days of April there had arrived in Frankfort a part of the conspirators from abroad. With great foresight the members of the Burschenschaft, as the younger participants in the plot, had been called in, so that in case of failure the blame could be thrown on the unreflecting, over-enthusiastic youth of Germany. The

students who arrived were from Heidelberg: Henry Eimer (Baden); Peter Feddersen (Holstein); Edward Fries and Hermann Moré (Rhenish Bavaria); Mathiae (Rhenish Bavaria); [this was a mistake. Mathiae was a native of Frankfort, a classmate of mine, the son of a former very distinguished rector of the Frankfort gymnasium]; Karl Von Reitzenstein, Frederick Gambert, Bernhardt Licius, Karl Sigismund Pfretzchner, Julius Rubener, Ignaz Sartori, Edward Von Weltz, all from different provinces of Bavaria; Rudolph Wislizenus [a mistake — his first name was Adolph]; Schwartzburg-Rudolfstadt, from Erlangen; Frederick August Kraemer and Hermann Frederick Handschuh (Bavaria); Bernhardt Julius Daehnert (Prussia), from Goettingen; Julius Thankmar Alban (Saxe-Gotha); Frederick Holzinger (Bavaria); August Ludwig Von Rochau (Brunswick), from Giessen; Ernest Schueler and Edward Scriba, from Hesse-Darmstadt; and Alexander Lubansky (Poland); besides these there had come from abroad Dr. Von Rauschenplatt (Hanover); August Kunradi (Augsburg), a former member of the Munich Burschenschaft; William Obermueller, a former student from Freiburg; William Zehler (a former student from Wuerzburg), from Nuremberg; Ludwig Silberad, a former student from Freiburg; Theodore Engelmann, from Munich, who was on the way to America with his family and had left Metz soon after Dr. Koerner had arrived there; also one Theodore Obermueller from Baden. These were the ones from abroad whose names had become known with certainty. But there were also a number of Poles: Major Miehalowski [probably the same who afterwards came to the United States and was lieutenant-colonel in the First Hecker regiment, and afterwards its colonel]; and three or four other Polish officers, who left Frankfort immediately after the third of April.

"The plan of the conspirators was first to take the two guard-houses. These massive guard-houses are situated at either end of the great wide Main Street, the Zeil. The main guard-house stands isolated in front of the parade ground into which Main Street issues. The cannon were to be taken from the arsenal, adjoining the Constables' Guard-House. The great bell (Sturmglocke) of the Dom-Church was to be rung to call in the people from the country, who were waiting outside for the signal. Those who were to storm the main guard-house, at the request of Dr. Koerner and Dr. Gustav Bunsen, met in the afternoon of the second of April at Bockenheim, a

town close to Frankfort, where was also Dr. Berchelmann. Dr. Bunsen informed them that the guard-house had to be taken between nine and ten o'clock on the night of the third of April. The Frankfort people would take the Constables' Guard-House. A great many people in Frankfort were sure to join in, and those present should at first only act together; but when the rising became general they were to disperse amongst the crowds and incite them to fall in. Those present at that meeting were divided into three sections to be commanded by Drs. Bunsen, Koerner and Berchelmann. The commander-in-chief was Dr. Von Rauschenplatt.

"On the third of April the two burgomasters were informed of the intended insurrection by an anonymous letter, stating that the two guard-houses were to be stormed at half-past nine at night; that the political prisoners there confined were to be liberated; that the delegates to the German Diet were to be arrested, and a provisional government instituted. In consequence of this information the force at the main guard-house, consisting of forty-one men, was increased to fifty-one. The troops of the line were held ready in their barracks, and some policemen were stationed in the steeple of the Dom-Church to prevent the ringing of the tocsin. Those who were to take the main guard-house met about nine o'clock at the house of Dr. Bunsen in the Mint Building. In addition to those who had been at Bockenheim, appeared Edward Kohloff, from Mecklenburg, and George Nahm, from Rhenish Bavaria, both teachers in the boys' seminary of George Bunsen. Both had been members of the Burschenschaft."

The report then proceeded to say that the order was given to use the bayonet and to shoot only in case of necessity, that the conspirators received muskets, pistols, cartridges, swords, daggers, hatchets, rockets and tri-colored scarfs (black, red and gold).

Now this was not quite true. We received muskets with bayonets, forty cartridges, and the tri-colored scarfs; but that was all. I think there were a few rockets in the crowd to give signals to outsiders, and it is barely possible that some may have had pistols or daggers, but none were dealt out. I think Von Weltz, who had been an ensign in the artillery service, carried some grape cartridges to load the two six-pounder

guns which stood on each side of the balustrade that encircled the main guard-house.

I will here remark that Bunsen and myself had been informed that the force at the main guard-house had been increased late in the afternoon, and that in all probabilty the authorities had been put upon their guard. We communicated this to the assembled crowd, and told them that those who wished might yet retrace their steps, as the task now would be far more perilous and a failure might be expected. But all declared that they had considered the case and were willing to risk all for their principles.

"The conspirators," continues the report, "thirty-three in number, marched from the Mint Building headed by Rauschenplatt, by the Great and Small Hirschgraben, through the narrow and short street called the Katharinen-Pforte, which issues into the Zeil and the parade-ground, and reaching the Zeil, threw themselves on the main guard-house at the command of 'Charge bayonets — double quick, march!' In a moment they had entered the veranda which runs along the entire front of the massive building and rests upon pillars. The sentinel who had called out the guard defended himself with his bayonet, but was shot through the arm. The muskets of the soldiers hung on the front walls on pegs, but only the sergeant and a few others succeeded in getting at their guns and in crossing bayonets. The sergeant was shot dead and four of the soldiers were wounded, one fatally, by bayonets. A part of the insurgents rushed into the large guard-room on the west side of the corridor; the small officers' guard-room on the east side was empty, the officer in command having saved himself through the back window at the first alarm. They told the soldiers to surrender, which they did; but the request to join them, that all Germany was rising today, that ten thousand peasants were on the march, that liberty and equality was all that was desired, that they should be made non-commissioned officers, made no impression. Money was offered them, but only one soldier accepted fifty florins. The prisoners in the upper story of the guard-house, who were confined for violation of the press-laws, amongst whom were the journalists Freieisen and Sauerwein, were set at liberty."

The statements of the report thus far were in the main correct. When the word "attack" was given, I ran consider-

ably ahead of my section; so did Bunsen. The sentinel spoken of in the report ran his bayonet into the upper part of my left arm, but at the same moment he was shot by some one close behind me, and Rauschenplatt, Bunsen, and myself were the first in the large guard-room. While in there some shots were fired through the window, though the command had been given not to fire. The forty or fifty soldiers stood all around the walls but offered no resistance, though they all had infantry sabres. We harangued them, though not quite in the manner the official report states. I had felt a shock when I was struck, but did not feel that I was wounded. But I had not been more than a minute or two in the guard-room when a chill ran down my back, and I felt very ill. Ascribing it to the bad air in the guard-room and to the smoke of the powder, I stepped out on the veranda for fresh air. But I came very near fainting, had to lean against one of the stone pillars and became very sick at the stomach, while the blood ran down my sleeve. In this condition my friend Kohloff found me. I told him I was wounded. I had already dropped the musket. I had no other weapon. He proposed to take me to my home, which was not very far off. I was really not fit to fight any more that night, and hated to be made a prisoner. I took his advice and was led home, he returning, however, immediately to the street. What happened after I left, in the street-fight, I learnt only in a fragmentary way much later from some of the participants, and, in briefly giving an account of it, I again rely on this report, as also on a similar document published by the government of Hesse-Darmstadt.

"Bunsen and other speakers," the report says, "harangued the people outside. But the crowd of people behaved with uncertainty. Some took the arms offered, some refused. Some cries were heard, "Vivat the Republic." Rauschenplatt seemed to have lost his head. He started with a party of his men down to the Constables' Guard-House. Gustav Bunsen, with another party, ran down to the Dom, overpowered the policemen there stationed, and had the tocsin rung.

"In the meantime, the Constables' Guard-House had been taken. The conspirators had assembled in a narrow street, leading to the Main Street. The party attacking the Constables' Guard-House consisted of about eighteen persons, amongst which were five or six Polish officers. A Polish major (Miehalowski) commanded. Drs. Guerth and Neuhoff were amongst them, and the students Schueler, Scriba and Lubansky; also Henry Zwick, formerly a non-commissioned officer in the rifle company of the line, now clerk of Guerth, and several working men.

"With the cry 'Vivat liberty, liberty and equality, revolution,' they threw themselves on the Guard-House. The sentinel was struck down with bayonets. They then fired into the guard-room. Two soldiers were killed and three wounded. Political prisoners were set free. One of these prisoners was killed by mistake. With the shout, 'Bring out the cannon,' every effort was made to break open the doors of the adjoining arsenal; but before they could procure sledge-hammers, the rioters had to defend themselves. The battalions of the line troops had left their barracks and marched to the main guard-house. There were only four conspirators there guarding the soldiers who had been made prisoners. When the soldiers marched up they retreated, with the exception of Rubener, who, after a most desperate defense, was made prisoner. Then the rifle-company was sent down Main Street towards the Constables' Guard-House. The captain commanding sent a scouting party ahead, consisting of a corporal and five privates; but they were fired upon, dispersed, and the corporal made prisoner. The captain then ordered a bayonet charge of his troops, but the conspirators rushed forward to meet them, gave a regular platoon-fire, which was returned by the rifles, and then they came to a hand-to-hand conflict, and on both sides several were killed and wounded. After an obstinate fight the conspirators fled, the last being Bunsen, who had in vain called upon them to stand firm.

"Rioters were also seen in other parts of the city — several groups in the Fahrgasse and on the bridge over the Main River loading their guns and shouting, 'To arms,' 'Vivat liberty,' 'Vivat the Republic.' These belonged to the lower classes. At the same time from forty to sixty people from Bonames and other villages attacked the custom-house at Preungesheim, near Frankfort, demolished the interior, ran off the custom-house officers, and marched towards Frankfort

to join another troop, which had already reached the gates. But finding the gates closed and receiving some message they retired. This crowd was under the lead of George Neuhoff, Frederick Breidenstein and Frederick Kempff. The number of the killed and wounded cannot be accurately ascertained, since the insurgents were exceedingly active in getting their wounded to a safe place and in removing their dead. It is proved that nine were killed outright, six being soldiers. Twenty-four were seriously wounded, fourteen being soldiers."

In summing up its account of the Frankfort "Attentat," the report states:

"This was the end of the '*émeute.*' That its rapid suppression was a matter of course, cannot be disputed. It was essentially the result of the quick arrival of the troops of the line. But this was owing to the accidental circumstance of the authorities having received a warning shortly before, and to the fact that the troops had been held ready in their barracks. A delay might have enabled the insurgents to hold out a few hours; there is no doubt that, as always in large cities, numbers of the lower classes would have joined them. They would have possessed themselves of the cannon, and, what was also intended as a most effective means of revolution, of a large sum of money. They could then have maintained themselves until, the signal having thus been given and a tempting example set, those regions which had been prepared for the revolutionizing complot, and in which the outbreak at Frankfort was expected with great anxiety, could also rise, — particularly the two Hesses, Rhenish Bavaria, Wuertemberg and Baden. In that case the opposing forces would at first have been split up, though it cannot be doubted that the insurrection would have been soon overwhelmed. It was also certain that by then murder, fire, and rapine, the terrible consequences of all revolutions, would have had sufficient time to lay waste prosperous regions of Germany."

Of course, the version of these last lines is to be credited to those views which the reactionary authors of it would naturally entertain, or pretend to entertain, of any revolution, however justified it might have been, and however moderate and generous the actors might have shown themselves.

KOSERITZ AND THE WUERTEMBERG RISING

The rising of the military in Wuertemberg failed, Koseritz not having been able to get ready on the third of April. Originally, the day was fixed for the sixth; but the time set had been forestalled on account of the imminent danger of betrayal with further delay. The report says, however, that by a special messenger Lieutenant Koseritz at half past nine in the evening of the third of April, received the following note: "Dear Koseritz — Keep your word — strike at all hazards."

The news of the ill success of the Frankfort Attentat having reached Koseritz on the fifth, just as he was addressing some of the insurrectionary non-commissioned officers and had announced to them that the rising would take place within a very short time, he made, it appears, a clean breast of it, and his confessions must have been very minute. Some sixty officers and non-commissioned officers were arrested, tried by court-martial and barbarously punished. Koseritz and one sergeant were condemned to death, but just as the guns of a file of soldiers were levelled at them on the place of execution, the King of Wuertemberg pardoned them, and they were allowed to leave the country.

This very strange proceeding on the part of the King gave rise to several rumors. One was that Koseritz was a natural son of the King; another, that it appeared from his confession that in a certain contingency the King was to have been made the constitutional Emperor of Germany. That this idea prevailed to some extent, I know to have been true. William of Wuertemberg was generally considered the most liberal of all the German princes. It is quite a remarkable fact, that even in 1849, when the King of Prussia had refused the emperorship and when the people rose in Saxony, Rhenish Bavaria and other places to defend the constitution framed by the Frankfort Parliament, the same King William was generally designated as the one who should be placed at the head of the Empire.

Koseritz, I never knew. He came to the United States, flourished for a while in some of the eastern cities, became captain of a volunteer company, which enlisted in the Florida War in 1836, and was there either killed or died of a fever.

FURTHER RAMIFICATIONS OF THE PLOT

There is another part of the official report to which I may briefly refer, relative to certain ramifications of the Frankfort Attentat. The revolution was to embrace, according to the report, the adjoining country. In Rohrschach and Rheineck were twenty Polish officers waiting to revolutionize Baden and Wuertemberg. Eight days after the Attentat four hundred Poles left the depots at Besançon, Dijon, and Salines for Switzerland, intending to cross over into Baden. At the same time, several armed bands from Posen and Galicia, under the command of Colonel Zaliwsky invaded Poland. This insurrection was suppressed, but not without the shedding of blood. The news of the Frankfort Attentat was known at Genoa, the report asserts, "on the fourth of April," clearly showing there also a connection. The same month a conspiracy was discovered in the Kingdom of Sardinia, of republican tendency. Many of its members were army officers in Genoa, Turin, Chambéry and Allessandria. "Whatever may be the view," says the report, "concerning the final results of these attempts, so much is certain, that a contemporaneous rising in Germany, Poland, France and Upper Italy would have been of a most serious character."

PRO DOMO SUA

I have now done with the third of April in general. I do not wish to go into an elaborate explanation of my conduct during this crisis. In some respects I know I was not without blame. I had a right to dispose of myself; but I ought to have shown more regard to those who, from their constant love and affection for me and the sacrifices they had made on my account, had the right to look for a return of their devotion by

every means in my power to insure their happiness and peace of mind. Of course I thought of all that; and it may be imagined that I had moments of severe struggle with myself before taking the final step. It afterwards appeared to me that for the last few days before the eventful hour, I had been in a dream. Thoughts and feelings, as they ran through my mind and heart, cannot be clothed in words. My judgment upon this phase of my life is nearly the same as that which Doctor Minnigerode passed upon a similar one in his own life.

Minnigerode was the son of the president of the highest court of Hesse-Darmstadt. In 1832 he was a student of law at Giessen. He was not at Frankfort on the third of April. He was, however, a member of the Burschenschaft, and was particularly active in distributing liberal documents called "revolutionary" by the government, both before and after the third of April. He was arrested and under trial for nearly a year, then dismissed, but later again arrested and closely confined for about two years, when, on account of his health, he was permitted to be removed to his home and placed under the surveillance of the police. By the efforts of his distinguished family he was finally allowed to exile himself, — a perfect wreck in body and also in mind. In the United States he soon, however, recovered his health. In a few years he was elected professor of classical literature in William and Mary College in Virginia. He became a member of the Episcopal Church, studied theology, and was soon appointed minister and afterward rector of the Episcopal Church at Richmond. He was an eminently religious and highly moral man, and a most eloquent preacher. In a correspondence with me in 1880, he expressed himself concerning his action in 1832 in this wise:

"I do not blame the government for preventing the upsetting of the existing institutions. Yet I and my associates, according to our insight, had desired nothing but what was good and noble. We felt ourselves to be heroes and were ready to attest our convictions by our blood. I cannot condemn such self-sacrifice in youth, but only revere it."

On the second of April, 1848, there appeared in the "Frankfort Journal" the following article:

"At the time when the unity of Germany was denounced as the dream of exalted enthusiasts and even as a criminal attempt of ruthless malefactors, sixty noble German youths undertook to raise the banner of German unity and to bury the disgrace of the Fatherland for a short hour. On the third of April, 1833, these heroes fought at Frankfort the uneven combat in which they boldly risked their present and their future, their lives, their families and their positions, for the then desperate cause of their country. Some died on the spot; others died a slower death in the cells of prisons. Some few received a late pardon by amnesty.

"To-day the unity of Germany is victorious in the hearts of the people and even in the cabinets of the ruling powers. But Germany has not yet paid back its sacred debt, not yet rendered its tribute of gratitude to those who have made its banner glorious by the shedding of their blood. Even now the old judgment is formally in force against that heroic band, and the saviours in the time of need of German honor are looked upon merely as hardened criminals, instead of being the objects of our sympathy and our reverence.

"Since that bloody third of April of 1833, is come the third of April of tomorrow, which finds Germany free and united. We have had days of joy and jubilee; let us devote this third of April to the memory of the heroes who have shed their blood for the now victorious cause of our Fatherland, who, brave unto death, devoted themselves to certain destruction for our three dear colors. The third of April shall be devoted to the memory of the sixty Germans who have made this day immortal by their deeds."

This article is to be considered as having been written under the great excitement then prevailing all over Germany in consequence of the March Revolution and of the prospect of a United Germany under the Parliament which was shortly to meet. To the sober-minded it will appear bombastic, for the hope for unity turned out to be a dream even then. The Parliament, however, and also the several States, pronounced a general amnesty to all political offenders. The third of April was celebrated in Frankfort and many other places.

THE OUTCOME AND THE FLIGHT

My appearance at home, excited and wounded, struck my family with dismay. While I was briefly stating what had happened, my mother bandaged my arm to stop the bleeding. Pauline was quite overcome. Not knowing the outcome, I tried to quiet them. If we succeeded, nothing bad could happen to me; if we failed outright, I might have to fear the consequences; but I expected that the greater part of Germany would rise, and that then all would be set right again. While I held out these hopes, the bugles were sounding and the drums beating in the barracks, which were only a few blocks from our house at the end of the Buchstrasse near the St. Leonhard Church. About half an hour after my arrival Charles also came in under great excitement. He had been with friends at the Hôtel de Paris, situated at the end of the parade-ground. Everybody had rushed out when the firing was heard, and Charles was on the ground shortly after we had taken the main guard-house. He followed, down the Zeil, the detachment of our friends who went to the Constables' Guard-House; but having a presentiment that I was possibly mixed up in the undertaking, he turned back to our house to find out where I was. In so doing, he saw the troops retake the main guard-house. He at once took in the situation. "You must not stay here," he said, "I will take you to one of my friends who is not suspected." Mother and sister at once urged me to do this. Giving them as much hope as possible that I would soon see them again, I tore myself away and went with Charles. Only the idea that I had done what I could not have left undone, given the whole course of my former life, and also the faint hope that our parting was not forever, supported me at this most serious crisis of my life.

Charles took me to an intimate friend of his, Mr. R., a bookkeeper of a large banking-house, residing in a large square called the Horse Market (Rossmarkt). Doctor Mappes, an eminent physician and a pronounced Liberal, who resided in the same or an adjoining house, was called in to dress my

wound, which was painful but not dangerous. I had lost considerable blood, and had a fever. He prescribed a soothing powder, and I quickly fell asleep. I was soon waked up, however. My family had agreed upon a plan for my escape, which was necessary, as the movement had entirely failed and the police had already made many arrests. I was to be dressed in women's clothes. Sister Augusta would be around in a carriage about eight o'clock to take me to Darmstadt on the way to Strassburg. I did not like the arrangement and protested; but as mother and sisters asked me for their sakes to consent, I could not refuse. I left my coat, but retained all the rest of my dress. My trousers were tucked up and tied above the knee. Mrs. R. was a very handsome lady, tall and stout in proportion. With some trouble I got into her stockings, shoes and gloves. A dark green silk dress was put upon me, a shawl and a very fashionable hat with a veil. It was the fashion at the time for ladies to wear false curls of silk, which were tied around the head on each side of the face. Mrs. R. had dark hair, and when I had been fixed up in this fashion and looked for curiosity's sake into the glass, I did not know myself.

The carriage came round. Augusta was perfectly cool and showed great firmness of mind. Over the bridge we passed to the suburb of Sachsenhausen, where we had to stop at the gate to pay the highroad toll. Looking through the carriage-window I saw a large detachment of the National Guards on duty watching the gate. They belonged to the very battalion ("White Plume," as it was nicknamed) that I was a member of, but not to the same company. Still I was acquainted with some of them, and one in particular (Melber) I knew very well. As the carriage stopped a policeman opened the door and asked us where we were going. Augusta very unconcernedly replied that we were going to visit some friends in Darmstadt and would be back in the evening. The policeman still holding the carriage door, called out to some superior officers who stood on the veranda of the guard-house:

"Two ladies." "Let them pass" (koenen passieren), was the reply, and so we got out of the old free city, as it was styled, by courtesy.

Augusta now told me about Theodore Engelmann. He had come to our house not long after I had left, when Charles had come back from Mr. R.'s house, and the plan of escape was then agreed upon. Theodore was to leave some time before the carriage left to be taken up on the road. Charles gave him a high silk hat instead of the one he wore, and also an umbrella. Theodore wore glasses anyway. He was to wait until the time when the country people entered town and the people of the suburbs, who are mostly gardeners and workers in the field, left the city, and was to mingle with them and quietly pass out. Charles also furnished him with a sum of money. Augusta and myself had driven about three miles on the road towards Darmstadt when we beheld Theodore sitting on the wayside waiting for us. How glad we were to meet him. He did indeed look very harmless with his big spectacles, and stiff high hat, and umbrella under his arm. When he had reached the gate, he found it closed; but on each side of the colossal main gate there were two small gates for foot passengers. As was expected, the people passed through these small gates without molestation, and so did he. It was really a marvelous escape. He got into our carriage. It must have made our driver quite doubtful about the respectability of his lady passengers when he was told to stop and take in this wayside passenger.

Before we reached Darmstadt we considered how we could avoid the arrest of Theodore if the news of the events of last evening should have got there before we did. True, there was no telegraph then in existence, except in France, where clumsy signals were given by wooden planks from one high elevation to another, on a windmill-like structure. That sort of telegraph did not work at night, nor in the daytime, if the weather was not very clear. But still a courier could have been sent to Darmstadt early in the morning. Fortunately I had been

so often in Darmstadt (eighteen miles from Frankfort) that I knew the ground very well. The grand ducal château stands at the north side of the town separated from the streets by a huge iron railing; but the entrance gates were open all day long. A large park immediately adjoins the château and in daytime is open to the public through the gates leading into the yard in which the château stands. The park extends almost half a mile northward and runs parallel with the Frankfort road. It is surrounded by a high stone wall. The northern end of the park is used as a flower and vegetable garden. When we came near this park and garden, I discovered a large wooden door to it standing open, out of which a wagon had just been driven loaded with rubbish. I told Theodore to get out, enter the door, and go through the park to the château where he would have no trouble entering the city. He was to go to the principal hotel, "Die Traube," and we would call for him in the carriage for Heidelberg. He did so and got safely through.

We were not molested at the gates after the carriage was inspected. We drove at once to a family with whom we were on very intimate terms. The head of it was Mr. Becker, a member of the highest court in Darmstadt (Hofgerichtsrath); his son, some years older than I, was a practicing lawyer. Two daughters were great friends of my sisters, though younger. I had often spent pleasant days at Mr. Becker's house, and the girls had visited us very often at Frankfort. When we rang the bell and my sister had given her name to the servant, we were shown upstairs, where we found the old gentlemen and his wife and daughters. When we entered the room, the girls, supposing that we were Pauline and Augusta, ran towards us to embrace and kiss us, when I drew my veil aside and, seeing a strange lady, they drew back somewhat surprised. I at once explained the situation, merely stating that being suspected of being engaged in a political plot I had preferred to leave Frankfort in disguise. They were very lively girls,

and could not help laughing at my disguise, paying me very high compliments on my ladylike appearance.

The son soon came in and to him I communicated a little more of the affair. I retired and threw off my feminine apparel. My boots we had brought along in the seat of the carriage. Young Mr. Becker gave me a fine black dress coat and a high hat. He also ordered a carriage. It was about dinner time, and we stayed for dinner. The old gentleman was somewhat embarrassed. He held a high official position, but then I had thrown myself upon his hospitality, and he would have been the last man to betray me.

I then parted from dear Augusta. She had behaved with the greatest fortitude. I learned afterwards from letters that she was examined several times by the criminal court, but that she could not be made to say anything either about my stay in Frankfort at Mr. R.'s or at Mr. Becker's in Darmstadt. Nor did the court ever discover that Theodore had been at our house. From Charles, the court likewise got no information, except of my having come to the house and having left it; he did not know whither I had gone. As I was out of danger, they of course told all they could about me, without compromising others.

We went for Theodore to the hotel with the carriage. I promised the driver a dollar if he would hurry on, as we wanted to be at Heidelberg early in the evening. He did his best, watered his horses but twice, and drank but two schoppens of wine. He made the thirty-five miles in about five hours. At the bridge over the Neckar we got out and walked, talking loud and singing as students might, after telling the driver where to stop. Thus we passed the gate on the Heidelberg side without any trouble, and went to the house of Mrs. Ottendorf, an intimate friend of the Engelmann family. I sent Mr. Becker's coat and hat back by the carriage. Jonathan Winter, a friend and former fellow-student of ours, was sent for. He furnished me at once with a very comfortable double-breasted coat, and a citizen's cap, ordered the best team

from the livery stable we used to patronize; and in less than an hour we were on our way to Carlsruhe, about fifty miles from Heidelberg. We arrived there early in the morning, at once took another carriage, and about six o'clock in the morning we reached the banks of the Rhine opposite Lauterburg in lower Alsace. We had to wait about an hour for the ferry-boat from the other side of the river to take us over to France, where we considered ourselves safe.

Often in history and romance I had read of flights and narrow escapes, and always I had felt a deep interest in such narrations. If I sympathized with the fugitive, I followed the different incidents of his flight, putting myself in his place and becoming very nervous about the result: I might almost say I trembled for him. But I can truthfully say, that when I myself was in the same predicament as these heroes of romance, I felt perfectly cool and almost indifferent. Very likely this was the consequence of a reaction to my high tension of mind during the two or three days previous. I think it really worth while to mention this curious phenomenon.

REFUGE IN FRANCE

But even in France we had to be distrustful. Lauterburg, formerly a fortress, is still a walled town. It is about half a mile from the river on the heights bordering the Rhine. Theodore had no passport at all; Charles had got me an old passport to Metz, which, however, had been *viséed* to Metz and back again to Frankfort, and had expired by nearly a week. About half way to the town we noticed a narrow but well beaten road to our right, which seemed to lead through the old fortifications to the city. It was, however, a prohibited way, there being a notice on a post with the words "Chemin defendu." Still, we thought it safest to take it, and came by a roundabout way to a large stone building, the doors of which stood wide open. We found it to be the barracks of a hussar regiment, some squadrons of which were just riding out for exercise or drill, with a big crowd, composed mostly of boys,

following them. We walked directly into the yard, and out again at the opposite side right into the town. In this way we avoided being stopped at the fortress town-gate, where our passports certainly would have been demanded, and where, having none worth anything, we might have been arrested.

After resting a while at the tavern, the landlord of which was a good Republican and gave us the address of another Republican landlord at Weissenburg, we left Lauterburg on foot, and walked out of the gate with the many people who were going into the country, it being a holiday, Good Friday. At the next village we hired a conveyance which brought us to Weissenburg, also formerly a fortress and still a walled town. We left our little wagon before reaching the town and walked in unmolested, as here also there were a great many people promenading and passing in and out through the gates.

What happened to us at Weissenburg is fully described in the oft-mentioned manuscript with some essential omissions. I will translate the passage. The landlord to whom we addressed ourselves advised us to get passports to Strassburg from the commissary of police, who he said was pretty liberal. We did so and presented him our papers, telling him that we were political refugees from Frankfort. He appeared quite friendly, and told us to call again next morning. In the evening we found in the hotel a number of Liberals, who told us that we had been ill-advised to call upon the commissary, but that our personal safety would be taken care of by the townspeople, who were largely Republicans. The commissary informed us next morning that he had sent our papers to the mayor. Calling at the mayor's office, the latter said that the commissary had *viséed* our papers (my old Metz passport) on condition of leaving France immediately (vu pour sortir de suite hors de frontiers de France). The commissary had told the mayor that he was obliged to do this by telegraphic instructions from the Minister of the Interior at Paris.

But the mayor said to us that he was not minded to dishonor the French people. The ministerial order was contrary

to the laws concerning political refugees. He had compelled the commissary to add to the order "unless they will submit themselves to the laws concerning political refugees." And indeed we found the last words inserted in different ink (à moins qu'il veuille se conformer à la loi sur les refugiés). The passport is now before me. There were several other employees of the mayor's office present, and they all assured us that they would have rather suffered removal than have executed an unconstitutional order. "If," said the mayor, "the commissary had ordered you to be brought back to the Bavarian frontier only a mile from here, I should have called out the National Guards to protect you." We most cordially thanked the mayor, and were surprised to find such a true constitutional spirit among the brave Alsatians. The mayor procured us what were called interim passports to Strassburg, upon which was indorsed that we should immediately on our arrival present ourselves at the office of the Prefect of Lower Alsace. Our landlord, who was a captain in the National Guard, also assured us that they would not have allowed to us to be delivered over to the Bavarian authorities, and that the troops of the line, in garrison at Weissenburg, would never have acted against the National Guard in such an emergency.

In Weissenburg, as well as Lauterburg, everybody, even the government employees, spoke German. Indeed, there was no difference at all in language and manners between the Alsatians of that time and the people of Landau or Neustadt.

CHAPTER XI

In France

We left Weissenburg late in the evening by stage, arrived at Strassburg early in the morning, delivered our passports at the gate, and, after having designated the place we were to stop at, received receipts for the same. We went to the hotel recommended to us as kept by a patriot; and although very tired we immediately began to hunt up our many friends who lived here in exile. In the street we met one of them who took us at once to a coffee-house, where we met Mr. Lichtenberger, a counselor-at-law of Strassburg, and who was one of the most prominent leaders of the Republicans, and also a Mr. Venedey, with whom I had become acquainted at Hambach. Venedey had been long known as a Liberal publicist in Germany, had been the editor of the "Watchman on the Rhine," at Mannheim, when that paper was confiscated and he himself arrested, but had, in a very bold manner, escaped from the escort which was taking him to Prussia. Venedey was a native of Cologne, had been a leading member of the Burschenschaft at Heidelberg some years before, and was a strong and clear writer, but by no means an ultra-radical. He was considered by the Strassburg people, and also by the authorities, as the head of the exiled German colony. He was tall, with a high and open forehead, was of a very pale complexion, and had light hair and blue eyes. He looked more like a German professor than a revolutionary agitator. The revolution of 1848 brought him back to Germany. He became a member of the Preliminary Parliament, and on the adjournment of that body was appointed one of the committee of fifty that carried on the government until the meeting of the great

Parliament. He was elected a member of the latter gathering, and acted rather more conservatively than his party expected.

We spent the day with our friends, not being willing to deliver ourselves over at once to the authorities. We wished to stay near the frontier to watch events. Besides, I expected to hear from home and to receive my trunk. Our exiled friends, like exiles generally, had not given up all hopes of a general rising. That evening we were taken to an estaminet, a place where beer can be had and where everybody can smoke. It was a place of rendezvous for exiles of all sorts, and we were introduced there to some Italian refugees. Most of the French we found there were students, and all were the most fiery Republicans. We were treated with great kindness, almost with enthusiasm by the Frenchmen we met; and of course the many Germans whom we had known at home as fellow-students received us with open arms.

But in making our calculations to stay in Strassburg we had reckoned without the French police. Theodore Engelmann, who, feeling very tired, had left our company for our hotel before I did, very soon returned. Near the entrance of the hotel he was met by a waiter who had been on the lookout for us, and who told him we should have to leave, as very soon after we had left two policemen had diligently inquired for us, had gone into the room we occupied, had examined the little bundle belonging to Theodore, and had taken away a dirk knife which Theodore had left on the table. The police had repeated their visit four times. The waiter had been forbidden to mention their appearance; but he nevertheless wished to give us fair warning.

When this disagreeable news was communicated to us, some of the students immediately offered us their hospitality. A very handsome young man, a student of medicine, invited me at once to share his lodgings, which were rather elegant, consisting of a large bedroom and a sitting-room or library. I took the bedroom, and he made himself a bed on the sofa in

the other room. The walls were hung with colored prints of popular statesmen, actresses and ballet-girls. In the bedroom, in one corner, stood a skeleton, covered with a red liberty cap. My friend was a very vivacious fellow and a first-rate talker. He at once informed me that he had "une trés jolie petite femme," and was very much surprised when I told him that in Germany such things would not be tolerated by the authorities or even by the student-societies. Relegation from the university and expulsion under disgrace from the societies would at once follow the keeping of a "petite femme." He thought we were a queer set of people. Here almost every student had his "grisette," of which, of course, I was well aware. I did not get to see the young lady while I stayed with my young friend.

In the morning he gave me a sort of fancy coat to wear and a loud vest; and after I had purchased in a nearby store a French student's cap, I was pretty certain not to be recognized as a German doctor of law. We learned from our German friends that some of the houses of refugees had already been searched for us by the police, as well as some of the coffee-houses and taverns. We were not willing, however, to surrender ourselves unconditionally. The day after our arrival, the second Easter day, which here, as in Germany, was kept as a holiday, we spent very pleasantly with our friends in a village not far from the gates. The gardens of this village were crowded with people from Strassburg and the neighboring towns. The villagers particularly looked far more like Germans than the German villagers at home. They wore the real national colors, which were still in fashion in the valleys of Suabia, but in the German provinces on the right bank of the Rhine had been pretty much discarded. The language of the people was German. At that time, it was only amongst the government employees of the highest class that French was spoken.

We now read in the papers a great many articles concerning the *émeute* of the third of April. They were col-

ored, of course, by the political views of the journals. We could gather from them, however, that there was little use in our staying much longer near the frontier. No popular rising elsewhere had taken place. The second evening after our arrival in Strassburg we passed again in a large assembly of exiles, and we were surprised by the arrival of some Polish officers who had been with us at Frankfort. They were so disguised, however, that we hardly recognized them. They intended to go to Switzerland.

I did not miss the opportunity of seeing the most remarkable places in Strassburg, including the St. Thomas Church, which contains the celebrated monument of the Maréchal de Saxe, by Pigalle, and the Minster, that wonderful masterpiece of Gothic art. On a fine, clear day we ascended the Minster steeple. From the platform, even, one has a most enchanting view; but, like Goethe, whose name is inscribed on the parapet, I went to the highest accessible point. To reach this, one has to go by a narrow outside stairway, and no one in the least inclined to giddiness should risk the ascent. But I was perfectly free from this failing, and, in fact, have been nearly all my life. The people below in the square on which the Minster stands appeared, from this point, not bigger than babies. To describe the view one has from here, of the city and its numerous neighboring villages, of the Vosges to the west, of the Black Forest to the east, of the Swiss mountain ranges to the south, and of the grand Rhine flowing to the north, I will not undertake.

We had hardly come down from this charming spot when Venedey met us and told us that a commissary of police had been to see him, and had most urgently requested him to induce us to present ourselves at the prefecture, adding that a further refusal to subject ourselves to the instructions of our "interim" passports would have very serious consequences for us. Still we could not conclude to place ourselves at the discretion of the prefect, Mr. Chopin d' Arnouville, who was an ill-tempered Louis Philippist of the deepest

dye, and who persuaded Venedey to obtain the police commissioner's word of honor that we should not be sent back to the German frontier. But even the word of honor of the commissary did not appear to be a sure guarantee. We accepted, therefore, with pleasure, the offer of Mr. Hornus, a citizen of Strassburg of high standing, to accompany us to the office of the prefect. Hornus was a Liberal leader, in whose family we had passed some pleasant hours. Arrived at the prefect's, Mr. Hornus told him, according to a previous understanding, that neither of us could speak or write French, which he thought might excuse, to some extent, our non-compliance with the directions in our passports. It was thought advisable to make this statement, in order to avoid an altercation. Mr. Chopin d' Arnouville, a spare, bilious, spiderlike, forbidding-looking man, at once addressed us with bitter reproaches. But Hornus very coolly remarked that the government had lately acted very strangely towards political refugees, and that there was a rumor current in the city that it was intended to give over all recent refugees to their respective governments. This was, he said, a sufficient reason for persons wishing to avoid coming into contact with the authorities. D' Arnouville replied that he would not send us back to Germany; his feelings of humanity would prevent him from sending young men like us to the gallows; he left it undecided whether he had authority to do so or not. But we must, he said, leave France for Switzerland instantly, with what he called "un passport forcé." Mr. Hornus begged him to give Theodore Engelmann a passport for Havre, where he could join his family and leave France instantly for America; but the prefect would not listen to this, nor to our request to stay a day or two longer in Strassburg, where we expected to receive our trunks from Frankfort. We were at once taken into another room, measured, and provided with passports for Zuerich. They were made "bon pour aller a l' étranger, avec défense expresse de rentrer en France." But the sergeant of police who was charged to see us out of

the city allowed us to stay until evening. In the meantime, I called at the store of the bookseller to whom Charles had said he would send my trunk, and fortunately it had just arrived.

The same afternoon Ludwig Boerne, from Paris, on a journey to Switzerland, arrived at Strassburg, heard of our being there, and, as he had been a friend of my father, and was still more intimate with my brother, he called at the place where we were stopping. In his posthumous works, Boerne writes of this meeting, in a letter of the 12th of April, 1833: "Those were remarkable events at Frankfort. The conspiracy had been divulged not by malice, but by inconsiderate talk. The conspirators knew that they were betrayed and had to go abroad prematurely. Guerth, Bunsen, Koerner are in France; Koerner is wounded in the arm. I have conversed with him. I have spoken also with a young man from Rhenish Bavaria, Engelmann by name. He was with his parents, brothers and sisters, on his way to North America. At Metz he learned of the Frankfort plan, left his parents secretly, and fought at Frankfort."

Boerne is not quite accurate. Guerth and Bunsen, the latter of whom had been wounded, were not in France then, but still in Frankfort. Engelmann did not leave his family secretly.

I had seen Boerne before at Hambach; he was really very much affected. He showed great emotion. We spoke of Engelmann's intention to go to America, and I myself intimated that if there was no near prospect of a change in Germany I should prefer to seek a home there instead of leading an idle exile's life in Switzerland. Boerne very warmly protested against our leaving Europe. He thought we might be needed at some time. I remarked that there were thousands left in Germany who would do the same that we had done, and more too; but he replied that while this might be very true, yet these had not yet had opportunity to show their devotion and were therefore without influence, while our names were now known and the people would have confidence in

our lead. He said much more to the same effect and with much warmth.

Our financial affairs now claimed our attention. Of the money we had taken with us from Frankfort we had enough left to carry us to any point in Switzerland, where Charles had promised to send me money the moment he knew where I was. But I was anxious for Theodore to go to Havre; and as this journey would involve an expense of some hundred francs, more money was needed. I told this to Boerne and he at once offered to give us what was wanted, two hundred francs, for which I gave him a draft on Charles, which was very satisfactory to him, though I believe he did not at the time think of claiming repayment. And I must add that when I parted from my student host he and his fellow-students offered us some hundred francs as a contribution to our traveling expenses. I really do not recollect whether we took the money or not. I believe we did not; but, be that as it may, it was a noble thing in those young men, heretofore perfect strangers to us, not only to entertain us while with them, but voluntarily to provide for our future comfort. No wonder that I did not dislike the French. Mostly all of the students at Strassburg were Republicans. They had, as I learned, no secret student societies, but nearly all of them belonged to the great secret society "Les amis du peuple," or to that known as "Le droit de l' homme." They did not, like the German students, live exclusively amongst themselves, but resorted, in the evening, to the public cafés and billiard halls, mixing with people of all professions and occupations.

Another citizen of Strassburg offered to take us in his horse and buggy to Colmar, about half way to Basle. About five in the evening the sergeant of the police made his appearance, and in company with a dozen or more of our German and French friends, we were taken to the gate, and, producing our passports, we were left to proceed on our way. We and our friends went to a tavern about a mile from the outer gate, and passed a very pleasant time until the buggy arrived. Be-

fore leaving Strassburg, however, I had my wound attended to. For want of care, it had become very painful. The surgeon ordered me to have it dressed at every convenient place, else it might give me much trouble. I did so afterwards at Colmar and at Muehlhausen, whereupon it healed very rapidly.

The gentleman who had undertaken to act as our driver was a very interesting person. His name was Anstett. He had been an officer in the French army under the old Napoleon, was more than fifty years of age, had seen much of the world, and better days, but was still full of fun and anecdote, fond of good wine, and replete with amusement and instruction. He knew most everything that was going on and almost everybody of distinction. He was a brother of the well-known Russian diplomatist, Baron Anstett, who, also a native of Strassburg, had been in the Russian diplomatic service as early as 1801, was one of the Russian plenipotentiaries at the Vienna Congress, and Ambassador of Russia at the German Diet at Frankfort for nearly twenty years. At this time he was still in that position, but died a year or two afterwards at Frankfort. I had seen him often in Frankfort, and at one time had occasion to call upon him for one of my friends. Our man Anstett, though perhaps ten years younger, resembled him. He did not speak respectfully of his diplomatic brother, who had been doing his best against Napoleon while he had been fighting for him. Our friend was not a Republican but an out-and-out Bonapartist. At that time, however, Republicans and Bonapartists worked together against the July Kingdom, and I heard in Strassburg, as well as in Muehlhausen, at our evening meetings with Republicans, both the "Marseillaise" and the Napoleonic chanson, "La redingote grise," and "Adieu Rose, adieu Pierre, et le sac sur le dos, il quitte sa chaumière, et se croit un héros."

We drove that evening and part of the night only twelve miles, the Republican horse furnished by our Strassburg friend being rather a conservative traveller. Early in the

morning we passed the once free imperial German city of Schlettstadt, which now makes a rather poor showing. Through a most charming country, the beautiful Vosges Mountains to our right, the Black Forest on the other side of the Rhine to our left, we reached, about noon, Colmar, the seat of government for the department of the Upper Rhine (Haut-Rhin). We called upon the gentlemen whose addresses we had gotten at Strassburg. One was the judge of the highest court there; but he, as well as the other gentlemen, mostly lawyers, were all stout Republicans. They showed us every kindness and attention. They advised us to address ourselves to the prefect, who, they said, was a very honest and open-hearted man, and might be induced to give Mr. Engelmann a passport to Havre. We went the next day to the prefect, a rather young, handsome and noble-looking man, who, with much regret that he could not comply with our wishes, said he had no power to change the disposition which his colleague in Strassburg had made concerning us. If we had come into his department in the first place, he would perhaps, considering the peculiar circumstances of the case, have issued a passport for Havre. But, he added, "You need be in no hurry, and I will not trouble you if you stay here for some time."

Colmar is a beautiful place. In the evening we went to the theatre and saw an excellent comic actor from Paris in a very amusing comedy.

The seats in the stage to Muehlhausen were all taken, and I could only send my trunk along. So we concluded to foot it to that place. The hitherto fine weather had now changed; it rained frequently, and on account of a very heavy shower we had to pass the night in a solitary roadside inn. But fortunately in the stage which passed by in the morning we found empty places, and we got to Muehlhausen before noon. With great cordiality we were received by M. Fay, an employee of the stage-office, who at once introduced us to a number of his friends and to the leader of the Republicans, Counselor-at-law Schwarz. These immediately promised to

procure a passport for Theodore, and also one for me if I should choose to accompany him. My passport was originally given to a M. Huetschler, commis chez Dolfus, Mieg & Cie. Its personal description and age suited me pretty well, but the last *visèe* was for Dijon, and not for Paris or Havre. But our friends said it had about a dozen *visées* and stamps on it, and that *gens d' armes*, as a rule, were bad readers; and that further, when they saw seals and stamps, they were easily satisfied, particularly if the travelers were in the royal stages. Theodore received the passport of a young attorney.

The next day our Republican friends had arranged a banquet in our honor, and while we were at dinner, Rauschenplatt, who had commanded the attack on the main guard-house in Frankfort, made his appearance. With him came Professor Knoebel, from Rhenish Bavaria, against whom a warrant of arrest had been issued for his activity in the Liberal cause. He was the son of old Mr. Knoebel, who, with his whole family, was also on his way to Havre, where he met the Engelmann family and crossed the ocean with them. He settled in Belleville. So did his sons Jacob and Charles. One of his daughters married Mr. Merck; the other, Mr. George Neuhoff. Their descendants all live near or in Belleville. Rauschenplatt and Knoebel were on their way to Liestal in Switzerland, the frontier of which is only a few miles from Muehlhausen, and were to leave in an hour. I could not find better company. Rauschenplatt had passed some years in Switzerland, and knew a great many persons there, and could give me a good introduction. I resolved to go with them. I at once went to our hotel to gather my things and to arrange to send my trunk to Zuerich by the baggage-stage. But it was not to be.

When Theodore saw that I was to depart in earnest, he firmly declared that he would go along, and that his family must leave without him. This I was bound to prevent, whatever might be the cost. I told Rauschenplatt that I had changed my mind, put the passport in my pocket, and my fate

was decided forever. For a better understanding, I may here remark, that ever since we left Strassburg, Theodore and I had repeatedly discussed the subject of our near future. Of course, if he did not go to Havre, his family would have to leave without him, and Switzerland was the only place to go to. But if there was a chance of joining them, he was bound to attempt it. We had learned enough to know that his staying in Switzerland with a view to a political change in Germany would be without object. He was, however, very anxious that I should go with him to America. But my case was very different. The thought of going so far away from my family, whom I loved so much, without almost any hope of ever seeing them again, weighed heavily on my mind. Besides, while I respected the American people, and admired their institutions, I was convinced that the social life there was not to be compared with that in Europe; that while they had superior political insight and wisdom, there was there a lack of taste and culture which would make the country individually very distasteful to me. The idea of living amongst men to whom I could not speak in my native language, who could not understand, or if they did, could not appreciate what I wanted to say, who had lived in an entirely different sphere of thought, was anything but pleasant to me. While I had self-confidence enough to think that I could make my way in Switzerland by pursuing my profession, I doubted exceedingly that I could do so in the United States, and to change my occupation was a hazardous undertaking. The primeval forest had no attraction for me. Mountains and lakes and woods and brooks, I admired as much as anyone, but it was men that it was my delight to mingle with and to study.

In my detailed narrative of this period, where I stated fully my reasons against immigration, the following lines are found: "For America spoke my personal safety (for many of our friends in Strassburg had expressed fears that the German Bund, that is to say, Austria and Prussia, would

force the Swiss authorities, if not to deliver up the Frankfort refugees, at least to drive them out of Switzerland, and then there would have been no place for us to go); and there spoke further my disgust with the whole political situation in Europe, — and my love."

In resolving to go with Theodore I told him that under all circumstances I considered it to be my duty to bring him to his family, as I had been, though involuntarily, the cause of his separation. As for going to America, I could not now definitely make up my mind, since I would be somewhat influenced by letters from home, which would reach me in Havre. I had written to my family through friends from Strassburg. From Belfort, after determining to accompany Theodore to Havre, I had written to Charles again, directing him to send letters for me through the house of Langer and Wanger, with whom, as Theodore told me, his father had been in correspondence, and on whom he would call at Havre to arrange his financial affairs.

After Rauschenplatt and Knoebel had left us on their way to Switzerland, we passed the evening in interesting conversation, with a large company of fiery Republicans, interrupted from time to time by the singing of songs and patriotic toasts.

The next morning, on the 15th of April, we left Muehlhausen in the stage bound for Paris. One of our Muehlhausen friends who went with us as far as Belfort gave us the password of the "Amis du peuple," and introduced us to a fellow-passenger, an artist, quite an interesting young man of the school of St. Simon, the socialist, who indeed was the only passenger with whom we had any conversation during the whole trip. Belfort is hidden in rocks, and the fortifications and the citadel on high cliffs appear to be of the most formidable character. There were no end of passport vexations at that time in France. Wherever we stopped to change horses *gens d' armes* asked for our passports. As ours were none of the best, we of course felt very uneasy at first.

But, as we had been told, it was after all a mere formal matter. To look over twelve passports in a few minutes was not an easy matter, and as ours were covered with a multitude of stamps and *visées*, they seemed to be very satisfactory.

At ten o'clock at night we stopped a short time for supper at Lure in the Côte d' Or, and, as I ran my eyes over a copy of the "Constitutional," I read to my surprise the news of the starting of some five hundred Poles from Besançon and Avignon to Switzerland with the intention of crossing over into Germany. Of course they were too late.

By Vesoul and Langres we reached Chaumont at night and followed the course of the Aube River. On the morning of the 17th we got to Bar-sur-Aube. While the stage waited here for breakfast I went over the field where in 1814 the great battle was fought between the allied powers and Napoleon. The situation of Bar-sur-Aube in a more advanced season of the year must be a beautiful one. In the afternoon we reached the old and interesting city of Troyes on the Seine. It has a magnificent cathedral, but we had only time to view it from the outside. Next morning, the 18th of April, Provins was passed, and the road now became very lively with innumerable wagons, carriages and stages, and travelers on foot. At Charenton, where the Marne and Seine rivers unite, we had a beautiful view of Paris and its charming environs. And in an hour more we reached the barrière. We drove along the west side of the river to the Pont Neuf, where we crossed it, passed the Tuilleries, and landed at last, late in the afternoon, at the bureau of the Messageries Royales in the Rue Nôtre Dame des Victoires. The Hôtel de la Normandie had been recommended to us, but it was full. The porter who carried our baggage in a handcar, brought us to the Hôtel Sully, in the Rue du Mail.

PARIS

We had at once to deposit our passports at the office. Tired by the four days and three nights of uninterrupted

riding, we took a good nap for some hours, but afterwards roamed about, visiting the splendid galleries of Véro Déodet and D'Orleans, the latter in the Palais Royal, in which the thousand "articles de Paris," jewelry, millinery, prints and pictures were tastefully displayed under a brilliant illumination. At midnight the garden of the Palais Royal and the adjoining streets were still crowded with people. Hoping to find some of our exiled friends in the Estaminet Hollandais, which is a place of resort for the Germans, we entered the establishment, but found no one we knew. We then went back to the hotel.

Next morning we hunted up Mr. Savoye, who, since the Hambach meeting, had made Paris his residence, and with whom I had remained in correspondence. He had sacrificed his high and lucrative position at home, and was now living away from his family in a mansard room in the Rue Richelieu engaged in writing for French and German reviews for a living. We learned from him that Theodore's family had passed through Paris on the 16th; that Mr. Engelmann had called to see him, but had not found him at home; and that they intended to leave Havre on the 20th of April. So we had not much time to spare at Paris, though Savoye supposed that the Engelmanns would be delayed longer. Savoye and other friends tried to persuade me to remain in Paris; but though I should have liked to live there better than any other place in the world, I was determined to go to Havre, even if I did not sail for the United States. Indeed, being so near, I could not resist seeing those friends again whom I loved so well.

The first thing we did was to visit the Louvre, Savoye being our cicerone. Unfortunately it was the time of what is called the "Salon;" that is, of the exhibition of the paintings and statuary of the living masters of all schools. But strange to say, Paris had, at that time, no place for this exposition, and the picture-gallery of the Louvre had to be used. All the Louvre treasures were covered up by light temporary wooden walls, on which the new pictures were hung. To be

sure, there were some excellent pictures amongst the fifteen hundred exhibited; but they were after all poor substitutes for the Raphaels, the Titians, the Paul Veroneses, the Reubenses, the Rembrandts, and the other old masters.

The new school appeared to me to be of a rather melodramatic order, too fond of representing the extravagant and the horrible. The rooms of the antique statues were not open every day, and the day we were there was one on which they were closed. The garden of the Tuileries was then visited. and there I met Pulaski, who had been my guest at Heidelberg. He also remonstrated against my going to America. How I regretted that circumstances did not allow me to stay in Paris. At night we went to the grand opera where Auber's "Gustave, or Le Bal Masqué" was presented. The music of this opera is only mediocre. I had heard before as good and better singers, with the exception perhaps of La Blache, who represented Gustave. But as regards scenery, grouping (in the ballet of the masqued ball there were at least three hundred persons on the floor), and costumes, I had never seen anything like it in my life. And yet it was hard to tell whether the audience, the hundreds of ladies in the boxes, all in evening dress covered with diamonds, in this large, splendidly illuminated house, was not even a fairer sight than the scenic wonders on the stage.

Early the next morning we met Savoye again, and some other old friends, exiles too, and made another run through the beautiful city, visiting the morgue, (where we saw three corpses, one a woman taken the day before from the river,) the Hôtel de Ville, Nôtre Dame, which disappointed me some, the Pont d' Arcole, immortalized by Boerne, the Jardin des Plantes, with the cedars from Lebanon, the Pantheon, and the Palace of the Luxemburg and its gardens. We took dinner at a fine restaurant in the Palais Royal, and visited the Bourse for a few minutes only, for the hour for our departure for Havre was near. At six o'clock we took the stage, bidding a cordial adieu to our friends, and after a very long drive

through the city and the suburb of St. Denis, we reached the open country.

Favored by the most delightful weather, we arrived early in the morning, at the old and charmingly situated city of Rouen on the Seine, which is there a mighty river bearing ocean-vessels. We stopped long enough to have a view of one of the finest cathedrals in the world. Leaving the city, the stage had to climb up a very high hill. We got out and walked, and turning our faces back from time to time, we enjoyed a most glorious view. Further on we frequently met with beautiful scenery in the valley of the Seine. We passed through Caudebec, Bolbec, and came soon to a point where the Seine expands so that one can hardly see the opposite bank on which Harfleur is situated. Passing Harfleur we came near the coast, and at six o'clock in the evening of the 21st of April we entered Havre.

Right at the gate stood some friends of the Engelmann family, one of whom was Mr. Henry Abend, who knew Theodore; and with a loud exclamation of "Here they are" (Da sind sie ja), they shook hands with us and took us at once to the house where the Engelmanns lodged. How shall I find words to describe our meeting? Old and young embraced and kissed us, tears of joy running from their eyes. I felt somewhat embarrassed, and, I believe, Sophie was in the same situation. The first hour, we had to recount our adventures, and they seemed to consider our happy escape and our timely arrival at Havre almost as a miracle.

THE HAVRE EMIGRANTS

Havre at that time was the most prominent port of emigration for the south and west of Germany, as well as for Switzerland and Alsace and Lorraine. The French themselves did not emigrate much; but Alsace and Lorraine were old German provinces, and their inhabitants had still the old Teutonic disposition and energy to wander (Wandertrieb). From the north of Germany, emigration at that period was not fre-

quent, and to sail either from Bremen or Hamburg made the voyage much longer and more dangerous, as the North Sea and the narrowest part of the English channel had to be passed.

The place was crowded with emigrants, particularly from Rhenish Bavaria. Several families heretofore acquainted had agreed to take the same vessel. The Engelmann family, together with their friends, whom they had taken along with them from Imsbach, numbered some fifteen persons. The family of Mr. Abend counted some ten persons, and the Knoebel family as many more. Charles Schreiber, an old fellow-student of mine from Jena, to avoid prosecution, had also come to Havre; he at once joined us, as did Mr. Humbert, quite a young man, who had fought at Frankfort and after a hair-breadth escape had found his way to Havre. He was then quite sick from exposure, and on board was taken with typhoid fever. Mr. Engelmann and Mr. Abend had picked out several other respectable families from their neighborhood, amongst others that of Mr. Hoefer, who was an apothecary and had a large chest of medicines with him. Jean, a young Pole, Mr. Engelmann had brought with him from Imsbach; and there was also a cousin of his, Mr. Peter Engelmann, who had, when quite young, gone to the United States, and had been engaged in various pursuits in New Orleans. He had made a return visit to Germany, and had now joined Mr. Engelmann to go back to the United States. Mr. Pingret, the pharmacist, whom I had met in the stage, a few weeks before, on my return from Wuerzburg, was also a fellow-passenger. By my notes I see that there was also a Polish officer on board, but I have no recollection of such a person. With the exception of two old persons from Switzerland, and three or four young Frenchmen, the whole company, who had agreed to take the same ship, was made up, it might be said, of friends and acquaintances. About a hundred, thus, took passage on the Logan (named after a celebrated Indian chief) of Boston, Captain Joshua Atkins.

It was a deck passage. French packet-boats ran between Havre and New York about once every month. They were fine vessels, but the fare was very high, — some five hundred francs per passenger. The great bulk of the emigrants, particularly where the families were large, could not afford such luxury. But as the passenger business was very brisk, many merchant vessels were so fitted out as to make the trip in them quite agreeable for persons used to comfort. American vessels would bring cotton to Havre. There they discharged their freight, and arranged commodious berths on their decks. These wooden ships had no cabins to speak of. A few rooms for the officers, and perhaps one or two for casual passengers, were all the accommodations. The Engelmanns and Abends, having first engaged passage, and having been active in getting a great many other families to take the same vessel, had the pick of the places. They took the berths nearest to the cabin. A space between the cabin and the berths, about eight feet wide, was put at their disposal. Tables and other furniture were placed there, and privacy was obtained by means of curtains which marked off a dressing-room for our ladies and a dining-room. There was also here an opening to the upper deck, large enough to let in light and air when the weather permitted it. The berths were commodious, and were screened by curtains. The vessel was very clean, quite different from the French ones, and, taken altogether, the small number and character of the passengers, and the cleanliness with which everything was kept, made the voyage hardly less comfortable than one in our present steamers in the second cabin.

We might have stayed longer in Paris, for neither the passengers nor the Logan were ready for sailing when we arrived. The passengers had to provide themselves with the needful provisions for the long voyage. And although the better-situated among them had brought along pickles, preserves, dried fruit and other delicacies, their main stock had to be purchased at Havre. According to the regulations, a

certain amount of articles had to be laid in — so much per head, calculating the trip at sixty days, though it was usually made in forty. The regulation provisions were potatoes, rice, ship-biscuits, salt, etc. Those who had brought no bedding had to get it in Havre. But besides provisions most families laid in wine (which at that time was very good and cheap), tea, coffee, chocolate, vinegar, hams, anchovies, herrings, flour, cognac, eggs and many other articles. These purchases required time and great care and prudence; for the Havre people engaged in provisioning emigrant vessels were arrant cheats, and took advantage of all who did not understand French.

At the house of Wanger and Langer, I was received with unexpected cordiality, owing, perhaps, to the fact that one of their chief clerks was an intimate friend of my early youth, Mr. Krauss, who had been with me at the Model School in Frankfort and besides had been a near neighbor of ours. He belonged to one of the richest and most respected families. They offered to act as my agents in forwarding letters to Frankfort and in sending letters and packages from my family to the United States. They gave me a letter of introduction to their correspondent in New York, and for six months before I took up a permanent residence, very promptly attended to my business. A few days after my first call upon them they sent me letters they had received from my mother, Charles, Augusta and Pauline, in answer to letters that I had written from Belfort on my journey to Havre. My family was still in very great anxiety, fearing that we might be arrested in France. These letters were of the most affectionate and loving character; only mother could never suppress what she really felt; though she gave me her blessing, she did not conceal the pain I had given her by blasting her most cherished hopes. She had a right to feel aggrieved, but even her complaints showed how deeply she loved me. I may here say that my great desire to assuage her grief for my actions, and for disapopinting the great expectations she had formed

of my future career at Frankfort, made me struggle more energetically for success in the country I had adopted.

All the letters urged me in the most moving way to leave Europe with the Engelmann family, whom they held in highest regard. They feared that I was not safe anywhere but in the United States, and, though they only alluded to it, I felt that they also feared that if I was near Germany I might engage in another rash attempt at revolution that might turn out even more fatally. Their health, even Pauline's life, would depend upon my resolution. Charles pretty strongly intimated that he himself with many friends would soon follow me, and that, once settled in the United States, he would have the whole family join us. Even mother and sister held out hopes of our meeting in the New World. These letters and many more which I received from the family after my arrival in the United States are very precious to me. I wish I could embody some of them in these reminiscences. Though they would lose by translation, they would show such a high culture of head and heart, such elevated feelings, and such noble and generous sentiments, as to convince any one how much I lost by my separation from my home. Among the very best of them were those from my dear sister Augusta.

It needed only this to put an end to all doubt and hesitation. Even if I had not had a strong motive already to remain with my dear friends, the wishes of my family would have determined my leaving Europe with them. There was something very strained in the situation. While the Engelmanns considered me as the one whom they had to thank for returning to them their son and brother, my family were overflowing with gratitude to Theodore that he was the cause of taking me to Havre. That a little sixteen year old girl had something to do with it, neither party suspected.

Some five or six days after our arrival, word came from the Logan that she was ready to sail. So we all went on board and installed ourselves as comfortably as possible. But a contrary high wind had set in, and we had to remain in the

harbor two days more. I occupied most of my time in writing letters home. I had so much to say, so much to explain. I also wrote to some of my friends in various parts of Germany, and to Mr. Savoye at Paris, enclosing a note to the "National," edited by the celebrated Armand Carrel, and one to the "Tribune," in which I expressed our thanks to all the many French Liberals who had so warmly assisted us during our stay and journey in France, and bidding all our friends a cordial farewell. Augusta wrote me later that this note had been republished in some of the papers in Germany and had given much satisfaction to our friends and a good deal of umbrage to the "Black Coats" at Frankfort, meaning the senators and judges. Our main object in this note was to anger Mr. Chopin d'Arnouville, the Strassburg prefect, and to encourage other exiles to defy the French police.

Visiting one of the "Cabinets de Lecture," my attention was attracted by a piece of news I found in the "Constitutional" which quite interested me. On the night of the 19th or 20th of April, while we were still in Paris, the Hôtel de Normandie, where we had first intended to stop, but were turned away from because the house was full, was raided by the police, who made every guest get up, even the ladies, and show their passports. Two Polish officers were found, who were taken instantly to the Belgian frontier. It is possible that this visit was intended for us. There were plenty of spies in Paris, who were probably informed of our presence, and who supposed that we had stopped at this hotel, kept by a Liberal. And even if this were not so, if our passports had been closely scanned, we might still have been found out and have been carried off to Belgium, or been arrested and punished for violation of the directions of the prefect of Strassburg. It was one of the many happy accidents that helped us in our flight.

At last on the first of May, 1833, the anchors were lifted. It was the King's fête day (St. Philippe). All public buildings and many private houses were flagged, as were the ships

in the harbor. Bells were ringing, guns firing from the forts, troops parading, and bands playing, when we were towed by a steamer out of the port. The steamer left us. The sails were unfurled, and under the shadow of the stars and stripes we struck out into the open sea, Europe fading out of sight for the last time for many of us.

CHAPTER XII

From Havre to St. Louis

"Auf, Matrosen, die Anker gelichtet,
Segel gespannt, den Compass gerichtet!
Heimat, adieu!
Morgen da geht's in die wogende See."

—*W. Gerhard.*

I was one of the first victims of seasickness. John Scheel and myself, an hour or so after we had left the port, went down into the hold to fill a large glass bottle covered with wickerwork, — a demijohn holding a gallon, — with wine, of which we had brought a cask for the daily use of the family. It took us some time before we found the place, and a good while to let off the wine, as the ship had already commenced pitching quite severely. The air in the hold was very bad, and I felt a little unwell when I came up again, yet ate a hearty dinner. But immediately after I hastened on deck and paid my tribute to old Neptune. I stayed on deck until it became dark and a rough wind drove me down into our quarters. Almost everybody had been taken ill. It was a most realistic sight, worthy of the pencil of a Teniers, or the pen of a Zola. The two mates administered relief to the ladies, and so kindly and considerately that they at once became very popular with them. Quite early in the morning I went on deck again, and by noon I was as well as ever and remained so all through the voyage. John Scheel also quickly recovered, and he and I did the cooking for the family the second day we were out. Sophie and Marianna Scheel were soon in very good condition, and they had the principal man-

agement of the household. Theodore Engelmann unfortunately was more or less seasick all the time, and so were several others, both ladies and gentlemen. Amongst my papers is found a pretty detailed description of our voyage on the Logan, as also a narrative of our arrival in New York and our journey from thence to St. Louis, Missouri. This last is contained in several numbers of the "Ausland," a weekly journal then published by Cotta, the celebrated publisher and bookseller in Stuttgart. I use those papers now for reference merely, as their insertion would swell these memoirs to an inordinate size.

A TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE IN 1833

On recovering from my first short illness I looked around. The sum of my observations was that the ocean was vast and our vessel, which in the harbor I had thought of almost gigantic dimensions, small. Passing through the channel we met hundreds of sails, but once in the Atlantic we found ourselves very much alone. What interested me most was seeing our little bark struggling in the immensity of the sea, against the wind and the waves, the quiet, cool and determined action of the sailors climbing up to the highest masts and taking in the sails as they were wildly whipped by the storm, with the tops of the masts almost touching the rising waves. The quick and silent obedience to the words of command given by the captain with the utmost "sang froid" in the midst of a tumultuous storm, astonished me and raised man in my estimation. After all the most interesting phenomenon to man is man.

But in the long run the sea became monotonous. Sunrise and sun-set are far less beautiful than they are on land, viewed from an eminence. On land the sunlight illuminating the mountain tops, leaving the lower regions in the dark, then in succession casting its rays into the valleys, coloring the rocks and forests, rivers and lakes, with a thousand hues, offers an enchanting view to our eyes. In all my voyages I

admired the sea most when it was relieved by the sight of some shore, however distant.

Sophie, while in the harbor, and during the first few days on board of the vessel, when most of the family were helpless, had been so attentive to all who needed assistance, had performed what she considered her duty so kindly, had shown such abnegation of self, that the love I already felt for her became still warmer. A young and generous girl, brought up in a family enthusiastic for liberty, I appeared to her, I believe, as a sort of a hero, or at least as a very interesting young man. A few evening walks on the deck and we had plighted our troth to one another. When we told her parents and the rest of the family of our engagement, they most cordially sanctioned it. Indeed, they had already treated me as a son and brother, and I found it most natural that I should become one in fact.

If I looked upon this voyage, long as it was, with far more pleasure than most of my companions, the reason is not far to be sought. The evenings, so long and dreary to others, were but too short for us. Yet there was no sign of sentimentality in our love. We were very fond of one another, but did not show it in society, and mixed freely with the crowd. Save our own family, and some near friends, I do not think that anybody knew of our engagement. When about fourteen days out a ship was signaled, which evidently sought to communicate with us. She soon came near enough to hail us through the speaking trumpet. It was the Eagle of London, coming from South America. The captain entered a boat and came on board the Logan. He told our captain that he had picked up part of the crew of an English vessel, which had taken fire and was lost with all on board except some twenty persons, who had saved themselves in the long boat and who had been for some ten days almost without water or anything to eat. He, the captain of the Eagle, was now himself short of provisions. Our captain at once supplied him with flour, biscuits and other articles. The wife of the captain of

the burnt vessel was amongst the saved. Our girls at once collected a lot of preserves, chocolate, fruit, etc., and asked the captain of the Eagle to give them to the poor widow. The English captain was very much moved by the sympathy shown by the captain and the passengers of our vessel, and offered to take letters from us to London to be forwarded to our friends. I embraced the opportunity and wrote a few hasty lines to my mother. They were dated "Atlantic Ocean, Latitude 44, Longitude 24, west of Greenwich." It contained the news of my engagement with Sophie. The letter reached its destination very quickly. It delighted the heart of my mother. She knew now that I would settle down in the New World and not think of new adventures.

Not long after this interesting meeting we had what we landsmen considered quite a storm. The captain called it only a stiff breeze. It made most of us seasick again. It was hard to walk; our meals had to be taken with great trouble; often all the eatables and all the plates were thrown on the floor. The deck openings had to be closed, for the waves swept over the deck and we were left almost in darkness. A calm followed, which was even worse than a moderate storm. The waves were still somewhat rough, and, there being no wind, the ship rolled from side to side like a drunken man. Owing to the danger of icebergs, which came very far south at this season of the year, our captain had taken quite a southerly course, and towards the end of May we found ourselves in the Gulf Stream. We had a thunder-shower almost every evening, the brilliant phosphorescent lightening of the sea at night in the wake of the vessel becoming still more luminous.

"Our life on the ocean wave" was a very pleasant one to most of us. We had one cabin passenger, Doctor Toland of Charleston, South Carolina. He had graduated in America, but had been attending lectures in the hospitals at Paris for a couple of years. As he had picked up some French, he could converse with a good many of our passengers and with

some of our family particularly. Our girls when on deck were always invited by the captain to sit near the cabin. There were camp-stools, and, if the weather was raw, blankets were furnished. Doctor Toland was every inch a gentleman. His medical services were rendered to everybody gratuitously. Our Charlotte was quite charmed with him. I made it a point to speak to him as often as possible, in order to brush up my English.

The best of order was kept by the passengers themselves after the first tumultous days, when the mates exercised what police functions were necessary. A committee was appointed to make rules and regulations as to the distribution of wood and water, which were furnished by the ship, and as to the turns the different passengers had to take at the kitchens (frame shanties on the upper deck), etc. Disputes were also to be settled by it. This committee held its sessions in the long-boat in the presence of all who had an interest in the proceedings. At one time there arose a difficulty of some importance, which the committee had to settle. The captain had stated that it was one of the ship's rules not to allow the playing of cards for money. To this rule there was a general assent. On one Sunday, however, two of the passengers, I believe Schreiber was one of them, were playing a game of chess. Suddenly the first mate came down, (which he did very often, as he was fond of our company,) and, seeing the game they were playing, kicked the board from the box on which it was placed by the players, telling them very excitedly that no one should break the Sabbath on his ship. There was a row at once, and there would have been a fight if some of the older gentlemen had not interfered. The committee, however, was charged to complain of his rudeness and to demand satisfaction. A note was sent to the captain, stating the facts and asking that Follansbee, which was the name of the first mate, should be reprimanded. The captain after a considerable time made answer that he regretted very much the occurrence, and was sorry that Follansbee had suffered

himself to be carried away by the strict religious views he had in regard to the holiness of the Sabbath. There was nothing in this, however, of a reprimand. But the matter was not carried any farther, principally because Follansbee was otherwise a very excellent man and very popular with the passengers.

We had much singing, even some dancing, when the weather was fair. The singing took place also in the long-boat, and at one time a very ludicrous scene happened. Old Mr. Knoebel, who had been a school-teacher and an organist, acted as a sort of musical director. One afternoon the full chorus had just commenced a song when one of the mates ran out of the cabin gesticulating, and, coming near the singers, exclaimed, "lower, lower." Mr. Knoebel, not knowing what the matter was, stopped the singing, when one of the passengers, translating what the mate had said, told Knoebel that they should sing lower (tiefer). Mr. Knoebel seemed surprised, but told the chorus to go on, but to take a lower key, and he intoned the first words accordingly. "Shut up," the mate cried, "shut up, if you cannot sing lower" (meaning less loud). "The captain has been up all night, and is just taking a nap." I can yet see Mr. Knoebel standing before me, puzzled, but at once yielding to the musical dictation of the mate, and with a loud voice beginning again the first notes in a deeper key; and I almost hear the laughter of the crowd after the explanation.

Mr. Frederick Hilgard had charged us with a small box of books for his son Theodore, who had left for the United States in 1832, which box we had with our hand-baggage. It contained, amongst other very readable books, all the dramas of Shakespeare, translated by Schlegel and Tieck. I made much use of these books, and I read Shakespeare with the greatest pleasure again. Very few people, even if well, can read on ship-board.

All at once we were informed that a little girl had seen the light of day on board the Logan. It was to be baptized,

and the captain was to stand as godfather in the name of the ship. The captain took the matter quite seriously. He himself, mates and sailors dressed themselves up. Michael Ruppelius, a young minister of the Engelmann party, betrothed to Friedericka, a sweet and beautiful girl, who had been raised by Mr. and Mrs. Engelmann, performed the ceremony according to the Lutheran ritual. A large circle was formed around the minister and the candidate for baptism. The captain solemnly stood as godfather to little Logana. The name of the family to which she belonged I have forgotten.

But in spite of the pleasant company and of many interesting incidents, we all became more or less weary. It is an old saying that night is no man's friend. And so with the sea. The ancient Greeks, though from their geographical position one should think they would love the ocean, were by no means fond of it. Old Homer in speaking of the sea frequently calls it the "dread desert," "the dark irresistible deep," "the wild and refractory sea," "the terrible waste," "the dark and rolling water." One of the Hebrew prophets says: "There is sorrow on the sea."

Our delicacies were running short; we were put on half rations of wine; the brandy for grog and punch gave out. In a word, after nearly six weeks' sailing we all longed for land. At last it was sighted; but the wind was not favorable. We tacked about until the evening of the seventeenth of June. We had been out forty-nine days when we sailed into the bay of New York. Innumerable fishing boats and other coasting vessels were shooting around us, and at last a very swift little sailing craft made fast to the Logan, and a very genteel-looking young gentleman got on board, inquiring for news. We did not have much to tell him, as we had been anticipated by some fast sailing vessels. Shortly afterwards the pilot came on board. Our captain abdicated and put him in complete command. He looked to us like a deposed king. The lead was thrown out constantly, the men singing the fathoms in a kind of melancholy tone. We passed late in the evening

between Long Island and Staten Island. The aromatic smell that came from well-timbered Staten Island was a real enjoyment. How delightful it was to have at last a quiet rest. Early in the morning all were on deck in the best of spirits; all suffering was forgotten. Staten Island in all its splendor was before us. It was then covered with splendid forests, from which, however, shone out in small openings very handsome villas. Long Island opposite was also well-timbered, and here and there appeared clusters of houses. It was a charming sight. At a distance we could already see the forests of masts lying before the city and some of the higher church steeples of New York. Behind us we saw the Narrows, which we had passed in the dark, and particularly the two newly erected forts, Lafayette and Washington. At the quarantine Mr. Humbert, who had not quite recovered from the typhoid fever, and one sailor, who was sick when we left Havre, were retained. All of us could have gone on the steam ferry-boat to New York, but most of us stayed on the ship a day or two longer, not being willing to separate ourselves from our baggage, and the ship not being allowed to enter New York before it was thoroughly cleaned.

NEW YORK IN 1833

After visiting Staten Island, where on the heights we found pleasure-gardens, with wonderful prospects, we took a little schooner, put all our luggage into it, went to the custom-house, where there was a very slight examination, and arrived in New York too late in the night to obtain a fair view of the great city from the sea; we had to console ourselves with the idea that we would enjoy that beautiful prospect upon leaving New York for the North River.

It was late when, on the recommendation of our captain, we entered the Commercial Hotel on Broad Street. It was a very fair house, but managed very differently from the continental hotels. The gentlemen had a reading-room and the ladies a parlor. The dining-room was different from the sup-

per and breakfast-room. If you wanted to drink or smoke, you had to go to a room in one of the wings of the hotel, where you sipped your wine, brandy or lemonade standing. You had to pay for all meals, whether you took them or not. There were a variety of eatables on the table, but, excepting the roasts, everything was poorly cooked. All things were placed on the table at once, and there was no change of plates except for dessert. Very broad knives were used in place of forks and spoons. In the best hotels at that time, forks had only three prongs, while in the common run of hotels and taverns, and in all families in the country, two-prong forks were the rule. It was clear that with such forks nothing could be eaten but meat.

Our bed-rooms were good, and there were also baths in the basement. What astonished us most was the rapidity with which the meals were dispatched. All these things are somewhat changed now, and the usual charge now is that the foreigners use the knife in lieu of the fork. When we left Europe knives could never have been used for forks and spoons, as their blades were quite short and their points sharp and rounded.

Next day I roamed through the city, called upon the Frankfort consul, Mr. Wisman, who was well acquainted with my family, and offered to act as a sort of commissioner for me in receiving letters and packages and in sending them according to directions. I assisted Mr. Engelmann to arrange some exchange and money business. New York contained about two hundred and fifty thousand people at that time, and the principal street, Broadway, was very crowded. But still there was not that vivacious and tumultuous life pulsating through the masses that you see in the large continental cities, and most of all in Paris. Regarding Broadway, I say in my manuscript: "It is a fine wide street and more than a league (three miles) long. In the stores, which occupy the lower stories in almost every house, are goods of comfort and luxury piled up in the largest quantities. In Paris three Broad-

ways could be decorated with that mass of goods and would show to far greater advantage. They do not show any taste here in exposing their goods. When the weather is fine, Broadway for some time in the afternoon is the favorite promenade for the fair sex and the elegant world generally. We saw a great many beautiful ladies. Their slender and graceful figures and small feet excited our admiration. The fashions were partly English and partly French, the English predominating.'' For a more special description of all the important buildings, of the public squares, of the harbor with its innumerable shipping, and of the beautiful steamers and packet-boats, I must refer to my manuscript.

We visited the navy-yard at Brooklyn, and saw there in the docks two frigates nearly completed, the Sabine and the Savannah, of sixty-two guns each. They were giants compared with our bark Logan. We could see everything in these yards without being vexed by permissions or other formalities.

The evenings we passed very pleasantly amongst ourselves. Sometimes we had the company of our captain, Doctor Toland, and the first mate, both of whom had become very much attached to us. Before we left New York we published in the name of all the passengers a note of thanks to the captain and officers for their excellent conduct and management, recommending them to the public favor. On the second day Mr. Abend, his brother Joseph Abend, Mr. Engelmann, Theodore, Louis and I appeared in the Marine Court and made our first applications for becoming citizens of the United States. The proceedings in court were ludicrously informal. A case was being pleaded before the court, but only the judge seemed to pay any attention to it. There was running to and fro through the house. Lawyers were talking amongst themselves; some had their feet on the desks before them. In one corner of the room a clerk took our oaths, reading them aloud to us. We had to kiss the Bible. The whole thing was done in two minutes.

Mr. Fred Wisman had introduced me to some of his friends, and I found also an old schoolmate by the name of Engel, who showed me the greatest attention. On one or two evenings we Frankfort people passed some very agreeable hours together talking of old times over some excellent wine.

UP THE HUDSON

On the twenty-seventh, the families Abend and Engelmann, who from now on traveled all of the way to St. Louis together, went on board one of the fine North River steamers. Both families, long before leaving home, had resolved to settle in Missouri. Godfrey Duden, a highly respected and intellectual gentleman, who some years before had visited the United States and spent some time in Missouri, even buying there a small farm in Montgomery County, not very far from the old town of St. Charles on the Missouri River, where he resided for two summers and one winter, on his return home published a book of considerable size, in which he set forth the advantages of settling in the State of Missouri in a very persuasive manner. It was so well written that it at once attracted the attention of the higher class of the German people who had formed plans of emigration. Mr. Duden, whose high character was well known, could have had no selfish motives in his representations, and his "report," as he had called the book, became the highest kind of authority. Mr. Theo. Hilgard, Sr., at that time judge of the Court of Appeals in Rhenish Bavaria, who had for some years revolved the idea of emigrating to the United States in his mind, had corresponded with Mr. Duden, who resided, I believe, at Duesseldorf, had thoroughly informed himself of his views and had become convinced that Missouri was an "Eldorado" for German emigrants. The best land was to be obtained there at the government price of $1.25 per acre. The climate was almost tropical; cattle could be raised without feeding them even in winter; game was so abundant that there was hardly any use

for other meat. Sickness, if people were prudent, could be easily avoided.

So we started for the far West, and now had an opportunity of seeing New York in all its splendor. Before us the large, well-built city, with its many towering steeples, encircled by innumerable masts, and Castle Garden, a promontory, changed at that time into a popular pleasure-garden. Steamboats were shooting about us in every direction, and hundreds of fishing boats were dancing on the waves; and, turning our eyes from the city, we beheld Long Island and Staten Island with their beautiful forests. Steaming into the North River we had the New Jersey shore and the heights of Hoboken on our left. The Hudson has not the clear transparent color of the Rhine, but for a hundred miles it is a far mightier river than the Rhine, bearing upon its bosom the largest steamers and ocean vessels. Majestic timber lines its banks, from time to time interrupted by openings, on which handsome villas and flourishing towns appear. We had left New York early in the afternoon, but it was quite late in the night when we reached the most romantic scenery on the river at West Point, where the celebrated military academy is. There was some moonlight, however, so that we could form some idea of the enchanting spot, which, in later years, we never could visit or pass without heart-rending pangs. We could not foresee when we went by at this time, dancing on the deck of our steamer to the tunes of a large band, kept for the amusement of the passengers on many of these river steamers, that it was to become the last resting-place of our dear eldest son, Theodore.

In the morning we had a fine view of the Catskill Mountains — known to us from the legends of Washington Irving. The Rhine has its beauties, which the Hudson has not; but on the other hand the Hudson surpasses the Rhine by far in the majestic grandeur of its scenery. Owing to some delay, we reached Albany late in the evening. In the morning we took a stroll through the city, which rises from the river to a con-

siderable height. It had at that time a sort of Holland look. All the houses were of red brick. The streets were wide and very clean.

FROM ALBANY TO BUFFALO IN A CANAL-BOAT

At Albany we took a canal-boat. Of course, it looked very diminutive compared with our "swift and sure" river-steamer. We chartered one boat for ourselves, the Engelmanns and Abends. Peter Engelmann had remained in New York, and, I believe, also Jean, the young Pole. All of these canal-boats are about the same in length, from sixty to seventy feet, and are about fifteen feet wide. The deck is quite flat, with no handrails at the sides, for the boats have to pass under numerous low bridges which span the canal. On account of our large quantity of baggage we could not take a packet-boat, which is fitted for passengers only, travels somewhat faster, and charges a little more. In the middle of the canal-boat there was a large place for goods, where our baggage was stored. In front was the ladies' cabin and in the stern was the gentlemen's. We went on board. The boat was weighed to fix the toll she had to pay.

Traveling in canal-boats in some respects is pleasant. There is hardly any motion perceptible. The boat glides along like a swan. Then again, where a series of locks occur, there is often sufficient delay to allow passengers to leave the boat and to walk ahead, meeting the boat on some bridge, from which it is easy to get on again. For a few miles we followed the Hudson River northward, but at Troy our direction was westward along the Mohawk valley. At Junction there were many locks; we got off and went to see some of the nearby scenery. All at once we were struck by a wonderful view. The Mohawk River in nearly its full breadth here rushed over rocks sixty feet high. The color of the river was very dark. I had seen some fine waterfalls in Tyrol, but none appeared to me so majestic. No human dwelling was near the steep rocks. The dark waves, when they struck the rocks, formed

a white foam. The tall forest trees which bordered the river banks, and perhaps also the idea that we stood here on a spot visited not very long ago by wild and warlike red men, made a deep impression on me. It gave me the first impression of being in a new and strange land.

The canal follows the course of the Mohawk, and at Little Falls the river breaks over high rocks again and forms a beautiful fall. We passed the then very flourishing towns of Utica, Rome, Manlius, Syracuse, Canton, Montezuma, Palmyra, and I could not but smile at the pretentious names. We reached Rochester early in the morning. It was even then a beautiful city. An impenetrable forest only twenty years before covered the spot where there are now rows of fine stores, elegant public buildings, an observatory, and numerous churches. It had already a population of 20,000 people. The Genesee River runs through the city. Above, it has a fall of considerable height, which sets in motion large flouring mills, and immediately below the city there is a fall of 100 feet, the view of which, as the rays of the rising sun illuminated it, was really sublime.

One of the most interesting points on the Erie Canal was Lockport, with a long string of finely built double locks. Of course we proceeded very slowly. It was the fourth of July; and there was much firing of guns throughout the whole city. We all took our double-barrelled guns and gave salutes. Our firing between the high walls of the locks reverberated like thunder, and the people of the place were much pleased and cheered us loudly. At Tonawanda, the canal comes close to the Niagara River. It was of a most beautiful color, and is as wide as the Rhine at Bingen. Here we were only about ten miles from the falls and were told that if the wind had been favorable we could have heard the roar of these immense waters. We all regretted that we could not stay at Buffalo, but our party was too large and an excursion to the falls would have been too expensive.

At last we reached Buffalo on the lake. It was then a rising city with many fine buildings, but of course it was a mere village as compared with the present large and beautiful city. Our goods were at once transported on board the lake-steamer plying between Buffalo and Cleveland. The steamer was to leave the same evening. Mr. Engelmann, I believe, also Theodore and myself, took a view of the city. There was a great crowd at the public square near the Mansion House, watching a parade of military companies and firemen. Some two hundred Indians, men, women and children, also happened to be around the square, having come to negotiate land-sales with the Indian agency located at Buffalo. They were what were called civilized Indians. They had donned something like a European dress. Men and women wore high felt hats and light blue trousers. But all had blankets slung around them, and moccasins for shoes. The babies (papooses) were tied on little boards, which the squaws had strapped to their backs. Some of the women were slender and good-looking. The men had high Roman noses. Upon the whole they looked very much like gypsies.

We went into the Mansion House, where a banquet in honor of the day was in progress, and upon paying a dollar each we had a very good dinner, and after dessert some thundering speeches. There was, of course, a good deal of gun-firing and letting off of Chinese fire-crackers. This was our first experience of a Fourth of July in America, and after a lapse of fifty years the day is celebrated generally in the same way as we saw it at Lockport and Buffalo. Sophie and I had no idea then how many happy days we should pass at various times in Buffalo and at the Falls, which she was always so delighted to see and which it was always so hard for her to part from.

Our boat did not leave until the next morning. We had fine meals and good cabins, though the lake-boats at that time were not as elegant and comfortable as the Hudson River boats and as the lake-boats became in years after. There

were about three hundred deck passengers, mostly Irish, and some Swiss. The view on the lakes, interesting at first, soon becomes monotonous. The shores on the American as well as on the Canadian side are black. We met large numbers of sailing vessels and a few steamers, some under the English flag. Some of the passengers got seasick, but as we had but lately crossed the Atlantic we felt no inconvenience. We had left Buffalo at ten o'clock in the morning and reached Cleveland in the afternoon of the next day.

FROM CLEVELAND TO THE OHIO VIA THE CANAL

Cleveland, now one of the most beautiful cities in the United States, in which in later years we were to pass many pleasant days, was then a small place. The canal from thence to the Ohio River in the South had then been finished only a short time, and led in great part through a wilderness. The northern and middle part of Ohio is low and flat, but eminently fertile where it is cultivated. Dense and majestic forests lined the canal on either side, and were interspersed only by occasional clearings for farms and towns. Instead of felling the immense trees the farmers in many places deadened them by cutting rings around the trunks. After a while they fell down and were burned up. But the stumps still remained, which gave the cornfields a very dreary appearance. It began to dawn on some of our party that making a farm in the woods was no easy matter, and that it would be far beyond their strength to cut down the trunks and grub up the roots of such trees as we saw here.

As the canal followed the rivers and streams, it naturally led through low places, and we were terribly annoyed by swarms of big mosquitoes, which seemed to revel in our fresh European blood. We passed by Massillon, followed the course of the Muskingum, which empties into the Ohio at Marietta and reached Circleville on the Scioto. Here are some very large hills called mounds, generally supposed to have been the

burying places of races long passed away. On one of these mounds, of a somewhat circular form, the town is situated.

Our journey was here interrupted by an accident. The canal at this point was carried over the river by a wooden aqueduct, which had fallen down the day before our arrival. The canal had literally fallen into the river and was impassable for some twenty miles. An incident of the kind was not provided for in our contract, and here we had an opportunity of learning something of the sharpness of the Yankees. We and our goods had to be transported by wagon to the next boat-station, twenty miles distant. The captain wanted to charge us with the expense of the carriage, which was considerable. We protested. After a long and lively dispute with the agent of the company, and only after we threatened to remain on the boat until the canal was repaired, and so to compel them to board us for that length of time, did we succeed in throwing the biggest part of the expense on the company. It was my first attempt at pleading law in the United States.

The trip by land was rather pleasant. The weather was delightful, the forests noble. We had to stop over night at a farmhouse. This was a new experience. The farmer was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and the farm was a large and well kept one. A big two-story log-house furnished ample room. The breakfast was good. For the first time we found cornbread on the table. It looked very tempting. The crust was well done and of an attractive brown color. We took it for cake or pudding; but when we tried to eat it, we all found it abominable. And so we men found the corn-whiskey detestable, though now well-made cornbread is to us delicious and good mountain-dew corn-whiskey delightful.

I met on this land-trip with an accident. I was sitting on a wagon filled with chests, trunks and barrels, containing part of our goods. One wooden trunk, belonging to John Scheel, was on top of the load, and I had taken my seat on it. The road was very good and level, but from time to time it

ran across small rivulets forming ditches. When crossing such a run there was always a considerable jerk. I had warned the driver to drive slowly over such places. But it seemed that he neglected the warning, or could not hold the horses, so that at one of these places, while driving quite fast, we received such a shock that the big trunk toppled over and I with it. The trunk broke in pieces and part of it fell upon me, and yet I was not hurt in the least. It was a most lucky escape.

Chillicothe, formerly the capital of Ohio, was the largest place on the canal and really a very handsome town. We were delayed a while there, and we young men took a very refreshing swim in the Scioto River. The soil appeared exceedingly fertile. The corn was often from ten to twelve feet high. There were also woods near the town. At length we reached the place where the canal was navigable again, and in about twelve hours we reached Portsmouth on the Ohio, the southern terminus of the canal, which has a length of 306 miles. On the Erie and Ohio Canals together we had traveled 660 miles.

Portsmouth was then a small place, but pleasantly situated. On the opposite Kentucky shore fine tall forests crowned the bluffs of the river, which is nearly as wide here as the Rhine at Mayence. The water, however, is not nearly so clear or transparent as that of our German river. It is only in comparison with the other western streams, the waters of which are more or less yellow or brown, that the earlier French settlers could have called it "La Belle Rivière." Here we were delayed two days. Some forty boats from Cincinnati and Louisville passed us, but, though signaled, did not land. The inn was very poor, the heat excessive, — about ninety degrees Fahrenheit. Our effects were all deposited on the wharf, and most of us young men, finding it too hot to sleep in the house, slept on the river-bank near our goods, wrapped up in blankets. We had the pleasure also of bathing in the river. At last the steamboat William Parson took us in late in the evening. The next morning we landed in Cincinnati.

In my description of this journey I called Cincinnati the "Queen of the West." "It is built on the hills rising from the river to a considerable height. In the regularity, cleanliness and beauty of its buildings it surpasses most cities of the Union. A large court house, four market-houses, the United States Bank, the Athenæum, and the theatre are some of the most remarkable buildings. Twenty-five churches testify to the piety of its thirty thousand inhabitants." This was written in 1833, and now this city certainly deserves the name of "Queen," which was then perhaps somewhat premature. Materially, intellectually and artistically she stands second to very few much larger cities. What pleasant and delightful days have Sophie and I and some of my children repeatedly spent there! To the German element, so well and largely represented, Cincinnati owes a great deal of her high reputation for culture and prosperity.

The steamboats on the Western rivers are very differently built from those in the East. They are high-pressure boats. The cabins are not below, but on the deck. Very little is seen of the machinery. The cabins are, however, comfortable enough, even elegant, and there was more life and free and easy conversation amongst the passengers than on the Hudson River boats, owing to the fact that the passengers were mostly Southern or Western people. Shortly below Cincinnati we left the State of Ohio, and Indiana bordered the northern bank. Some very handsome towns, such as Lawrenceburg, Aurora, Rising Sun, and Vevay, were now passed. Vevay is the county seat of Switzerland County, and here and at some other places we met vineyards reminding us of our old home. We heard different opinions about the wine made there. Some years later, however, these regions and the country around Cincinnati became celebrated for their vineyards, the Catawba having proved the proper grape for the western parts of the United States.

We soon landed at Louisville, the commercial capital of Kentucky. It was also a very flourishing city, well built with

many very fine public buildings, regularly laid out with wide streets. Our boat did not go any farther, and we had to take another one for St. Louis. The Ohio River has here a considerable fall, and the passage was — when the river was low — very dangerous. A lately cut canal (Portland Canal) around these rapids avoids this obstruction. We were delayed nearly a whole day. We saw in Louisville many Germans; most of them, however, belonged to the lower class. They were people living on the river bank — levees as they are called in the West — engaged in loading and unloading boats, or keeping low boarding houses for laborers and deck hands. That class of population in all river cities is of a bad character. If we had got further into the interior of Louisville, we should undoubtedly have found countrymen of whom we would not have been ashamed. Our new boat was the "Metamora," a very fine and elegant craft, which took our party on board at the most reasonable price.

At Louisville we put our feet for the first time on slave soil. What we heard here and what we saw, (for instance, negroes chained together hauling water from the river,) contributed to our detestation of the institution of slavery and confirmed our determination not to settle in Missouri. In my narrative I find here a rather prophetic passage: "As long as the Southern States uphold the institution of slavery, so long shall I believe that this beautiful structure of the United States will break down, and so long will the liberty of the whites, in which they now rejoice, be only a half-deserved boon." This was written in July, 1833. In his ever memorable speech before the Republican State Convention in 1858 at Springfield, of which convention, I may remark in passing, I was the president, Mr. Lincoln said: "I believe the Union cannot endure half slave and half free."

On the Indiana side the Wabash empties into the Ohio; on the Kentucky side at Smithfield, the Cumberland River; and farther below at Paducah, the Tennessee. Both are rising places. On the Illinois side is the small town of Shawneetown;

and where the Ohio strikes the Mississippi, there were a few block houses called Trinity, a little above where the city of Cairo now stands on the point surrounded on the west by the Mississippi and on the south by the Ohio.

The mighty Mississippi surprised me much. It was at the junction more than a mile wide. Its current was strong, the color of it nearly like loam. Large trunks of trees, torn off almost daily with the soil on which they stood from the low banks (bottoms) of the river, floated on the surface; often, however, they had stuck fast in the bottom of the river, forming what are called snags, very dangerous to navigation. There are a great many islands in the river, and so it is not always seen in its full width. The character of the banks is peculiar. When the hills (bluffs), often very rocky, are the boundary of the stream on one side for many miles, on the other side these hills lie back four or five miles, forming what are called the bottoms, — alluvial soil, immensely rich, and at that time mostly covered by very tall and thick forests. Some hundred miles above the junction of the two rivers are splendid hilly ranges, with perpendicular rocks enclosing the river. One of these rocks is called Grand Tower, another the Devil's Bake Oven.

We passed Cape Girardeau, an old French settlement located on a sort of peninsula. St. Genevieve is another French town on the Missouri side. It has a very French look, and is pleasantly situated on a limestone hill surrounded by orchards. On the Missouri side there is an almost uninterrupted range of limestone rocks, crowned by cedar trees, almost as far up as Jefferson Barracks, a large military station. A few miles further on we saw the steeples of Carondelet, a suburb of St. Louis, and soon landed in that city itself, the long wished-for goal of our long, long journey.

CHAPTER XIII

Early German Settlements in Illinois

St. Louis at that time had about 8,000 inhabitants. It was at the *saison morte* (dead season), in a double sense. July is the hottest month of the year almost everywhere, and it was particularly hot this year. The river was very low, few small boats were running, and there was little trading going on. The year before, the cholera had been very severe almost over the whole of the United States, and it was even still lingering in the river towns, several fatal cases happening every day. But the local disease, violent bilious fever, was more fatal still.

THE OUTLOOK

A party of emigrants that had left Havre just ten days before we did, and in which there were many friends and acquaintances of the Engelmann family, had arrived in St. Louis by way of New Orleans about a week before. They had lost several of their party at New Orleans, and a greater number on the boat coming up. Most of them had died of cholera. This was distressing news. Soon our own circle was to be visited.

As soon as the boat landed, Mr. Engelmann, Mr. Abend, myself and a few others went out into the city to look for a place of temporary residence. Afterwards inquiries were to be made, and the country visited in search of a permanent farm-home. The idea of purchasing wild government land had already been given up. Our family must buy land at least partly improved with houses on it. The house Mr. Engelmann rented was on what is now Third Street, between

Olive and Pine, on the west side. It had just been built, was two stories high, contained four large rooms and one small one, a kitchen and a pantry in the wing, and some garret-rooms. If I recollect aright, it belonged to a Dr. Lane. In the afternoon some bedsteads and tables and chairs were purchased. Bedding the family had brought along; and in the evening we moved in. Mr. Abend also moved his family into a house.

We had notified our relatives of our arrival. Theodore Hilgard and Edward Hilgard, sons of Fred Hilgard of Speyer, had some years previously concluded to emigrate to the United States. They had attended the agricultural institute at Hohenheim in Wuertemberg, their intention being to carry on farming. A nephew of Mr. Hilgard of Speyer, Theodore J. Kraft, who had been a friend and fellow-student of mine at Heidelberg and a member of the Burschenschaft, fearing prosecution by the government, had also emigrated. Theodore Hilgard and Kraft had both been students of law. They left Germany in 1832, but stayed for a time in Pennsylvania with a wealthy German whom they had known at home and who was conducting a large farm, their object being to make themselves familiar with the American mode of farming. I believe Mr. Gustave Heimberger, of whom I have spoken before, accompanied them. In the spring they had gone West; had looked around in Missouri and several counties in Illinois; and after a thorough examination of the conditions, Theodore and Edward had purchased, for four thousand dollars, in St. Clair County, about twenty miles east of St. Louis, a farm of some four hundred acres, of rich prairie and timber land. It was a most beautiful place, originally owned by a well-to-do Virginian, and by far the greatest part of the land was under cultivation, and well fenced. A large and excellent orchard was near the house, which was some hundred yards from a post-road leading from St. Louis to Shawneetown on the Ohio, on which three times a week a stage ran. The house itself, though one or two rooms were not quite finished, was,

according to the modest requirements of the time, large and commodious. It was of frame, weather-boarded, and painted white, with green window-shutters. What made its situation particularly beautiful, was the large lawn in front of the house, with a double row of acacias, and nearby were some tall Lombardy poplars. A moderately high range of well-timbered hills, extending from near Belleville towards Silver Creek, was in view on the south and not more than a mile or two off, lending to the surrounding country, which was in itself attractive, a great charm. Hilgard, Kraft and Heimberger lived there, keeping bachelor's hall.

Theodore Hilgard was the first to visit us in St. Louis, and remained several days. A day or two afterwards Dr. George Engelmann, who had left Germany a year before, but had gone West at once, and who had been living at various places in the neighborhood of St. Louis, exploring the country, geologizing and botanizing, also came to St. Louis to see his uncle's family. Edward Hilgard and Theodore Kraft likewise called; and so we found ourselves at once surrounded by relatives, Theodore, Edward and Kraft being the grand-nephews of Mr. Engelmann. For new-comers in a strange land it was of course quite a relief to find ourselves made welcome by dear friends, who had already some knowledge of the country, and who could give valuable information and advice.

Mr. Henry Abend had been somewhat unwell while we were on the river. His illness was ascribed to the excessive heat and the drinking of the river water. But it took a serious turn shortly after our landing in St. Louis, and within a week or so he died of bilious fever. Mr. Henry Abend was a somewhat tall and spare man, but muscular and wiry. His features showed vivacity and kindness. He was an active, energetic business man, and having brought with him considerable means, he would certainly have succeeded in any line of business he might have chosen to pursue. To add to the terrible affliction of his family, the oldest son and the oldest daughter, aged respectively about twelve and fourteen

years, also died within a week or two. Mr. Abend left a widow and five young children to deplore his loss. Fortunately, Mr. Joseph Abend, a younger brother of Henry, a quiet and very sensible man, had come along with the family. He was a saddler and harness-maker by trade, and had seen a great deal of the world (he afterwards wrote a narrative of his travels) in the pursuit of his trade in Europe and Asia. He acted as the adviser of the family, which moved over to St. Clair County, where Mrs. Abend bought a small farm, not far from the Shiloh meeting-house. Widow Abend was still young and handsome, showing that she must have been remarkably beautiful. She was still a good-looking woman, when she died many years afterwards. She was of a sweet disposition, and she and her children, who, from the beginning, lived near the Engelmann family, retained the most friendly relations with us, which became closer still when the eldest son, Edward, married the fair Anna, the daughter of Theodore Hilgard, Jr.

Our own circle did not escape the terrible angel of death. The beautiful and lovely Friedericka, the adopted daughter of the family, was taken down with bilious fever. She was at once attended by Dr. Geiger, who had come via New Orleans, a physician of considerable note in the old country and a friend of the family. Dr. Engelmann, though a young physician, was considered very learned in his profession, and assisted Dr. Geiger. But as the disease had in the other cases turned out so fatal and showed different symptoms from similar diseases in Germany, both at once advised calling in an American doctor. So a physician of the highest repute in the city was sent for. But in spite of all the efforts of the doctors and the most careful nursing by the girls, lovely Friedericka died within ten days. Mr. Ruppelius, who was engaged to be married to her, was, of course, deeply affected, but not more so than the rest of us. Hardly had we consigned Friedericka to the grave when Betty, the youngest daughter, was taken down with a sort of a typhoid fever, giving rise to

the greatest anxiety. In fact, she did not fully recover for a month or so, and her mother and some of her sisters did not leave St. Louis until some weeks after Mr. Engelmann and the rest of the family had settled in Illinois.

It required some fortitude to go through these trials. The funeral bells were ringing nearly all the time in St. Louis. Death and severe sickness had visited us. Everybody expected to be taken down any day; we were uncertain where we were to settle, and the future, in general, looked dark. But I must say that the fortitude of Mr. Engelmann and most of the family was equal to the occasion.

SEEKING A HOME IN ILLINOIS

I had gone over with Theodore Hilgard to Illinois, and had stayed a day or two on his farm. I liked the country much. To be sure, there was, right opposite St. Louis, a wide plain, heavily timbered in part and partly covered with lakes. This was a portion of what was called the American bottom-land, extending from Alton, above St. Louis on the Mississippi, where the hills come close to the river, to Chester where the river is once more bounded by steep hills. This bottom is nearly one hundred miles long and from four to six miles wide, of immense fertility, and had been a favorite place with the Indians. Very few Americans at the time I speak of had settled in this valley, but it had been for more than a century and a half a point of attraction for the French and Canadian French, who found no difficulty in living among the Indians, a thing that the Anglo-Saxon never was able to do. These French lived in villages. Being a sociable people, they had their arable lands, though owned in severalty, all inclosed by one fence, and they had, besides, large tracts of unenclosed land, belonging to them in common, for pasture and for timber and fire-wood. Their fields were called common fields, their pastures and woodlands "commons." Their titles they derived from French grants. Their principal villages in these bottoms were Cantine, French Village, Prairie du Pont,

Cahokia (founded in 1682), Fort Chartres, Prairie du Rocher and Kaskaskia.

Beyond this bottom, which in winter and the rainy season was a terrible place to get through, (the soil being altogether alluvial, having at one time undoubtedly been a part of the bed of the Mississippi River,) the hills rose from 300 to 500 feet in height, and the country became rolling, partly prairie, partly beautiful timberland. Reaching the hills, we found many well-kept farms along the road; afterwards we passed on to Belleville, which, lying partly in the valley of Richland Creek, partly on the hills bordering the creek, made a pleasant impression, though it was then a small place, containing not more than seven or eight hundred people. But it was the county-seat, had a court-house and a jail, a post-office, four or five stores, two inns and a flour mill (ox-mill), saw-mill, four lawyers, as many doctors, and, of course, a newspaper. The Governor (Edwards) had resided there, but had died shortly before. It appeared to be a lively place and on the rise.

I visited some of the neighboring farms and was very well satisfied. The soil was very rich; there were fine woods and good water. I made on my return a very favorable report. Mr. Engelmann also went over and stayed several days. He finally concluded to buy a farm some two miles north of the Hilgard place. It contained about 120 acres, forty of which were under cultivation. It was an old place. The owner was Ben Watts, and both he and his wife were over seventy years of age. Their children had all married, and so the old folks were hardly able to carry on the farm. Save for a large and most excellent orchard, which had a great reputation in the neighborhood for its delicious peaches, the rest of the farm showed neglectful tilling. The fences were not in the best condition; wells had been attempted but had failed, having been dug either not deep enough or not at the right place. The stables were log-stables, and the out-houses were in a state of decay. The house, however, was a good

substantial double log-house of sound whiteoak timber, containing two tolerably large rooms, and a small frame one, partitioned off from a little porch or veranda on the south side. There was a garret, but it was not then habitable, having neither ceiling nor a good floor, and being covered only with flat boards. A miserable excuse for a cellar was near one of the large chimneys.

The place had, however, a very handsome location. I have already stated that from Belleville, in a somewhat southeasterly direction, a range of hills, called Turkey Hill, stretched south of the Hilgard farm to Silver Creek, some ten miles distant. Another range of hills extended from Belleville in a northeasterly direction towards the town of Lebanon, twelve miles distant. In a clearing about half way between the latter place and Belleville stood an ancient Methodist meeting-house in which camp-meetings were held, the name of it being Shiloh. A post-road to Vincennes, Indiana, passed by the meeting-house, on which a stage ran twice a week at first, and six times a week not long afterwards. The old Watts farm stood but a little more than half a mile south of Shiloh, from which the hill slopes down gently into a valley, now called the Shiloh valley. Shiloh being the highest point, the situation of the Watts farm was also high, commanding to the south a view of Turkey Hill. The house, garden and orchard stood near the northern line and was protected by fine timber. Immediately west of the house, inside of the fence, was a row of fine catalpas; the tillable land lying south on the down slope. About a hundred yards to the west ran a brook of pretty clear water, with rather steep banks. Near this brook was an excellent spring, which gave us plenty of good cold drinking water, so that a well was not a very pressing need. The cattle could find water at almost any place on the stream. Old Mr. Watts was anxious to sell. The land was poorer than prairie land, and he offered to sell it, together with some personal property, at five dollars per acre.

The only trouble was this. How was our party, consisting at that time of about sixteen persons, to be housed in two and one-fourth rooms. This was to be considered before making a final purchase.

Immediately adjoining the old place on the south, a son of Mr. Watts, lately married, had a farm of one hundred acres. There were only about twenty acres under cultivation, the rest being fine tall timber. Young Watts was a carpenter by trade, and he had built himself what was then considered a very good house. It was one story and a half high, with two tolerably large rooms on each floor and good solid chimneys. It was weather-boarded, shingled and well painted. The best room in the house, however, was not finished on the inside, and was not plastered. Near the house was a well, with most excellent drinking water, and not far off was a little pond fed by springs, which furnished all the needful water for cattle and washing purposes. Mr. Engelmann could not well afford to buy this place in addition. It so happened, however, that Doctor George had been entrusted by his uncle Joseph in Heidelberg with funds to invest in land, and so he offered to buy the lower farm for his uncle, to be occupied and used at present by the Engelmann family, and to be purchased by them or some of them when convenient. This was a most favorable arrangement. The bargain was soon concluded. The old Watts folks were to move down to the farm of their son, who would be ready to leave it and surrender it to the Engelmanns in about a month. Owing to this agreement, and also to the sickness of our lovely and amiable little Betty, a few only of our party could move out immediately to take possession of the old place. I was to be one of them.

ST. LOUIS IN 1833

Perhaps I may say something at this point about how St. Louis appeared to me at that time. The hills at St. Louis, and in fact for many miles above and below it, came right down to the river-bank. The city rose terrace-like from the

river up to where Third Street is now. Thence for a considerable distance there was quite a plateau. On the wharf was a tier of stone warehouses and taverns and grog-shops; on Main or Second Street were retail stores and many dwelling-houses, hotels, banks, etc. Third Street was mostly residences. So was Fourth; though here they were few and far between. From the higher part of the city, one had a good view of the American Bottom opposite and of the bluffs in Illinois at a distance. On the Illinois bank, right oposite St. Louis, were a few houses forming the town of Illinoistown, now the populous city of East St. Louis. One solitary, but large, ferry-boat made the connection between the opposite shores. St. Louis was even then a most important shipping-point. The river furnished the only mode of transportation, railroads not coming into existence until some twenty years later. The tobacco, hemp and corn raised on and near the banks of the mighty Missouri River, had to come to St. Louis to be shipped by the commission-houses down the Mississippi to Memphis, Vicksburg and finally to New Orleans. So had all the products of the upper Mississippi and the Illinois River, particularly the lead from the rich mines of Illinois and Wisconsin; while the towns and cities on those rivers were supplied in turn by St. Louis with the dry-goods and groceries they wanted. From St. Louis started the expeditions of hunters and trappers sent off every spring into the Rocky Mountains by the American Fur Company (John Jacob Astor), as did also the caravans destined by St. Louis merchants for the town of Independence on the Missouri and thence to Santa Fé, New Mexico, — a most profitable trade, New Mexico paying for the groceries, calico, tinware and green cheese thus sent in hard Mexican silver dollars. One of the principal commission-houses was that of Edward Tracy & Co., to whom I had letters of recommendation from New York, and through whom I afterwards received and sent my European packages.

In spite of the uneasiness and anxiety under which we all labored during the first weeks in St. Louis, some of us

young men, Theodore Hilgard, Gustave Heimberger, Schreiber and myself, explored the city pretty well. We went bathing in what was called Choteau's Pond, a lake, a mile or more distant from the city limits and surrounded by trees and bushes. We discovered far to the south in the city a brewery, conducted by an Englishman or a Scotchman, with rather indifferent beer. We found a better place in Main Street. It was a kind of confectionery and restaurant, kept by a Frenchman by the name of Papin, a very fine and respectable old person. He also kept light wines and soda water. The claret, (there being no duty on wines,) was excellent and cheap. We patronized this place, and I may here mention an incident, which in many respects is not uninteresting, as it shows how easy it was at that time to make a living, even for a green immigrant. Amongst ourselves we talked German, with the old gentleman French, and with his clerk or barkeeper, English. Not long before I left St. Louis for Illinois, I had been there with some friends, and in going out Mr. Papin very politely begged me to stay a few moments. "Monsieur," said he, "my barkeeper is going to leave me. He cannot talk anything but Yankee. Now, Monsieur, you speak the French very well, so you do the German, and you understand English, and speak it also tolerably well. Will you not stay with me? You will have a nice room to yourself, good board and twenty dollars a month." At first I felt offended, but on a moment's reflection I appreciated the good old man's offer, thanked him very cordially and pleaded prior engagements. It must be remembered that twenty dollars at that time was as much as fifty dollars now. Upon the whole, this was encouraging. If everything should fail, I could at least fall back on Mr. Papin, who, by the way, belonged to a very respectable French family, some of whom still live in St. Louis and move in the very best circles. The Creole French element was then, if not preponderating, at least as far as numbers and particularly wealth were concerned, equal to the American. The large family of the Choteaus, the Sar-

pies, the Benoists, the Longuemarres, the Bogys, the Beauvais and many others were then living there, as many of their descendants do yet. They had become wealthy, partly through the fur and Indian trade, and partly through the rise of real estate. Nearly one-half of the people we met on the streets were black or mulattoes. The balance of the population were Americans, mixed with a good many Irish and Germans. The Americans were almost to a man from the Southern States. Passing the court-house, we saw colored men, women and children sold at auction. We were also shown a sort of prison, where refractory slaves were confined at the request of their masters or were whipped at their masters' cost, by men regularly appointed for that purpose. This was, as we were told, a purely private institution. From the second story of our residence we could see into the yard of a neighboring house, where we once saw what appeared to be an American lady, lashing a young slave girl with a cow hide. Had there still been a lingering disposition in the Engelmann or Abend family to settle in Missouri, these scenes would have quenched it forever.

ON A FARM IN ILLINOIS

On the third of August, (John Scheel, his sister Marianna, and Theodore Engelmann, I believe, having preceded us,) Mr. Engelmann, Sophie, Ruppelius, myself, and Doctor Engelmann, started for the upper farm. A farm-wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen had been hired to move our goods from St. Louis. Early in the morning it came to our door. It was a large wagon, with a long and high box, and held nearly all our things. Doctor Engelmann was on horseback. We others walked to the ferry-boat, but once over the river, we seated ourselves comfortably on some of the mattresses. It was terribly hot and the dust at many places was six inches deep. Shortly after we reached the bluffs, we stopped at a farm-house. The air on the hills was much better. On the side of the house was a large trellis on which hung large and

beautiful grapes. They were not yet ripe, and were of a kind called Isabella, which makes a good eating grape but a very indifferent wine. Mr. Engelmann was delighted to see such fine grapes, and still more so when the owner of the farm asked us whether we would not like to drink some of his wild grape wine. Of course we were all curious to taste it. It was really very good, though it had been doctored a little by an addition of sugar, the American having no liking for wine unless it is sweet. Indeed, I have heard Americans who were excellent judges of brandy, Madeira or sherry, pronounce the finest and most aromatic Rhine wines as unfit to drink, and as sour as vinegar. Of course, the taste has now been much trained in this respect in this country, and good Rhine wine is appreciated very generally.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we reached Belleville. On Main Street, our caravan, which had excited the curiosity of the few people there, halted at a tavern, the Virginia House. No wonder that we excited astonishment. The doctor was on a very fine horse. Mr. Engelmann, of imposing stature and wearing a mustache and chin beard à la Henri Quatre, looked like a military officer of high rank; Sophie appeared as a young lady, while Ruppelius and I carried double-barrelled shot-guns. Beards at that time were not worn by Americans, — save English side-whiskers, by the select few. The fashion of wearing beards did not arise till after the Mexican War in 1848, when our citizen soldiers mostly returned bearded. And this decidedly reputable, but very foreign-looking party, came in an ox wagon! A year or two afterwards, when emigration was pouring into this region of the country, our appearance would not have been particularly noticed.

When we alighted, a tall, lean, white-haired man, as straight as a pole, in a shabby blue swallow-tailed dress-coat with brass buttons and a nankeen, rather shortlegged trousers, a brownish, worn-out high hat on his head, very self-possessed, and with a very red nose and closed lips, showed us into a

small room, serving as a general hall and parlor at the same time. It was Major Doyle, a Virginian, who had evidently seen better days, but who had now condescended to keep an inn at Belleville. We went in, and as I expressed a desire to wash, we were shown through the kitchen into a small yard, where there was a shaky sort of a long pine bench, on which stood two tin wash pans. A little black boy drew a bucket of water from the well, and with the help of a pint tin cup poured the water into the wash pans, one of which had several holes in it stopped up with strings of tow.

After we had washed, we bethought ourselves of having something to eat. I asked the Major very innocently for some lunch. He seemed very much surprised. "Sir," said he to me, "supper will be ready at six o'clock. We have nothing in the house to eat between meals." Mr. Engelmann grew somewhat angry. "What — is this a tavern and we can get no kind of refreshment? You ought to take down the sign from your house." While we were discussing the matter, Mrs. Doyle, a small, round, but very kindly looking lady, entered the room. Finding out what was going on, she remarked, looking up at the Major in a sort of beseeching way, that she could make us a cup of coffee. She had no bread: they made their bread for each meal; but she would send down to the baker's shop and get us some. Butter she had.

Of course, we accepted her offer. In the meantime, however, Mr. Engelmann thought it right to order a bottle of wine. The Major looked still more astonished. "We keep no liquors in this house." Mr. Engelmann now grew quite excited; for that in a tavern a man could get nothing to drink appeared to him the height of absurdity, the more so as the landlord bore the evident marks of being a hard drinker. However, things were arranged. There was, right across the way, the Major said, a liquor store kept by a man by the name of Carr, nicknamed Brandy Carr, where we could get wine; so I went over and for seventy-five cents I bought a bottle of very good St. Julien. We refreshed ourselves, and after awhile the

coffee came in, which was, as Southern people know how to make it, pretty good.

About four o'clock we resumed our journey. It was a beautiful road; nearly all the way fine, tall, beautiful timber, whiteoak, walnut, hickory, wild cherry, maple and sycamore; now and then there were openings, where wild roses, blackberry and hawthorne bushes grew. We passed also some fine farms. At last, about six miles from Belleville, at the Shiloh meeting-house, we turned from the main road to the south, and through a fine woodland we saw before us the old farmhouse. John, Marianna, Theodore and Schreiber came out to greet us.

Our wagon was unloaded. The bedding was placed on the one plain wooden bedstead, part of the furniture bought with the place. Besides this old bedstead, there were included in the purchase, half a dozen old hickory chairs, a table, a bench, an iron kettle, a skillet or two, a few buckets, a plough and other farming utensils, a good cow and calf, some fifteen or twenty head of sheep and many chickens.

When night came, Mr. Engelmann and one of his sons took the bed. The girls turned down the chairs against the wall, put pillows and mattresses on the floors, and we young folks, the Doctor, Theodore, John Scheel, Schreiber, Ruppelius and I, lay down on them in a row. Sophie and Marianna made their bed on the floor in the veranda room. This arrangement was continued until the rest of the family arrived. Then the young gentlemen, the two young boys, and Sophie and Marianna moved down to the lower farm where the rest of the family were, and we young men occupied the old place.

The first days we passed looking around and killing some squirrels. The orchards first claimed our attendance. The crop of apples and peaches of the choicest kind was really immense. We partly lived on them. The apples were cooked or roasted. We had flour for bread, but no meat except game. John and Schreiber were good shots. Theodore was also a

hunter. I was a tolerably good marksman at the time, and so was Doctor Engelmann, who was the possessor of a fine long American rifle, shooting very small balls. We often amused ourselves in this way, and with pistols. I killed a good many squirrels, but Schreiber, who had more patience than I, always carried home twice as many as I did. But I will not anticipate. A good yoke of oxen was purchased, and a very valuable mare, well broken to harness and a good trotter. There was no wagon, but Watts had left an old heavy sledge. The wheat had all been reaped and sold before we came. The corn was about ripe. There were a few vegetables in the garden; a potato patch; and a large crop of tomatoes, — though the value of this delicious fruit was then unknown to us and therefore not appreciated; in fact, tomatoes were considered by the new-comers as unwholesome and even poisonous; while now we should not like to live in a country where we could not get this glorious fruit in all its forms. The wheat stubble field had to be plowed, the corn had soon to be gathered, and the fences repaired.

Mr. Engelmann was really the only practical farmer. Raised at Bacharach, where his father was pastor and superintendent, and had in his parsonage some land and a very large garden, he had occasion to learn something of farming. Having been appointed district-surveyor under the Napoleonic government, he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the soils and the crops, and had lived a great deal with the farmers and peasants. After his appointment as district-forester, and later as master of forests, as already stated, he had bought a small farm at Imsbach with a large well-built house upon it. Though he had not himself done the digging and plowing, he had had to oversee the farm-hands and had thus become familiar with the cultivation of all the ordinary farm-products, as grains, grasses, potatoes, etc. Theodore showed no liking for farming, nor did Louis much, he having been educated as an apothecary. Though I must say that I could at least tell wheat from rye and oats, owing to my wide

youthful travels, — a thing that many people from the old country did not know when they first tried their hands at farming, — I was utterly averse to farm-work.

Our life on the upper farm was really a romantic one. American and German neighbors called frequently. As Doctor George and I spoke English "pretty plain," as the Americans said, we soon got well acquainted with our American neighbors. They were all very kind and accommodating. Some were great hunters and good for nothing else, but clever fellows after all. For our meals we had to go down to the lower farm three times a day. That I spent much time where Sophie was may be imagined. We hardly ever went back at night before ten o'clock.

LOOKING FORWARD

What, now, was I to do? My first idea was to turn to journalism. The last year I was at Frankfort I had written many articles for the Liberal papers, had corresponded occasionally for the "Mannheimer Zeitung" and Wirth's "Tribune." When in Paris, Mr. Savoye, who was supporting himself by writing for German and French papers and was about to publish a monthly review devoted to familiarizing the French with the latest German literature, had asked me to become a correspondent, saying that sketches from the United States would be quite interesting. There was already a German newspaper published in New York, and Mr. Wesselhoeft had just issued a prospectus for publishing "Die Alte und Neue Welt" at Philadelphia. I expected that correspondence from the then "Far West" would be quite readily received by this paper. Besides, through brother Charles, I might get into relations with German journals and reviews. Living as a member of the Engelmann family, my needs were few, and I was determined to make myself self-supporting and independent. To pursue the legal profession was only a faint wish. I thought it too difficult, on account of my speaking but imperfectly the language of the country, where all the

pleadings in court were oral. But whether I chose the one career or the other, the first thing to do was to make myself acquainted with the history of the country, its geography, its institutions and laws.

I went to work resolutely. A brief but good history of Illinois and Missouri by Peck, a Baptist minister, who kept a boys' academy at Rock Spring, only a few miles from our farm, was first read. A very brief and bad history of the United States, and a life of Washington also came into my hands. Through Doctor George I had the use of that excellent work of T. Flint, "History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley" (1832). For the sake of information and also of exercising my English, I translated the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution of the United States, and the Constitution of Illinois. One American neighbor kept the "Missouri Republican," the largest and best paper published in St. Louis (tri-weekly at the time), which I read attentively so as to get acquainted at once with the prevailing politics of the country. Besides, I consider the reading of the journals of a country by a foreigner as the best mode of learning the character of the people. Even if such a newspaper gave only advertisements, it would be of great value towards attaining a good idea of the people. I may even say, (and I speak from experience,) that advertisements are the very best teachers of a people's character.

To make myself not quite unuseful to my friends, I proposed to give the boys, Jacob and Adolph, regular lessons in German and English, writing and ciphering. This was cheerfully accepted. They would come after breakfast and stay a couple of hours. After Mrs. Abend had moved on her farm near us, her two young sons, Edward and Adolph, joined the class. Of course there were interruptions, and, when winter set in, it was often too cold for the boys to come. According to my recollection, Josephine also took a hand in the teaching of her younger brothers and of Betty, — a task for which

she was well qualified. Upon the whole, I worked tolerably hard, yet still found leisure to read some light literature: Washington Irving, Bulwer's novels, and books on the United States written by Germans, Englishmen, and even Frenchmen.

Some time in September I was greatly surprised by the arrival of an old university friend, Charles Friedrich. In my various visits to Leipsic I had become well acquainted with him. His father was a land-owner of considerable means, and he was to be his successor on his large farm. He had attended lectures on agriculture, but had paid more attention to the club-house, the riding-school and the fencing-hall. Having been a member of the Burschenschaft, and a great many of its members having been arrested in Germany, he thought it best to leave. He had been some time in the East, at Baltimore or Philadelphia, had accidentally learned my address and had at once made a bee-line to the upper farm. He had many peculiarities. Taciturn and not disposed to make acquaintances, he was prone to suspect people, and was very sensitive; but when once a friend, he was a reliable one, and ready to make any sacrifices. Of medium size, he was broad-shouldered, long-armed and of great muscular strength. He was hard-featured, and several deep scars across the face showed that he had not avoided quarrels. We got him board at a neighbor's, Robert Hughes, who had a fine farm and a good house, but Friedrich spent most of his time in our quarters. He knew something of theoretical farming, but did not like its hard labor. He bought himself at once a splendid saddle-horse, Lizzie, of which we made frequent use. Ruppelius also purchased a horse; so that with Doctor George's and Mr. Engelmann's horses we were well provided. We had much use for them. The horse which Mr. Engelmann had bought, though very valuable, had a very bad fault. She could jump most any kind of a fence, however high, and she accordingly frequently broke out of the pasture in the night and ran off to her own pasturing grounds, some three miles

off, on Ridge Prairie. Joining gangs of horses there, we had to hunt her for miles in the prairie, jumping ditches to cut her off from her companions and driving her into some corner. This running of horses was our delight, and it made us, if not very elegant, at least very bold riders. I was a sort of foreign minister to the family. Not pretending to work on the farm, I was supposed to be always at leisure, and so I did most of the errands, brought letters to the post-office at Belleville and called for our letters and papers. If any necessaries were wanting, I was sent to town to get them. Also, oftentimes I rode down to Mitchell's Mill, about three miles south, to buy flour, which was bagged and thrown across the horse's crupper.

DEER-HUNTING

In September, Theodore killed the first deer, a young one. It was quite an event. The proper season for hunting deer had now opened. The Americans shot them by stealth. It was called still-hunting. Early in the morning they went out for them, seeking them in their lairs, or as they stood still or drank at a branch or pond. Indeed, they could not hunt otherwise. They had no shot-guns, but only long, heavy rifles of very small calibre, which could hardly be used without a rest. The rifle was a very heavy weapon, and the Americans at that time were very excellent shots. At one hundred and fifty yards they seldom missed. Wild turkeys they could kill only while roosting, and squirrels and coons while they were sitting in the branches of the trees. Prairie chickens and quail and wild geese and ducks they could not bring down.

Our foresters taught them a new mode, — driving. When we saw traces of deer in certain quarters of the woods, one of us, — usually John Scheel, who was the best hunter amongst us, and was particularly skilful in shooting birds on the wing, whether on foot or on horseback, — accompanied by an old Scotch shepherd dog, Collie, would start from a certain point in the timber and walk quietly and leisurely forward. The dog, the moment he scented deer, would give a deep plaintive

bark and would very slowly pursue the scent. A half a mile off in the opposite directions from where the drivers started, a chain of hunters would be formed, distant from one another about 100 yards. The deer would run away from the barking, usually in a straight line, and would pass through the chain. We all had good double-barrelled shot-guns, one barrel rifled, with a bullet in it, the other a smooth-bore, loaded with buck-shot. It was very seldom that in such a drive one or more deer were not shot. The first winter, 1833-34, there were thirty-four deer killed around our farm by our party, which gave us excellent meat; and Theodore tanned the hides very well for an amateur tanner. The flesh is far better than that of the German hart, but perhaps not so good as that of our roe. I can claim no credit in this slaughter. I went along several times but never had a chance to shoot, and if I had I should very probably have missed.

I noted in a diary, which I kept for some time, that in September we had for three days in succession violent thunder-storms. During the nights there was constant sheet-lightning, a thing very unusual to us. On the first of October, after some very hot days, we had a regular cyclone, which threatened to take off the roof of our log-house. A large oak tree between the two farms had been wrenched in two by lightning a few days before.

Most of our American neighbors belonged to the Methodist Church. They were a very dry set of people, orthodox in a measure, and great church-goers, but still not of that sentimental mystical piety which we find in Germany in some sects. Of course, there was no intolerance, and it happened frequently that the husband belonged to no church, or, as it was called, to the "big church," while the mother was a Methodist and some of the children Baptists. The tracts which these different sects distributed were horrible, tedious and sour as vinegar, but not near so childish and tasteless as those of the Pietists in Germany and Switzerland.

GERMAN EMIGRATION SOCIETIES

During the fall I received a good many letters from home and from my friends. Those from my family were full of love and tenderness. All of them more or less expressed a hope of reunion in America. Charles had serious thoughts of coming over, if he could dispose of his business, and of bringing our mother and sisters. They were all much distressed by the political reaction which had set in, and were not without fears for Charles, whose Liberal views were well known, and who certainly was suspected of having had more or less knowledge of our rising at Frankfort. I did not encourage their ideas of emigration. For Charles there was no chance of setting up in the bookseller's business, either in the East or in the West. I had carefully informed myself on this subject, having corresponded with friends in Philadelphia. Many years ago attempts were made in St. Louis by Germans to open book-stores, but they all failed. There was not even an English book-store in St. Louis at this time, and it was not until twenty years after our arrival that there was one that could be called respectable. Mother's health was good for her age, but Augusta, who had been sickly from youth, had in late years become very susceptible to bilious cholic, and was afflicted with a general weakness of the stomach, so that the climate might have been very pernicious to her. Pauline, who had been in perfect health and beauty since she was about eighteen years old, had, by imprudent exposure in returning from a heated ball-room, been taken down with pleurisy and her lungs had been weak ever since. Indeed, for years she had to go either to Kreuznach for the grape-cure, or to Ems to restore her health.

There was a perfect furor in Germany at that time for emigration. So many families in Frankfort and its neighborhood and in Rhenish Bavaria, whom my family knew, were preparing to leave for America, or speaking seriously about it, that it was no wonder my family formed a plan of emigra-

tion, apart from their very natural desire to be with me. Not only individuals and families resolved to come over, but large emigration-societies were formed with a view of making large German settlements in some Western State or Territory. The prospect was held out that it might even be possible to form a German State.

One of these societies was destined to become rather celebrated. It was the Giessen Society, at the head of which were some very prominent men, amongst them Frederick Muench, a Protestant minister, known in later times as "Far West." He was a man of sterling character, very well informed, of an iron will and an iron constitution. A warm German patriot, he had despaired of his country and had longed to become a citizen of the great Transatlantic Republic. Raised in the country, he had a fair knowledge of farming and became a fine farmer, publishing many articles on agriculture, particularly on vine-culture. He was also a very able writer on education, on ethics, and on politics, and even his poetical efforts were not without merit. Though violently opposed to slavery, yet, misguided by Duden's book, he, with others, made the great mistake of settling in Missouri, and had, when the slavery question became a burning one, a most trying time amidst the secessionists. The German Union men were in constant danger of their lives. "Far West" acted most ably and stood his ground manfully. A very promising young son of his died on the battlefield for the Union. Until an hour before his sudden death he was in full possession of his mental and physical forces. He died in the harness, working in his vineyard, at a very advanced age. In my book entitled "The German Element in the United States," I believe I have done full justice to "Far West," though not more than he deserved.

Paul Follenius, brother of Charles Follenius, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was another promoter of this society. He, also, was a very noble character. Like Muench, he had given up all hopes of a political regeneration of Germany. He was an eminent lawyer, and in coming to this country aban-

doned a large and lucrative practice. The idea of forming a new State towards which German immigation should be directed, and not a mere colony, had found in him a warm advocate.

George Bunsen, head of the boys' academy, and brother of Dr. Gustave Bunsen, also became a member of the Giessen Society. As he and his whole family settled in St. Clair County, and our family came into many relations with his, I shall have occasion to speak of Mr. Bunsen more fully hereafter. Professor Goebel of Coburg, a very learned and excellent man, Joseph Kircher, my old university friend from Munich, and many other gentlemen of education and of means, with several families of my acquaintance from Altenburg, likewise joined the ranks. No one was accepted who was not of good repute, or who did not possess sufficient means to support himself for some time in the new country. Of course, there were a good many farmers and mechanics with the party.

This was certainly the best organized colonization-party that ever left Germany; its constitution and by-laws were admirable; its leaders men of eminence and integrity, — and yet, like all similar societies, it was eventually wrecked, to the great pecuniary injury and mortification of most of its members.

I have never favored such schemes for many reasons. A bigoted sect may follow a religious leader who is looked upon as a sort of a prophet and be kept together by religious bonds; but the more intelligent the members of an immigration society are, the less authority can be exercised even by the best; and without implicit submission to some one head, settlements in new countries or in countries already fully organized, cannot be successfully established. Upon my advice, if my family had come over at all, it would have come entirely by itself or with a few families or traveling companions, just as the Engelmanns, the Hilgards, the Knoebels, and the Abends had come.

EARLY NEIGHBORS

Perhaps I should say something now of our neighbors. The nearest were Americans, who soon became very well acquainted with us, the Adamses, great hunters, the Kinneys, and some of the Scotts. William Kinney, a large land-owner, was then Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, and his residence was on a beautiful hill, called Mount Pleasant, overlooking the rich and rolling Ridge Prairie on the northeast. He was a Kentuckian by birth, of portly stature, and had handsome and impressive features. He was very shrewd, but of infinite wit and humor. He had been several times in the Legislature in both houses, and was one of the best known men in the State. Hospitable to a fault, almost, he was fond of good living, of fine horses and of good company. He soon associated with the Germans, and became remarkably fond of Rhine wine, perhaps too much so. In religion he was a Baptist, and I believe even preached sometimes; but he was no bigot, and when it came to friendship, religion or no religion made no difference to him. He was an uncompromising Democrat. His eldest son, a captain in the United States army, had died not long before we arrived; his only other son, William C. Kinney, then about eighteen years of age, was a well educated young man, tall and handsome, and visited us quite often. In later years, when he had moved to Belleville, I came into close relations with him, and as my son married one of his lovely daughters, I shall, of course, have to mention him in the future.

About a mile and a half east of us, Mr. Fred Wolf, son of a rich land-owner of Wachenheim, had bought a farm, and with him resided August Dilg, whom I had slightly known when he was a student of theology at Giessen. Fred Wolf was soon joined by his brother Hermann. Only a short distance from Wolf's farm was one owned by Joseph Ledergerber. It was one of the best in the county, and Ledergerber improved it much. Becoming my brother-in-law, I shall have frequent opportunity to speak of him and his descendants.

Of the Hilgard settlement I have already given a description. South of the lower farm, about a mile away, Edward Haven, from Rhenish Bavaria, and Henry Sandherr from Rhenish Hesse, both of whom had held office in the German revenue-service, lived on nearly adjoining farms. Both were educated and intelligent, and their wives very amiable. About two miles northeast of these last-mentioned farms, George Neuhoff, of Frankfort, a friend of my school-days, and implicated in the Frankfort Attentat, had bought a farm. Soon it became the temporary residence of Dr. Gustave Bunsen and Dr. Adolph Berchelmann, my associates in the Frankfort affair.

Mr. Engelmann's home soon became the place of general resort. With few exceptions, all our German neighbors kept bachelor's hall. Being all relatives or friends, they were made very welcome. Every Sunday we had some of them to dine with us. At the upper farm we young men, having nearly all been students, often enjoyed ourselves with songs and story-telling, and sometimes with Rhine wine. The Wolfs had received several excellent casks from their own splendid vineyards at Wachenheim. We also found good whisky-toddy acceptable after awhile.

Among other things, I occupied myself with writing a narrative of our journey from New York to St. Louis, which I sent to Charles. It was published in the "Ausland," Mr. Cotta asking for more contributions, and also for political articles for the "Allgemeine Zeitung." I did, in the course of the winter, send him a description of my excursion into Missouri, which also appeared in the "Ausland," but the copies sent to me have been lost or mislaid. During that journey I had, however, a brief diary in which I entered my notes in pencil every evening, and which is still amongst my papers, as well as a sketch of the article which was published in the "Ausland."

CHAPTER XIV

First Year in America

I will now give an account of my trip through Missouri, which, to me at least, was very interesting. Friedrich was my companion. Our outfit was very scant. In our large German hunting pouches (Jagdtaschen) we had shirts and socks, shot of various sizes, and flasks of cognac. A German powder-horn was slung across our breasts, and each had a good double-barrelled gun. We left the farm rather late, October 13, 1833, and had to walk the twenty miles to St. Louis rather quickly, so as not to miss the ferry-boat, which at that time made no trips after dark. We found some friends at the place where we stopped, and at their suggestion remained there the next day to witness the horse races at the fair-ground. This was quite a new sight to me. Booths and tents had been erected around the track, where all kinds of drinks, pies and apples were sold. There were shanties where bets were made on the racing, and also other booths where, contrary to the law, faro-banks were openly conducted and well patronized. There was much excitement and many fist-fights. Nobody interfered, no police officer was to be seen. Some of the horses were celebrated racers, mostly from Kentucky. The whole thing was much like a German kirmess, only much wilder, — with no lack of quack doctors making speeches and recommending their nostrums. It was said that on that day the betting amounted to more than a hundred thousand dollars.

St. Louis had a very different aspect from what it did when we arrived in July. The river was at a fair stage of water, and a great many steamboats, some of large size, lined the wharf, which was covered with all kinds of merchandise.

The streets were full of people, particularly emigrants. Several thousand, mostly Germans and Swiss, had landed since we came. The houses of entertainment — bar-rooms — were crowded. Evidently St. Louis was on the rise. Our goal was Jefferson City, about one hundred and fifty miles up the Missouri River; but in going up the south side of it and returning on the north side, we intended to visit the German settlements, so that we traveled off our road for ten or twelve miles sometimes in order to reach them. It would take me too far were I to give a description of all the people we stayed with, and of their farms and modes of living; so I will confine myself to a few incidents which appeared to me of interest.

FOOT-TOUR THROUGH MISSOURI IN 1833

Through thick woods, over many hills, we reached in the evening Lewis's Ferry. Here Mr. Ernest Charles Angelrodt had made a large purchase of 8,000 acres of land for $5,000. It was mostly rich bottom-land, and the farm, which contained several hundred acres of cultivated land, stood right on the bank of the river. Mr. Angelrodt had also acquired the ferry-franchise across the river. He himself was now in Germany, where he had gone to bring back his family, and the place was occupied by some young gentlemen, one a Mr. Von Dachroeden, from Thuringia, probably a relative of William Von Humboldt's wife, who was a Dachroeden, the other a Holsatian by the name of Jansen. Angelrodt had been a member of what was called the Thuringian or Muehlhausen Emigration Society, which had emigrated early in 1832. They had sent ahead pioneers to select the land, two of whom were the brothers Roebling, of whom one made his name immortal in America by his bold engineering. The Niagara suspension-bridge, the first of its kind here, some of the splendid bridges in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and finally the wonderful suspension-bridge across the East River at New York, planned by him and executed by his son, are monuments of his genius and skill. The pioneers had selected land in Pennsylvania. But

when the rest of the society came on, some did not like the lands chosen, and the company split up. Angelrodt, Dachroeden, and others went West. We found two guests here already, and some neighbors had called. We were hospitably received and passed a most pleasant evening. A dozen or more partridges which we had killed, the black cook broiled for our supper. We obtained a good deal of information from our hosts on a number of important points. The health in the neighborhood was not good. It was the season for the autumnal intermittent fevers — not very dangerous, but still having a weakening and depressing effect. Newcomers, however, did not seem to suffer more than the old settlers.

Towards night a most violent storm, with very little rain, shook the very foundations of the large block-house. The wind continued very high all through the day, and our kind hosts would not let us travel on, as they said it was very dangerous to walk through the timber in such a high wind, dead trees or big branches of trees being very often blown down. Their apprehensions were very well founded, for the next day we saw the road covered with large branches and even with smaller green trees, which obstructed our passage. We passed the windy day quite pleasantly, hunting on the banks of the river, which were clear of timber. A big wild goose was shot and roasted for supper, but it was so tough that we could not eat it.

On the sixteenth of October we marched onward, nearly all the way through timber. At this season of the year the forests are in their glory. Bryant and other American writers have not exaggerated their beauty. While the leaves of the white, the black and the laurel oak still retain their dark green, the walnuts have assumed a brownish hue, the hickories and sycamores a dark yellow, and the hard and soft maples a brilliant yellow. The undergrowth, — bushes like the sumach, — shines in resplendent red. In the bottoms the trees are often of a tremendous size, above all the sycamore (plantane). We found some that measured thirty feet in circumference. Some

of them had decayed and fallen down, and in the hollow of them we could stand upright.

Near the river the hills are pretty high and even steep, and now and then we had from the top of them an extensive view of the river and the hills on the north. After a march of two days, having been hospitably received by the farmers wherever we stopped, and having been charged for lodgings only in one or two places, — namely, at houses of entertainment for man or beast, — we reached a little apology for a town called Newport on the Missouri River, at the mouth of the River Au Boeuf. We found some Germans here, old residents, and obtained much information. The best land in the bottoms was already taken up, as was the land on the hills in favorable locations, and was selling for $5.00 or more an acre if partly cultivated. Away from the river the want of communication made farming unprofitable, and clearing the timber and plowing the hills was most laborious work. As in every new country, there was a great deal of sickness. At a considerable distance from the river there were fine prairie lands, easy to cultivate; but as they were far from the markets they were considered by many then and for years to come, as almost valueless. This was the sum and substance of what we learned at Newport from intelligent Germans, one of whom was a land surveyor. And it may be here remarked that on both sides of the river these statements were affirmed by both Americans and Germans, many of the latter denouncing Mr. Duden bitterly for his all too rosy and often very inaccurate descriptions of this part of Missouri, and for having caused so many to lose their money, their spirits, and their health by injudicious settlements.

The weather thus far had been beautiful, though too hot in the middle of the day, — so hot that even the rattlesnakes came out into the road. We shot several of them within a few days. But a sudden change occurred when we left Newport. It turned quite cold, and on the 22nd of October we had a slight snow-fall.

The farther west we went the fewer settlements we found, and one evening when we reached, rather late, a very clean and comfortable house, where we hoped to stay all night, a very pretty young woman turned us off, excusing herself because of the absence of her husband, though at the same time showing us the way to another farm off the road, where we could stay. We found this to be a general rule. Even where their husbands were near by in the field or hunting in the woods, the women never gave us an assurance that we could stay over night. But as soon as the men came near, they at once told us to come in and make ourselves at home, without asking their husbands, for it was a self-understood matter that no decent looking person should be denied a night's lodging. The industry, neatness and handiness of these women were extraordinary. In a very short time they cooked us good coffee, broiled some slices of ham, and made us either fine cornbread or biscuits. At this season of the year there was often venison in the house. We usually had partridges or wild turkeys along, which we got for breakfast.

Going out of our way to visit an intelligent farmer from Hanover in the Missouri Bottom, at the mouth of Deer Creek, we saw some beautiful scenery. The bluffs come near to the river here, forming steep stone walls. They are covered with the American cedar — Juniperus Virginiana — first seen by me in the botanical garden at Frankfort. In the night we had a splendid sight. Across the river some bottom prairies were on fire. Reaching the road to Jefferson City again, after climbing steep bluffs, we passed in canoes several large creeks, and on ferry-boats the Gasconade and Osage Rivers. The Osage is as wide as the Main at Frankfort, and at certain seasons of the year navigable with small steamboats.

We passed the evening near its mouth and spent the next morning very pleasantly on a large plantation, of which several hundred acres were planted with tobacco, hemp and corn. The owner, quite an old man, a captain of the revolutionary army, had given over the management of his farm to his son

and the wife of the latter. The old gentleman was wealthy and had a great many negroes. I may say here, once for all, that wherever I found large plantations, the colored people, that is to say the house-servants, such as the coachmen, gardeners, nurses and cooks, were very kindly treated. The negro children at this place, (and they were pretty and comical looking little folks,) played with the white children of their masters and made as much noise and took as many liberties as the others. Our old host at the Osage, for instance, took them on his lap, wiped their mouths and noses and performed other unmentionable services for them, the same as he did to his white grandchildren. How the mere working-hands were treated, I had no opportunity to learn; but as in Missouri, even on the largest farms, the number of slaves was very limited and overseers dispensed with, I do not think as a rule they were harshly treated. Nearly all the blacks we met looked well fed and contented. Regarding negro slavery, I find in my diary the following remarks:

"The negroes hereabouts are generally treated very kindly. Their practical condition is not a hard one. As a rule, they live in families, have their own separate little houses, and oftentimes some cattle which belong to them. They are looked upon as a lower race, destined by nature to serve a higher. But their comparatively satisfactory status does by no means excuse the principle of slavery, and it must be combatted with all our might. The Germans in Missouri, as far as my information reaches, own no slaves as yet, and hate the system. But time will dull their opposition and their descendants will grow up in the idea that slavery is an unalterable fact. Germans ought not to go into a Slave State. THE RUPTURE BETWEEN THE FREE AND SLAVE STATES IS INEVITABLE, and who would then like to fight on the WRONG SIDE?"

Thirty years later, Mr. Seward called the conflict between free and slave states irrepressible. From my short observation of the drift of public opinion, I called it the same then.

On the 26th of October, we at last reached Jefferson City, having travelled by a somewhat circuitous road about two

hundred miles on foot. Jefferson City was then, as it is now, the capital of the great State of Missouri, and contained about 500 people. It was situated rather picturesquely on the hills bordering the Missouri River. From the heights you have a fair view of the rich bottom-lands opposite. The state-house is rather a pretty building and some of the residences are well built. The other buildings are insignificant. We stayed there a day or two at a poor inn, where we had laundrying done, and where the eating was far inferior to what we had had at the farm-houses without charge. Here we crossed the mighty river in a little Indian canoe, a hollowed-out tree. We felt a little uneasy, but the river was calm. We now went down the river, part of the way through most fertile bottom and prairie districts, long since settled and cultivated. It was Indian summer, the evenings cool and charmingly beautiful. The sun set in deep purple; the sky was all the hues of the rainbow. The sun by day and the moon at night were surrounded by a rosy haze; while the atmosphere was filled with a magical vapor arising from the burning of distant prairies.

Not far from a French settlement called Côte Sans Dessein, we met on a rich plantation with the most extraordinary hospitality. We arrived there in the afternoon, with the intention of merely taking a rest; but the owner, who had two very handsome and ladylike daughters, insisted on our staying all night. We had a most sumptuous supper of coffee, buttermilk, broiled venison steak, fried potatoes, and biscuits, as only Southern women know how to make them, preserves, etc. After supper we had a good smoke, the gentleman letting us have a roll of his best tobacco raised on his own plantation. We talked about Washington and General Lafayette, and the old man was very happy when I told him that when I left Paris he was in excellent health. Next morning some friends called, a Mr. Langle and a Mr. Armstrong, the latter a somewhat educated man. He knew that Napoleon was dead, about whom I had been frequently asked by people who believed

him still living. Armstrong was also aware that Prussia was a part of Germany, and that old Fritz had made it a great country.

The girls begged hard for us to stay at least another day; but we pleaded want of time. They brought me a copy-book of one of their brothers, and made me write in it a sentence to copy, which should be, they said, a memorial of our visit to their house. Armstrong and Langle, after an excellent breakfast, went along with us for several miles for company and gave us directions for our day's traveling. We got lost, nevertheless, in the afternoon, and wandered several miles out of our way. On one large creek, or rather small river, the River Aux Vasse, we found no ferry-man, but the boat fortunately was on our side, and we unchained it and crossed. Several times we met with serious difficulties in getting over creeks. People on horseback and in wagons could cross them at almost any time of the year. For hunters and travelers on foot, a large tree on the banks would be cut down so as to lie across the water. The trunk being round, it was not a very easy matter to walk across it, particularly where the banks were high. We sometimes hesitated whether we should not rather strip and wade through the water; but using our guns as a sort of balancing poles, we usually managed to get across. Over hill and dale we marched on, being very kindly treated everywhere and noticing with pleasure the cleanliness and noiseless industry of the women, until we reached Loutre Island on the Missouri River, connected with the mainland by a causeway. It lies near the northern bank and is many miles long. It is considered exceedingly fertile. Some large plantations are on it, and, in addition to tobacco, cotton is raised.

German settlements we had not found thus far on the northern bank. We reached now the neighborhood of what might be called the veritable Duden settlement, in what was, in Duden's time, Montgomery County. We had again lost our way, late in the evening, in the woods, and came to a creek without a bridge. Calling for the ferry-man we received

no answer, but heard at some distance down the creek the barking of dogs. We took off our shoes and stockings, waded through the water, which was very cold, went in the direction where we heard the dogs still barking, and walking about half a mile, came to a log-house standing in the midst of a little prairie. A tall, fine-looking man came out. We told him our story, and he at once bade us come in. It was an entirely new settlement of the previous spring. The small log-house of one room only was hardly finished. Some ten acres were in corn. There was a little garden and a potato-patch near the house, and a log stable. There was no fence yet around the premises. A good fire lighted the room, which was doubly welcome to us after our tramp through the creek on a very cold evening. The host's handsome wife lighted up the room with her presence beside the fire in the chimney. They had had their supper. But in a very short time she made us corn cakes, — corn-slaps, — broiled us some ham, baked us some potatoes — all before the large fireplace, and cooked us a cup of coffee; so we fared exceedingly well. We gave her a dozen or so partridges for breakfast. They were Kentuckians, but treated us as old friends. We had a good smoke and I presented our host with part of the tobacco given to me by my friend at Côte Sans Dessein. The Kentuckian was very well informed about American affairs. He had fought under Jackson in the Florida war, thought him a masterly general, but, being a friend of Henry Clay, was opposed to him now in politics. He spoke quite intelligently on the bank and tariff questions.

As bed-time drew near we became somewhat uneasy as to where we were going to rest. But the young woman spread a buffalo robe on the floor near the fireplace and in front of the only bed. She put some pillows against a couple of chairs for us to rest our heads on, took one of the big blankets from their bed and disappeared. We retired. There was no other light in the room but the fire in the chimney. After a while the couple retired also.

We slept soundly. When we woke up, she was up already preparing the breakfast and he was feeding the horses and cows. After a good breakfast we left these really charming people. They were not refined, but behaved as well as any lord or lady could have done; of course, payment was refused.

EARLY FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS IN MISSOURI

It had frozen hard during the night — the 29th of October. Our night-quarters we took at a German farm. It was a new clearing on hilly and broken land. We were kindly received, but everything was as yet in disorder, and we had not near as good accommodations as we had in the American houses. The Germans dislike the bottoms on account of their insalubrity and also the prairies; they prefer springs and woods. The Americans in Missouri always wondered why the Germans generally selected the poorest land to settle on. Next day, we came to a little place called Marthasville, containing half a dozen houses, near which lived several German farmers — the Rasmus brothers — and finally reached the largest of all the German settlements, called the Berlin settlement. One farm joined the other. Most of these Germans were highly educated men who had been here for some years and had settled near the place where Mr. Duden had dwelt for some time. They wanted to be near his Eldorado. Their houses were comfortable, some even having brick houses. Mr. Von Bock, a perfect gentleman, seemed to be the soul of the colony. His farm was well cultivated and comprised some rich bottom-land. In some of their log-houses we even found some good pictures, libraries and pianos. But — alas — there was hardly a family where there was not sickness, and that was the general complaint, not only among the Germans, but among the Americans also. Our stay there was a very pleasant one. Of course, we went to the old Duden place. It was in a decaying condition; the log-house, one of the poorest, was occupied at the time by a shoemaker. The few acres which

had been in cultivation were overgrown with weeds, and the fences were down. The house stood on a hill; a good spring was on the land, and Lake Creek near by. It was a romantic spot, but the soil was not rich and certainly not well adapted to farming. We spent the night in the neighborhood at Mr. Houns's, a Pennsylvanian, and were well entertained. Almost without exception, the Germans expressed themselves greatly disappointed, and blamed Duden for having exaggerated the advantages and minimized the drawbacks of this part of the State of Missouri. All agreed, however, in this, that their American neighbors were uniformly kind and good people.

We had intended to go as far down as St. Charles and there cross the river for St. Louis; but about fifteen miles west of that place we mistook the road again, and we found ourselves on the river opposite Lewis's Ferry at Angelrodt's place, where we had stayed two days on our trip up the river to Jefferson City. We were pretty well tired out, having on an average walked twenty miles a day. To be sure, some days we made thirty miles and more. Besides, we were anxious for news from home. We had a pleasant dinner at the Ferry, but went some miles farther on to St. Louis, which we reached on the third of November, and on the fourth I was again among my dear, dear friends at Imsbach, which name had been given to the lower farm.

I must say that this excursion into Missouri was of very great benefit to me. Traveling as we did on foot, we learned more of the topography, of the nature of the soil, and of the fauna and flora of the country, than we could have by any other mode of traveling. But the main advantage to me was the knowledge I gained of the character of the people. We stopped in old French settlements made before Missouri was a State — 1821 — and when it formed a part of Louisiana. Indifferent farmers they were, fond of hunting and particularly fishing. Their social temperaments made them live in villages, where they could have music and dancing and could play at cards. They were a gay and harmless people, and indolent, though

their young men would frequently hire themselves out to the fur companies for a year or two as hunters or trappers. But they would always return to their old homes. Of politics they knew little and cared less. Some of the Americans were natives of Missouri; for the rich bottom-lands had at an early day brought many Southerners to the Missouri Territory; but the great majority of them were from the South, mostly from Kentucky and Virginia, and a goodly number from Tennessee, North and South Carolina and Georgia. Now and then some Pennsylvania Dutch were found. As everywhere else in the United States, these were good farmers, a little slow, but very shrewd and superior to all their neighbors in making money. My long experience and life in this country has satisfied me that the real Pennsylvania Dutchmen, a race, however, now becoming extinct, is in ordinary business matters more than a match for the keenest Yankee. I do not think we found a solitary New Englander or Eastern man during our whole journey.

It will not do to generalize. But I must say, I found these Southern people very frank, open-hearted, hospitable and kind. There was very little refinement about them, but also no rudeness. Their mental horizon was limited, but they had natural good sense, and, by experience, under very difficult circumstances, they had acquired a sound judgment in all matters of interest to them. The free institutions, the perils they had to encounter as pioneers in the wilderness had given them a self-possession and a spirit of independence, which placed them far above even the well-to-do country population in Europe. The poorer and smaller farmers could not be compared with what is called in the old country the peasants. Of course, there were exceptions enough. The very freedom from all restraint, the absence of police and of the military led to some excesses; and where they were addicted to drinking they were capable of almost any outrage. There were lazy men of course, who, after having broken up a few acres for corn and potatoes, lived by hunting, and when game got

scarce or the settlements thicker, sold out at any price and moved farther west. Upon the whole, I formed a very favorable opinion of these Western men and have never changed it.

HOME IN ILLINOIS AGAIN

In contrast to the great sickliness in Missouri, I found our family and all our friends in the neighborhood in excellent health, busily engaged in home and farm work, stripping the ears from the high corn stalks, gathering the rich crop of peaches and apples, and drying the fruit and making apple butter. Mr. Engelmann, who had a remarkable aptitude for mechanical work, was repairing enclosures, making gates and doing many other useful things at the work-bench, always in good spirits and meeting the many difficulties of the situation manfully.

Mr. Theodore Hilgard, Sr., of Zweibruecken, who emigrated to America with his family, settled in Belleville in 1836. He has published for private family circles, very interesting memoirs of his eventful life. Speaking of his uncle, Frederick Engelmann says:

"It certainly was not an easy matter to find a more pleasant and a more amiable gentleman than this uncle of mine. Under all circumstances serene, or at least self-composed, he gave the kindest reception to everyone at his hospitable home, in which with his equally kind-hearted and hospitable wife, Betty, one was often reminded of Philemon and Baucis. In conversation always lively, he was often witty and spirituel. His attention and politeness to ladies were always the same. He belonged to the old school which ladies commend as far superior in gallantry and refinement to the present generation. Views of life clear, temperate and mild, fruits of wide experience and a clear understanding, added to the warmest feeling for everything good and beautiful, were his characteristics. He was of constant activity and even in his old age he worked in his vineyard, attended to the orchard and did very many other things necessary in a household. He had even a quite poetical vein, and the verses he made occasionally, while unpretentious, were flowing and genial."

And of Mother Betty, Mr. Hilgard also speaks in the most appreciative terms. There is a great deal of foolish talk and writing about mothers-in-law. I lived with mine in the closest and most intimate relations for nearly thirty years until her much regretted death in a very old age, and during that time there never was one solitary moment that our mutual esteem and love suffered the slightest interruption. A clearer mind and a better heart united in one person, it would have been hard to find. Our worthy grandparents were worthy of one another. To the most warm and enthusiastic praise Cousin Hilgard gives to the character of Aunt Josephine, I can add nothing but my most heartfelt affirmation. All the other children were worthy of their parents and in the course of my narrative I shall have to speak of all of them more than once. Of course, these pictures were drawn by friendly hands, and more impartial witnesses may have found here and there weaknesses, peculiarities and prejudices; but, take it all in all, the family, and the affiliated members, John and Marianna Scheel, were a model family, to which I felt proud to belong. A few words more from Mr. Hilgard's "Reminiscences" in regard to which I can give testimony as being true in every respect:

"This family led a real patriarchal life on their farm about six miles from Belleville; and although it had for many years to struggle against greater difficulties than many others it prospered in course of time in all its numerous branches, and takes through several of its members a very high rank in the county they live in (1860). Whence comes this success which has been wanting to so many other well educated families who immigrated with vastly greater pecuniary means? I am convinced that one of the main reasons was that this family embraced at once their new home most cordially, accommodated themselves cheerfully to the new surrounding circumstances, acknowledged their advantages and praised them, and did not let their disadvantages engender feelings of bitterness or unmeasured condemnation. Thus they became, more than the other German families, befriended with American society, and so it became possible for its members to obtain public recognition and important public offices. Another reason for their

getting on so well, was the fact that their means were quite small when they first arrived in the county."

STUDIES AND JOURNALISTIC LABORS

Another benefit I derived from my Missouri journey was that I acquired more confidence in speaking English. In fact, I found no difficulty at all in being understood. Friedrich not being able to speak it, all the conversation devolved upon me during these three weeks. The idea of continuing in the legal profession heretofore floating somewhat vaguely in my mind, now found a sort of lodgment. For the present, however, I formed no settled determination. By mail and through friends who had left Frankfort in the course of the summer, I had in the meantime received a large, highly interesting correspondence from home, to which, of course, I at once replied. My description of our travels from New York to St. Louis had been received, and was about to be published. My journey through part of Missouri at once suggested itself as a fit subject for the "Ausland," and so, with the help of my diary, I wrote a rather extended description of it, and dwelt at some length upon the character of the Western people. It also was published, as I have already remarked, and more was asked by Mr. Cotta. Besides the agreeable occupation these writings gave me, the handsome remunerations I received were not to be despised in my present condition, as I did not want to ask more sacrifices from my family than were absolutely necessary.

In the course of my visit to the very region of the country to which Mr. Duden's book had so strongly invited German immigrants, I had become so well satisfied that he was an unsafe guide and had been the cause of so many serious disappointments that I determined to counteract in some measure the effects of his publication by writing an extended review of it. As Duden was a highly respectable man, whose errors were owing to insufficient experience and to the fact that he was a man without a family, with ample means and of a rather

sanguine and optimistic character, my critique was not intended to be a captious and hostile one. I am sorry to say, however, that in a later publication of his concerning his views on the United States he took occasion in the preface to complain of my review, and returned my kindness with silly and reprehensive remarks, which were the best proof of my having hit the mark.

This publication of mine, written in a winter of the extremest cold, where, though near a rousing fire in the big chimney of the old log-house, my left hand was icy cold while my right moved over the paper close to the fire, and where the ink froze until I placed it almost in the fireplace, was composed in 1834 and published by Brother Charles under the title of "Review (Beleuchtung) of Duden's Report Concerning the Western States of North America." It was very favorably reviewed in many German journals and reviews, and added also considerable to my earnings. My good sister Josephine very amiably assisted me, copying in her fair hand my poorly written manuscript, and now and then correcting my punctuation and other slips.

To show the spirit in which my critique was conceived I will give here a few lines of the introduction. I said: "I agree with Duden that emigration may become a necessity, and, if properly conducted, is of advantage to the emigrant. I do not essentially differ in my views on the subject from him; nevertheless, I cannot subscribe to many of them, and I deem his 'Report' of the region of the country of which he speaks and of the conditions the emigrants are expected to find there, as too flattering and too vividly colored." Does this require any proof when we find passages like the following in Duden's work: "It will not and cannot be believed in Europe how easily and agreeably one lives in these western countries. It sounds too strange, too fabulous, to be believed, that such regions of the world exist, which have so long been banished to the world of fairies."

I also differed from Mr. Duden as regards the salubrity of the climate to new-comers and the almost constant mildness of the winters in the West. I felt it to be my duty to destroy the illusions which his much too favorable opinion on the subject might create. But what perhaps more than anything else aroused Mr. Duden's ire, was my unqualified condemnation of his elaborate attempt, filling many pages of his book, to justify African slavery. Knowing that this drawback existed in Missouri, of which State he had become the enthusiastic champion, he was driven to this apology, which, particularly as coming from a German, I denounced in the strongest terms. He denied that the slavery question was one likely to divide the Union; I, on the contrary, prophesied in my "Review" that it would lead to secession and necessarily to a bloody civil war.

Some time after my return Dr. George Engelmann and myself went to the new Swiss settlement in Madison County called Highland, northeast of Lebanon, then as large as and really handsomer than Belleville. An immense prairie expanded itself before us. Prairie chickens started up to the right and the left where we rode, and we met herds of deer, from fifteen to twenty in number; the clatter of our horses' hoofs, however, the ground being frozen, set them running, so that the doctor, who had a rifle along with him, did not get a shot at them. Highland, at that time, was only a group of some three or four farms, which had been purchased by the Messrs. Koepfli, father and two sons, and the Suppiger family. In the midst of a prairie two parallel ridges rose, on and between which these farms were situated. Trees had been planted and there was also some timber near a creek not far off, and several large orchards belonging to the farms. It was really a very excellent spot though the appellation of "Rigi," which had been given to one of these ridges, was rather far-fetched.

Both of these families had considerable means and, what was more, real, practical, Swiss common-sense. The old gentleman was a physician, the sons, young and stout, active busi-

ness men; and so were the Suppigers. The had preëmpted large tracts of prairie for future use. The Koepflis had a thousand acres. They afterwards laid out on part of their farm the present lovely and flourishing town of Highland. For awhile vine-raising was gone into to a considerable extent. But raising cattle on these large prairies was one of the principal and profitable pursuits of these families. In one respect they were at a disadvantage with the German settlers in St. Clair County. While the latter had the near market of the fast growing city of St. Louis, the Highlanders had to come forty miles to that place and partly over very bad roads. A railroad did not strike Highland until about thirty years after our visit.

We were most hospitably received, and passed two very pleasant days with the Koepfli family. I remained more or less connected with the two brothers, particularly with Solomon Koepfli, who was the leading genius of the place and full of public spirit. I became their legal counsel and attorney in some very important cases, but outside of that we were friends and visited one another occasionally. They both died, however, at their best age, some fifteen years ago. Their father had died long before.

My correspondence, literary labors and the study of history and geography, and the many visitors we constantly received, neighbors as well as new-comers, took up most of my time. The Engelmanns and Scheel hunted much and before Christmas they had shot a dozen deer. Hunting was not to my taste, and I participated only seldom in it, and then more for the sake of exercise than sport. Riding on horseback was my favorite recreation. The weather was mostly very beautiful, summer-like, but now and then came a severe spell of storm and cold.

About this time I had finally made up my mind to follow the law, and I wrote home that I would remain on the farm until spring, and then either visit some law school, or read law in some office in St. Louis. On account of my having pre-

pared several powers of attorney and other legal papers, I had to go to Belleville twice to consult with Adam W. Snyder, then the most popular attorney-at-law in that place. I had been introduced to him before by Theo. Hilgard, Jr. I had asked his advice merely as to the proper officers to authenticate my papers. He found, however, that I knew as much as he did about the business, and seemed somewhat surprised at it. He had learned in some way that I intended to qualify myself for the bar and encouraged me to do so. He seemed to take a lively interest in me. When I mentioned the great difficulties, particularly the mastering of the language, he said: "Never mind — You speak English now more grammatically than most people here. If you go into a law-office for a year or so, and keep away from your German friends, you will acquire the sufficient fluency. Besides you speak French and we have a large French population in the river-counties in the American Bottom. There were also some German settlements in St. Clair County on Dutch Hill and Turkey Hill. The Germans are now coming in shoals to St. Louis, and many of them if they have any sense will settle right here in Illinois in the neighborhood of St. Louis. You will get a good practice amongst these of course."

Mr. Snyder was a Pennsylvanian of German parentage. He could speak some Pennsylvania Dutch, and could understand some German in ordinary affairs. He had been apprenticed to the milling business at home, and had come quite young to Illinois and had found employment as a miller near Cahokia, then the county-seat of St. Clair, where the judges and officers of the court, attorneys and other county officers all resided. He attracted their notice by his sprightliness and his ready good humor, and he was advised to read law, which he did, and commenced practicing there. He had the gift of speaking and soon acquired the reputation of being a good advocate. He had married in 1824 or 1825, Adelaide Perry, daughter of John F. Perry, a French gentleman from Picardy, who must have been a shrewd business man; for at his death

not long after Mr. Snyder's marriage, he left a large estate to his heirs. Mr. Snyder had picked up the Creole French, and could speak it to some extent, and he understood us perfectly well when we addressed him in the French language. He was tall of stature and strongly built, his temperament gay and sanguine. A close observer of human nature, he could handle men with ease, and, being full of wit and a fine teller of anecdotes, his great popularity was readily accounted for.

A day or two before Christmas I went, on terribly bad roads and in a disagreeable drizzle of half snow and half rain, to St. Louis to buy a present for Sophie, and for myself, Blackstone's Commentaries on the English Law, a classic book, for which I paid five dollars.

On Christmas day, 1833, we had a Christmas tree, of course. In our immediate neighborhood we had no evergreen trees or bushes. But Mr. Engelmann had taken the top of a young sassafras tree, which still had some leaves on it, had fixed it into a kind of pedestal, and the girls had dressed the tree with ribbons and bits of colored paper and the like, had put wax candles on the branches, and had hung it with little red apples and nuts and all sorts of confectionery, in the making of which Aunt Caroline was most proficient. Perhaps this was the first Christmas tree that was ever lighted on the banks of the Mississippi. Yet this very recollection of our still dear old home, put many of us in mind of the dear relatives and friends we had left behind and gave rise to some rather melancholy reflections. What a contrast between our present life and the one we had enjoyed in the Fatherland!

On my return from St. Louis on the evening of the twenty-fourth, I passed through Belleville after dark. In spite of the mud in the streets they were very lively. The Americans celebrate Christmas in their own way. Young and old fired muskets, pistols and Chinese fire-crackers, which, with a very liberal consumption of egg-nog and tom-and-jerry, was the usual, and in fact, the only mode of hailing the arrival of the

Christ-Child (Christ-Kindchen, corrupted into Christ-kinkle).

In the first part of January, 1834, it turned terribly cold; the thermometer for a week almost showing every morning from 20 to 24 degrees below zero, Réamur. The snow was for weeks a foot or more deep. Light sleighs were constructed, and we had very fine sleighing. Having no cellars to speak of, the bread froze over night, and had to be thawed out by roasting at the fireplace. Crowding around the chimney was the only way to keep warm. The walks three times a day from the upper to the lower farm for meals were a severe task. I kept a good fire in the grate chimney, which I filled with a tremendous back-log. All the rails which were not wholly sound, I would take off the fences for firewood. I was charged with taking good rails now and then; but necessity knows no law.

During Christmas time and the very cold weather in January, the lessons to the boys were interrupted. But in February I took them up again. The rest of my time I devoted to the study of Blackstone, and to the constitutional history and the judicial system of the United States. From my diary, I find that I followed very closely the highly interesting debates of the Congress which commenced its sessions in 1833. It was the time of the great contest against Jackson on account of his financial policy, particularly against his opposition to the National Bank. In the House, Jackson had a decided majority; in the Senate was the opposition, led by such men as Clay, Webster and Calhoun, a triumvirate consisting of really very incongruous elements. It was during this session that the opposition of Jackson arrogated to itself the name of Whigs, dubbing the Jackson men with the name of Tories. This last appellation, however, did not stick, and the old name of Democrats was retained. Benton and Silas Wright, of New York, were in the Senate the able defenders of the Democrats. I was at first inclined to think that Jackson had acted rather arbitrarily in regard to the bank. I had read only the "St. Louis Republican," then a strong Whig paper, but when I read the different speeches in Congress my opinion changed

decidedly. I read the speeches on both sides very carefully and formed my opinion from them. Respecting other questions I found that the Democrats had far more liberal views than the Whigs; for instance, as to the tariff and the rights of naturalized citizens. The Whigs in the main represented the money-power, what they called the "Respectability;" the Democrats, the interests of the masses. Under these impressions I became a Democrat and have remained one ever since.

POLISH VISITORS

The number of visitors that came to us from St. Louis was very great, and our house was, particularly on Sundays, filled with our neighbors. At the upper farm, we young men had many an Attic night. The Rhine wine had given out, but a moderately strong grog took its place. The company being nearly all students, our favorite songs often resounded in the old house. I must mention a rather comical visitor, Major Clopike, a Pole. There had arrived in 1833 several hundred Poles, who, entering Austrian territory, after the fall of Warsaw, and being disarmed and kept there under surveillance, had finally been shipped by the Austrian government, (I believe in a vessel of the American navy,) to the United States. Congress had donated to them several thousand acres of public lands, not yet sold, in some of the Western States. The Poles had appointed a committee to select these lands, and they had chosen a fine district in northern Illinois on the Rock River. The land had not been sold, but a great deal of it was occupied by squatters, who resisted with might and main the taking up of this land by the Poles. I do not know what finally became of the donation. At any rate, the Poles made no settlements there, nor anywhere else. Besides, the mere land was of no use to them. Most of them were without means to buy anything, and then they were not farmers, but young men who had been in the regular army of Poland, or students, or clerks.

Clopike was one of these commissioners, and had now become a resident of St. Louis, where he had established a coffee-house. He was a very tall, imposing-looking man of more than fifty years of age, of rather handsome and martial features, spoke French fluently and German passably. Being a Pole, he was very warmly received by the Engelmanns and by sister Charlotte, whose enthusiasm for Poland and the Poles knew no bounds, and who was particularly attentive to him. He stayed a day or two, and shortly afterwards made his appearance again. To the astonishment of the family, he took Mr. Engelmann aside and asked for the hand of Charlotte. Mr. Ledergerber had, however, already shown much attention to Charlotte, and she had appeared to reciprocate his suit. I believe this was the reason she refused the offer of Clopike; yet, although his proposal seemed to us preposterous, it is impossible to say what she might have done; for her admiration for the Poles was very strong, and, as she was getting to be, though still very handsome and amiable, what was then considered an old maid, we feared she might have consented to the Major's proposal. Clopike took his rejection quite heroically, and did not lose his appetite, or his love of a strong glass of punch. I occasionally patronized his establishment in later years in St. Louis, always finding him jovial and in high spirits, and having a very reputable custom.

The spring of this year was beautiful, but with very sudden changes. In the absence of Doctor George, who, from the first day on the farm had been keeping a record of the temperature, I performed that business three times a day. The most remarkable meteorological phenomena I noticed in my diary. On the fourth of May there was a frost so heavy that it killed all the fruit-blossoms and nearly all the leaves of the forest trees. Within twelve hours the thermometer fell frequently from ten to fifteen degrees Réamur. At one time I even noticed eighteen degrees' fall. But upon the whole, the weather was delightful. Late in the fall and early in

the spring, the heavens were lighted up almost every evening by prairie fires. The prairie grass at that time frequently grew to be three or four feet high and was burnt up for a new growth. The largest prairies were a good ways from our place; nevertheless, the glare of the fire was very distinctly seen by us. Richly colored flowers filled the woods: dogwood, redbud, May apples, lady's-slippers, sweet-williams, flox, some kind of asclepias, red lilies, helianthuses, and Virginia creeper, which I had much admired in the botanical gardens at Frankfort. The large white and orange blossoms of the catalpas at the upper farm were beautiful to look at, and exhaled a very sweet smell.

AN ILLINOIS COURT, AND POLITICS

Towards the latter part of May, Theodore and I rode to Edwardsville, the county-seat of Madison County, where the Circuit Court was in session. We found fine farms and rich prairies on the way. Edwardsville had but one street, about a mile and a half long. Part of the street was still covered with timber, and a deer passed us right in the town.

I went there principally to become acquainted with the practical workings of administrative justice. My diary shows a very detailed description of judge and jurors, of lawyers and officers, which, though highly interesting to me at the time, must be here much curtailed. The judge, Theophilus W. Smith, was an excellent lawyer of a rather stern character, and of very imposing appearance. Some very distinguished lawyers, whom I did not know as such then, were practicing at the bar, amongst them being David J. Baker, Judge Sidney Breese, A. W. Snyder, and James Semple. The weather was very hot; lawyers, jurors and witnesses were mostly in their shirt-sleeves. But Judge Smith kept the house in most perfect order. The first day the court adjourned at noon, giving way to political speech-making. The elections for Governor, for Congress, and for the State Legislature were near; State elections being then held on the first Monday in

August. The court, as well as the political meetings, had attracted an immense crowd to Edwardsville. Everybody came on horseback. The horses were all tied up to racks around the public square or to trees, the street being full of them. It looked like a Cossack camp.

A. W. Snyder was one of the candidates for Congress from the southern district of Illinois, which comprised at that time one-third of the State, and was entitled to three representatives in the lower house of Congress. John Reynolds, then Governor, but whose term expired that year, was the other candidate. Both were Democrats, but Snyder took a more decided stand against the national bank and the high tariff, sustaining Jackson through thick and thin. Reynolds, who was a very shrewd and cunning politician, not overburdened with principles, was more moderate, and in the Whig counties affected a rather milk-and-water attitude in his speeches in order to get the Whig support, — the Whigs having no candidate out.

Snyder opened the dance in a very fluent and plausible speech. He was followed by Alexander P. Field, a Whig lately converted, who was really a most eloquent speaker. Field was more than six feet high, of a dark complexion, and with a strong and very melodious voice, ugly features, and a sardonic smile playing around his lips. Though differing in politics, we became at a later day in traveling on the circuit rather warm friends. Reynolds made a speech in the evening. John Reynolds was an original. He had received a pretty good classical education, but took great pains to disguise it. Though he was quite familiar with English literature, he pretended to abhor books. He wished to be considered one of the people, and used intentionally on proper occasions the common talk of the backwoods settlers. Although, judicial timber being very scarce in the earlier days of our State, he had for some years been one of the supreme judges, he was no lawyer when I knew him, nor did he pretend to be; yet in certain cases, as in minor criminal offenses, slander and assault

and battery cases, he was a very successful advocate. He hardly ever charged fees, thereby making many friends, and he had an eminent faculty of making himself popular. He doted on the "American Eagle," advocated the annexation of Canada and the whole of British Columbia, and was preaching in and out of season the annexation of Cuba, which was formed, he contended, from the deposits of our great western rivers carried into the Gulf of Mexico by the waters of the Mississippi. His speeches were in part grotesquely pathetic, in part ludicrously comical, always attracting great crowds. When he afterwards served for two or three sessions in Congress, he astonished that body to the utmost by his home-spun pathos and his amusing sallies of humor. When judge, he had once to pronounce the sentence of death on a man by the name of Green. "Mr. Green," he remarked, "the jury have found you guilty of murder, and the law compels me to pronounce upon you the sentence of death. I want it distinctly understood, Mr. Green, that it was the jury that condemned you and not I; I wish you would have your friends understand this also. If you have any choice in the matter, you may tell the Court when it will best suit you to be hung within the time allowed by law." Mr. Green very coolly remarked that the day was indifferent to him, and the Court then fixed a Friday for the execution. There are hundreds of similar ludicrous anecdotes still in the mouths of old settlers. Reynolds was in later years the author of a very interesting book, sketching his life and times, and containing some very beautiful passages of literary worth. At one time very well off, he lost much by going security for his friends, but still left a handsome property to his second wife, a cultivated lady from Washington City. Gov. William Kinney, our close neighbor, who was then Lieutenant-Governor, was a candidate for Governor, but I do not think that he was then at Edwardsville.

For four days I closely attended the sittings of the court and found them very instructive. Indeed, I learned more

about the practice of law in that short time than I could have learned by four months' study of a book. I cannot, however, withhold here a thought which struck me almost as an inspiration as I looked at the learned and dignified judge sitting on his elevated seat. "I will be at your place, if I live, old fellow," said I to myself nearly half aloud. And I was, in little more than ten years from that time.

In the middle of June, summer began in earnest. We had for days 24 to 28 degrees Réamur in the shade, and in July the thermometer rose to 30 and 32, and one day to 34. We had also many thunder-storms. Our room, however, was very large, and we could be made cool; so that I pursued my studies pretty closely, reading, with great delight, Goethe, Washington Irving, Walter Scott and files of German papers, which latter almost daily arriving immigrants brought along with them.

LOCAL AND FAMILY REMINISCENCES

Quite early in the year, Theodore Hilgard, Jr., had returned to Speyer to bring over Emma Heimberger, to whom he was engaged before he left. He married her in Germany and arrived here in the latter part of June, accompanied by a younger brother, Frederick Hilgard, a young man of very amiable character and a model of manly beauty. This was a great accession to our German settlement. Emma was an intimate friend of Sophie, an accomplished and most fascinating lady, and a good musician. From the time of her arrival, the Hilgard place became another center for our society and remained so for a long series of years. Theodore was an open-hearted, frank, honest, good-natured and very hospitable man, whose melancholy end no one had the least thought of. They had paid a visit to my family in Frankfort and brought me the latest news and kind letters from them, quite satisfactory to me. A chest with papers, books and other useful things, they had brought for me to New York, from which place they were to be sent to St. Louis, by way of New Orleans.

About the same time we received news that the family of George Bunsen, forming part of the Giessen Emigrant Society, had arrived in New Orleans. Dr. Gustav Bunsen had gone down to receive them. After they had arrived at St. Louis, I went on an appointed day to Belleville, to which place they were to come in a stage. But I found only part of the family; the father and mother had remained in St. Louis watching a dying child. They looked very bad. The plan to settle in Arkansas Territory had been given up even before they landed in New Orleans. A considerable part of the Society, amongst whom were the Bunsens and Berchelmann's sister, who was married to Doctor Bunsen upon her arrival, had seceded and come up of their own accord to us, becoming thus involved in a host of troubles in settling up with the other members. It may here be remarked that the other fraction of the Society which had come by way of New York, not long after also arrived in St. Louis and also broke up. So this well organized company, led by men of the highest character, had become a wreck, as all of us here had predicted. The letters Bunsen brought were old, but nevertheless very welcome. The latest letters I had were from Kohloff and Savoye at Paris, highly interesting. Savoye suggested to me to write a critique of Duden's book and correct its errors. He did not know then that I had anticipated his wish.

Savoye established himself firmly in Paris as a literary writer and a journalist, became a member of the Legislative Chamber after the revolution of 1848, and was banished from France by Louis Napoleon after the *coup d'etat*. Kohloff also lived in Paris as a correspondent to German papers, devoting himself to the discussion of literature and the fine arts generally.

Shortly afterwards, the older Bunsens arrived in St. Clair, having buried their youngest child at St. Louis. They took up a temporary abode, but not long afterwards bought a fine farm about two miles and a half east of the Engelmann place. This numerous and intelligent family was quite an addition to

our settlement. George Bunsen, as instructor and superintendent of the public schools of St. Clair County, in later years acquired a high reputation all over the state, becoming in 1848 a member of the Constitutional Convention. George Bunsen's family many years later moved to Belleville, joining Doctor Berchelmann, who had married Louisa, one of the daughters. During the summer, Mr. Engelmann prepared the ground right south of the house, on a gentle southward slope, for a vineyard. It was hard labor in the hot season, as the plowing had to be very deep and the subsoil was very hard clay.

I may anticipate here and say that the raising of grapes from the roots brought from the Rhine was a failure. Catawba was the best grape to plant, and was raised together with the Virginia Seedling. The area of the vineyard was constantly enlarged, and the Engelmann products soon obtained a great reputation in the county. The raising of grapes for sale and for making wine, and the most excellent fruit, the product of the orchard, to all of which Mr. Engelmann devoted himself by intelligent and indefatigable labor, became the main source of profit of the farm.

Hunting horses, making trips to Lebanon, Belleville, and Nashville in Washington County to transact business for Mr. Engelmann, kept me a good deal of my time in the saddle. Sophie was also very fond of riding on horseback, and we visited much in the neighborhood. Sometimes, when there was lack of horses or of ladies' saddles, we went *à l'Américaine*, she sitting behind me on a cushion and holding fast by my waist.

In memory of General Lafayette's death, we heard the thundering of cannon from Jefferson Barracks on the first of July. President Jackson issued a message to Congress announcing the event. Congress passed resolutions of sympathy. John Quincy Adams delivered a most excellent funeral oration; the members wore crape for thirty days, and all citizens were requested to do likewise. Army and

navy officers were directed to do the same, and on all public vessels and in all forts the flags were at half mast; on the first of July in the morning and evening guns were fired at all forts. This demonstration was worthy of the man and of the American people.

We performed in July a new and curious occupation, namely, the threshing of wheat and oats by horses' hoofs. The sheafs were laid in a large circle in layers, and we young folks on horseback rode slowly over the layers on the heads of the sheafs, tramping out the kernels. New layers were laid and so we went on for hours. It was like circus-riding. The most disagreeable part of it was the dust, which almost choked us. This was one of the few farm-labors I performed in America.

On the twenty-third of August, 1834, the marriage of Charlotte and Joseph Ledergerber took place. There was a large company, and a splendid dinner was served under a sort of a tent on the lawn at the lower farm. The ceremony, performed by a neighboring justice-of-the-peace, lasted about two minutes. Bunsen and Hilgard had brought along a large quantity of Rhine wine, and we had some of it at the marriage feast.

Mr. Ledergerber had been brought up by his father, a man of considerable means, for the mercantile business; but he did not seem to like it, and obtained by purchase a lieutenancy in the Swiss guards stationed at Versailles. The revolution of July made an end of Charles the Tenth's reign, and of the Swiss guards, too. So he returned home, resolved to emigrate, prepared himself for farm-work, arrived here early in 1833, and, having carefully explored portions of Missouri and Illinois, bought the large farm of which I have already spoken. He was of medium size, had blond hair, blue eyes, a clear complexion, and was very good-looking. He was a most active and energetic man, increased his farm by additional purchases, built a good barn and outhouses, imported choice fruit trees, kept good horses, and was the first in that part of Illinois who

imported Norman horses. Fond of hunting, he kept later on a fine set of hounds. He was reported to be somewhat close and also high-tempered and as treating his farm hands rather harshly. I myself found him liberal in money matters and very agreeable in company. He and Charlotte kept a most hospitable house. It was almost constantly full of visitors, particularly Swiss, who stayed for weeks and months. The children of all the branches of the Engelmann family loved to be out at Uncle Ledergerber's. He was very fond of children, and his own — two boys and one girl — were sprightly and intelligent. He hated idleness, and himself set the example of hard working, so that it is very likely that he should have been sometimes too exacting.

Charlotte was the kindest of women, but too delicately built for a farmer's wife. Naturally of the greatest sensibility, she fell into a kind of a half liberal, half mystic Catholicism, principally by the reading of "Paroles d'un Croyant" by Father Lacordaire, a book which was then creating a great sensation. Her ideas became somewhat confused, her reasoning powers had never been strong, her heart was in her head. Her conversations were illogical and incoherent. In the course of time, her relations to her husband, who was a matter-of-fact man, became somewhat strained; neither of them felt happy, though there was no sign of disagreement outside of the family. Charlotte remained, until her death in 1857, the same gentle and effusive woman.

About this time the news came that a Pro-Slavery crowd in the East had mobbed a building in which the Anti-Slavery party had held or were about to hold meetings, and burnt it down. This outrage in the land of free speech pained and irritated us much. I made the following entry in my diary: "Negro slavery is the only rope by which the devil holds the American people. The descendants must now suffer for the greediness of their ancestors. This national debt is more oppressive and dangerous than the English one."

New emigrants, mostly from Altenburg, who belonged to the second group of the Giessen Society, but who had left it, arrived every day in our settlement. They were a very good-natured and jovial set of people, and were very frugal and industrious. Some of them knew some of my Altenburg friends. William Weber, they told me, was in prison in Leipsic.

On the ninth of September we held the first German picnic on a hill under large shade trees near the upper farm. Some forty persons enjoyed themselves greatly, eating, drinking, singing and playing games. It was the precursor of many others in the same neighborhood. Of course, the number of attendants always increased, and there were often several hundred people present from Belleville and even from St. Louis. Germanized Americans also came to look on and to participate, though the picnics were always held on a Sunday. Singing clubs and amateur bands of music were often present, and the picnics assumed by and by the shape of real popular festivals — Volksfeste. After the lapse of about ten years they came to be attended by some undesirable elements, and afterwards these public picnics gave place to private ones.

On the first Monday in August we went to the election at Belleville. Under the Constitution of Illinois, as it then stood, any one who had resided six months in the State, if a white male person over the age of twenty-one, was entitled to vote in all elections, State and National. Nearly all the Germans were for Snyder for Congress and for Kinney for Governor. Our American neighbors, being mostly Methodists, opposed them. Mr. Engelmann, Theodore, Ludwig, John Scheel, Ruppelius, and I rode first to Hilgard's in the morning, where we were reinforced by Theodore and Edward Hilgard, Theodore Kraft and Gustave Heimberger and some German neighbors. We formed quite a cavalcade riding into Belleville. Snyder and Kinney obtained majorities in St. Clair and the adjoining counties, but were beaten in the more south-

ern and eastern counties by the less uncompromising Democrats. Reynolds went to Congress.

A METHODIST CAMP-MEETING

In September we had quite an excitement in our immediate neighborhood, — a Methodist camp-meeting at Shiloh, lasting several days. One night we went there with the girls. The camp-ground round the meeting house was covered with tents, booths and covered wagons, in which some fifty families were lodged with all kinds of house and kitchen furniture. Several hundred persons were there as mere spectators. Fires were burning before the tents and shanties. A thick forest surrounded the camp-ground. In the meeting house one preacher held forth in a frantic way. In my diary I have given an analysis of his sermon, if his harangue can be so called. After painting hell and its tortures in the most vivid colors, he invited the sinners to come forward to the anxious seat. Some women did come, mostly negroes, and they howled like mad; but the preacher's voice was still heard calling upon the Lord, and so forth. The most ridiculous thing was his calling for a vote. "Is anyone here opposed to the Lord? Let us take a vote; Those who are for the Lord, will hold up their hands!" Of course, most hands went up. "Those who are against Him will hold up their hands!" Of course, nobody did. There was howling in every corner of the building; women cried; one negro woman repeatedly jumped up several feet high, and finally fell down. Some of the converted also commenced preaching from the anxious bench. Some tried to sing hymns at the same time. It was what the Germans would call a "Hoellenspektakel"— a hellish noise. But there was also some praying and preaching in some of the larger tents. A good many spectators were laughing and cracking jokes, others courted the girls in the tents and booths.

We were of course interested and disgusted by this strange and weird scene; it reminded us of similar night-meetings so graphically described among Walter Scott's Cov-

enanters. But the strangest thing was that, barring some exceptional cases of insanity, springing from these exercises, we would see the same people who were raving mad the night before, engaged in the most sober, calculating, matter-of-fact business the next morning.

DEPARTURE FOR KENTUCKY

It was now time to think of preparations for my departure to Lexington, Kentucky, which for several reasons I had selected as the place to pursue my legal studies. The University there, called Transylvania University, had a great reputation as a medical school. The law school was not much attended, nor were any law schools at that time, even the one at Cambridge. A few years of law-study in the office of a respectable attorney and counselor-at-law were all that was required to entitle one to take a more or less rigid State's examination, which, when passed, gave one a license to practice law. Attending law school was rather a more expensive mode and did not dispense with the State's examination; law-students in the German sense were rather an exception.

I had at last received, by way of New Orleans, two large boxes, containing a selection of books, files of newspapers, pamphlets, clothing and linen, lamps and many other useful and valuable things, presents to Sophie and to other members of the family and to me, worked by my dear mother and sisters. Receiving these tender tokens of their undying affection, I felt deeply moved. I was conscious that I did not half deserve this attachment. My intentions had often been very good, but I had often failed in carrying them out. I had, on trying occasions, acted against their wishes, and had at last inflicted upon them excruciating pains. I was by no means the ideal man they seemed to have always considered me. From gentlemen lately arrived, who came to visit us, I received the welcome news that my dear friend William Weber from Altenburg had escaped from prison in Leipsic and would undoubtedly soon come over. The first weeks in October, I

was busy in paying farewell visits and preparing myself to go to Lexington. The evening before my departure a great many of my friends came to bid me farewell, the Hilgards, Bunsens, Neuhoff and Berchelmann. We remained together until about midnight. Next morning, my diary says, "About nine o'clock I left the place where I had for a year past experienced so many sad but far more happy hours. I could hardly overcome my feelings. It was easier to leave friends and Fatherland than to leave Sophie." My parting gift was a collection of my desultory poetry bearing a poetical dedication entitled "To Sophie at Parting."

CHAPTER XV

Studying Law in Lexington

The same evening I went on board a Louisville boat. The river being low, we ran several times on sand-bars, and it sometimes took hours before we got off. We had a slow trip and did not reach Louisville until the sixth day after we had left St. Louis. I stopped at the Louisville Hotel, at that time one of the best and finest in the United States. It contained splendidly decorated parlors, an immense hall for general conversation, reading rooms and elegant bedrooms. There were two hundred persons at dinner, which was extravagantly good. More than twenty negroes served us. What astonished me most was that the majority of the guests got through this rich feast in about a quarter of an hour, and that only a few persons ordered wine, mostly Madeira and champagne.

At two o'clock in the morning I was awakened, and I mounted the stage for Lexington. We passed through Shelbyville, a pretty place, a little distance from which I might have ended my journey and my life too. Our stage was going down a pretty steep hill, when it encountered a cow and ran over it. The horses took fright, jumped off the road, and began running. But a stout young man who occupied a seat on the top of the stage had jumped off before the horses had broken into a full gallop, and grasped the bridle of one of the leaders. The driver succeeded in bringing the horses into the road again, and they made the bridge spanning a high-banked creek at full gallop. By the time we reached the top of the hill on the other side he had gained control of the horses again. Had they pursued their first course, we should undoubtedly have been wrecked in the creek. The stage was

stopped until our brave fellow-passenger came up, to whom we all expressed our hearty thanks.

We dined at Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky. It has a very romantic situation on the hills bordering the Kentucky River. It contains some very fine buildings; the capitol being built of fine marble. Some miles south of Frankfort we reached the railroad, which was to connect Frankfort and Lexington, but was not then finished. A lightly built car was drawn on it by horses which were changed every eight miles. They were fine animals, fast-blooded trotters, and easily made ten miles an hour. The country between Lexington and Frankfort, according to American notions, is a very beautiful one. The country is undulating and fertile, and excellent farms line the highways. The houses, often very large and villa-like, stand back in fine lawns and are surrounded by majestic shade-trees. Fields and large blue grass pastures vary with large forests, mostly of beech trees, which reminded me much of the woods in Germany. I saw no ox-teams. The farmers used horses exclusively, and a noble breed they were, too. In the evening we reached Lexington. In a letter written to Sophie a few days after my arrival I speak of this "Athens of Kentucky" in the following strain:

"Lexington is a lively, handsome city, built on wave-like hills surmounted by beautiful villas. The streets are nearly all lined with shade-trees. No wonder that the inhabitants are very proud of it! My American guide-book calls it perhaps the finest spot on the globe. Of course, I cannot subscribe to this panegyric. But I am quite pleased with the place. It is the richest city in Kentucky, and hence there is much show and luxury here. I have been in several houses and must confess that with us — in Frankfort-on-the-Main — the wealthiest people do not live as elegantly and comfortably.

"The house in which I board is a very fine one. It must be charming in summer-time. A large and fine lawn, with the most splendid trees, encircles it. The house is very well ordered and has large rooms; my room being as large as the entire old farm-house. The 'donna' of the house is an elderly widow, Mrs. Boggs, who has several children, among whom is a quite agreeable daughter. We live in a very refined style

here. You may imagine, my dear child, what a contrast this is from the life of last year. I was then at my ease, free as a bird in the air. Now I have my best clothes on, yet am not nearly as well dressed as my fellow-boarders and visitors. Everything is conventional, and one has always to be on one's guard. I am as yet a stranger to all, and they look upon me in this after-all provincial town with much curiosity, and I cannot very readily make myself understood. It is not a very agreeable situation, but it must be borne. I must enter thoroughly into this American life; for otherwise I have no hopes for the future with this people, so much prejudiced for their country and their manners. Thus far, I have made the acquaintance of but one German, Lutz, a professor of mathematics at the University, who is very highly respected by the Americans. He is a perfect American, or at least wants to be such, though his German character pops out very often. He was in former times a member of the Burschenschaft at Goettingen, is a first-rate fencer, and I have practiced with him several times. Thus far he pleases me much. I made his acquaintance in a singular manner. I visited by accident merely the celebrated orator and statesman Henry Clay, and he called my attention to him. The details of this interview I will give you after awhile. I will say this much, however, that he, Clay, asked me to visit him while he was yet here — at the end of the month he was to go to Washington — and that he offered me his advice and assistance if I needed any."

I may add here that Lexington at that time contained very many beautiful public and private buildings. The University was a very lofty and splendid edifice of white stone in the Grecian style, standing on an eminence from which you had a splendid view of the city and surrounding country, — quite a contrast to our University buildings in Germany at the time I left, as these were generally old cloisters converted into seminaries of learning. Mrs. Boggs was a perfect lady, the widow of a politician who had, as most of them do, died poor, so that his widow had to adopt keeping a first-class boarding-house, the common lot of ladies of that class in the United States. Her son at the time was the Governor of Missouri.

A VISIT TO HENRY CLAY

Regarding my visit to Mr. Clay, it happened in this wise: One of my fellow-travellers in the boat and on the stage, a drummer in jewelry from New York, invited me one morning, while I was yet at the Hotel Phoenix, to take a walk. "Let us go and take a look at Mr. Clay's place, Ashland." I did not object. We went about a mile on a fine turnpike road, — I believe, in a southeasterly direction, — and came upon a fine park in the midst of which stood a tolerably large, white mansion-house. My companion was an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Clay, and said: "Being so near, let us have a look at the great man." I remonstrated somewhat, as, according to my European notions, I thought it rather unbecoming to call upon any gentleman, without having some special business with him or an introduction. "O, never mind," replied my friend, "he is a public man, and anyone has a right to call upon him." So we went in, rang the bell, and a negro servant showed us into a large semi-oval room, richly furnished, the walls being decorated with some fine portraits in oil. What attracted me most was a large set of silver plate, amongst which was a very large, finely chiseled pitcher with an inscription on it, which stood on a beautifully carved sideboard.

After a few minutes Mr. Clay came in. A very long frock-coat made him look even taller than he was. His face was very long, and his mouth uncommonly large. He had very light blue eyes, which he kept half closed when he spoke. His hair was thin and of a reddish color. There was a playful humor about his lips. His appearance upon the whole was not at first prepossessing; but when you heard him converse, you felt you were under the influence of a great and good man. We shook hands with him, and seated ourselves. After inquiring from where we came, he spoke of Illinois, of which he seemed to have very little knowledge. My New York friend, I thought, improperly entered into politics and the

prospects of the New York State election, which was then very near at hand and was very anxiously watched by both parties, asking whether it would sustain Jackson in his financial policy or not. I did not think it prudent to engage in these speculations. He paid me a very unmerited compliment on my English, and launched into a eulogy of the Germans, so usual to politicians before election. "The Germans," he said, "are very honest people, fine farmers, and very industrious. I consider them a blessing to the country in which they settle. The only thing I do not like" — he added quite in good humor — "is their politics."

Now being his guest, (I must not forget that soon after we had sat down a black servant had come in and presented us on a silver waiter three glasses of Madeira of an excellent quality, which we emptied, bowing to one another,) I did not think it in good taste to defend the Democrats against the principal champion of the Whigs, whose whole soul, too, at this time was in the question. Without giving my own views, I merely stated that the Germans were not then used to paper money (1834) in their own country, distrusted all banks, and, besides, having been oppressed by their governments and their nobility, were attracted by the very name of Democracy. As Mr. Clay was a great diplomatist, I thought I would try a little diplomacy myself. At any rate we parted in a very friendly manner. He asked me, apparently with warmth, to repeat my call, offering to serve me in any way he could. He complimented me on my undertaking to pursue my profession in this country, and thought he could prophesy success for me.

Of course, Mr. Clay showed that he had been living in the best society here and in Europe. He knew how to draw people into conversation and to say something pleasant to everyone without appearing to flatter. He took snuff, which is quite uncommon here, and handled his snuff-box quite diplomatically. Seeing that our eyes had been repeatedly fixed on the exquisite silver plate, he showed us the pitcher. The inscription on it proved that it was a present from some of

the South American countries, whose right to recognition as independent States, when they revolted from Spain, he had so eloquently advocated in the halls of the Senate.

I must say that this interview with Mr. Clay was of great interest to me and I could not but laughingly assent to the commercial remark my drummer friend made when we left Ashland, "I would not take ten dollars for that visit."

PROFESSIONAL AND SOCIAL LIFE IN LEXINGTON

On leaving Belleville, Mr. Snyder, who had been captain of a volunteer company of cavalry in the Black Hawk War of 1832, had very kindly given me a general letter of introduction, "To whom it may concern," signed by him, by Alfred Cowles, a respectable elderly lawyer, by Mitchell, the postmaster, and others. Dr. Sheppard, a young, but by far the most successful, physician in Belleville, who had been a student at Lexington and had become well acquainted with Judge Mays, the professor of common law, had given me also a letter of introduction to the latter.

I may here say something of Dr. Sheppard, for I became very well acquainted with him after my return. He was a Southerner by birth, somewhat haughty and high-tempered, but a gentleman in every respect. He did not care about money, and when he had something very interesting to read or felt like resting, he locked himself up in his office so that he could not be disturbed. "Nobody will suffer," he said, "for there are other fellows enough here who are anxious to get practice." When Texas revolted against Mexico, he at once went there and volunteered in the army. Some time after Texas had become the Lone Star State, we learned that he had become Secretary of the Navy of the new government. As Texas had not a single ship afloat, the office must have suited my indolent friend admirably well.

Professor Mays received me very cordially. He lived in a very fine house. He was an elderly man, pretty much broken down in health, and quite talkative. He told me his history

and how he had become a lawyer; that he had received no classical education, and did not pretend to be a scholar. But Clay had also commenced life as a clerk in a country store. He went on to tell that the law school here was not what it should be, that but few gentlemen had money enough to attend a law school, that they studied law in lawyers' offices, that, of course, thirty or forty students could not sustain by their fees a first-class law school, and that the State paid but very little towards it.

Now this was very plain talk, and if my object had not been to better my English and to improve myself in American manners and ways of living, I should most likely have packed my trunk at once and gone back home. As it was, I did not care. Mays had a great reputation as a common-law lawyer. He may have been in former times a good lecturer, but at present he was in such poor health that talking was evidently painful to him, and his voice was thin and husky at the same time. There was another professor of law there, Judge Robertson, a fine and imposing-looking man, somewhat pompous and rhetorical. He delivered a course of lectures, — only a few hours, however, every week, — on Equity Jurisprudence. As he was, at the same time, judge of the Court of Equity in Kentucky, I believe, he got no salary from the State. Only a few of the oldest law-students attended his lectures. The equity system, being in form and substance, largely derived from the Roman law, I found no difficulty in becoming familiar with it, and so I dispensed with hearing Judge Robertson's lectures. One quite celebrated Dr. Caldwell gave lectures on Medical Jurisprudence.

The mode of imparting instruction was an old-fashioned one, long since discarded, if it ever existed, on the continent of Europe. The professor read from a text-book a chapter or part of a chapter. If the statutes had repealed or materially changed the common law as laid down in Blackstone, he would call our attention to it; otherwise he had very little to say. We were expected to go over the chapter carefully

at home. At the next session he would ask questions, which, of course, could be very readily answered by those who had any memory at all. This questioning took up half the time, and then the procedure of the previous session was repeated. The first week was idled away in this wise.

Professor Mays delivered an inaugural oration on the first day. On the second, Caldwell, the principal professor of medicine, followed suit. As it was supposed that every student would hear all of the addresses, no lectures were given that week. And I believe most all the students did go and hear them, — not that they took a very great interest in them, but because inaugural week was a succession of field-days. Not only all the young men and fashionable ladies of Lexington, but many from Frankfort and even from Louisville, made it a point to attend, so as to show their new winter bonnets and dresses. The fine and lofty aula of the University was crowded. I cannot deny that I had never seen before such an assembly of beautiful, elegantly dressed young ladies. Indeed, it was a most charming sight. Professor Mays opened the inaugural week, and the platform was occupied by the Governor of Kentucky, several State officers, the judges and several other prominent citizens of Lexington, all the professors of the University and of the Academy connected with it; and, of course, all the students of both institutions were present, the medical students, about 200, being in the majority.

About this time I had written to Sophie, giving an account of my journey to Lexington and my first impressions of the place. This was the beginning of our correspondence. Her reply was the first letter I ever received from her. It was a treasure to me. This, like all her other letters, was so clear a transcript of herself, that I almost thought that she was present. No idle word, no affectation. Aware that I knew how she loved me, she saw no need of giving me additional assurance; and yet there were passages in her letters unpremeditated, which showed the finest feelings and were really poetic. I noticed in my diary, Dec. 9, 1834: "It is

one of my greatest pleasures to read and reread Sophie's letters, which seem to me to contain much poetry, though I am just now deeply in Byron." I had written that I should have to enter thoroughly into American life, if I wished to succeed in the course which I had laid out for myself. Concerning this remark, Sophie replied: "These words have weighed heavily on my heart. Thou hast often said the same; but it never struck me as it does now when I read it. Would it not be sad, if thou wouldst have always to keep in mind to be an American? And if everything must have its dark side also! You will smile at my fears; but be not angry: it has made me sad, and so I have had to come out with it. My candle has nearly burnt down, the girls are going to bed, and I must do the same. Goodnight, my Gustav, dream a little of me. Alas! I have not even once dreamt of thee since thou left."

While her pure and tender heart shone through all her letters, she at the same time, in a few words, gave me a sensible account of all that she thought of interest to me. It may appear strange that our correspondence was not as frequent as it might have been. The reason was the high postage. Both of us had to use economy. At that time postage was calculated according to distance. A single letter to Lexington was charged 18¾ cents. It did not go by weight. If there were two sheets, or even an envelope, it cost double, so that most letters cost 37½ cents. A single letter from Belleville to New York cost 25 cents; to St. Louis, 6¼.

My life was very regular. Breakfast was announced precisely at eight o'clock. I then took a smoke, and went to the lectures from nine to twelve. Took a walk. Dinner was at two. I then smoked a cigar and studied my law books until dark. Took a walk. Supper at half past six in the evening. Smoked and studied until about nine o'clock. Then took to light literature.

Of course, there were many exceptions. Mrs. Boswell, a rich widow, a daughter of Mrs. Boggs, usually had a large

company of young ladies in the drawing-room. Whenever I felt like it, I went down. There were frequently young ladies from Frankfort and Louisville staying for weeks with Mrs. Boswell, who boarded with her mother. Most all the ladies were highly accomplished according to the fashion of this country. Some of them played very well on the piano, and some sang remarkably well. They played for me German melodies and songs translated from the German. When Mr. Lutz came in, who was an Apollo-like man, a fine performer on the piano, and a splendid dancer, he was idolized by the girls. Ellen Douglas from Louisville, just graduated from a young ladies' seminary, a girl as beautiful as graceful, had learned to waltz. Some of the young ladies, who were not, like Mrs. Boggs, and her daughter and daughter-in-law, Presbyterians, wanted to learn this dance also. Mr. Lutz and myself had to become their teachers, and some of our young fellow-boarders and students grew to be very envious of us on this account. I may say here that towards the end of the session, when parties followed upon parties, — and I had to attend a good many, — the waltz-mania had spread, and while, of course, quadrilles were the rule, we generally had two or three round dances every time, — a great many ladies for want of gentlemen waltzing with one another. Yet with the exception of one grand ball given on the occasion of the Legislature's visiting Lexington in a body, to which the law students were invited, and one concert, there were no other public amusements during the winter. The churches supplied the place of these amusements; for not only did all the fashionable and respectable world go to church twice every Sunday *en grande toilette*, but there were frequent sermons preached and lectures delivered on week-day nights. The fireside conversation turned frequently on the preachers, their eloquence, or lack of it; sometimes even on what they preached; and the same interest was shown in their discussions which fashionable people in Europe take in operas, dramas, actors and actresses.

CHURCH-GOING EXPERIENCES

In order to become acquainted with this phase of American society, and finding also the listening to sermons and lectures very useful for improving myself in the language, I attended several of these religious entertainments. One night I heard the discourse of a Presbyterian clergyman on "Scepticism." He had been billed as the most eloquent defender of the Christian faith. Eloquent he was in a certain sense, but he was as stupid as eloquent. All prophecies, he exclaimed, were fulfilled to the letter. Jericho was blown down by the trumpets of the believing Jews, sun and moon having deviated from their courses. When Emperor Julian, the Apostate, undertook to rebuild Jerusalem, the workmen were driven away by celestial fires because Christ had decreed the downfall of that city, never to rise again. God, he repeatedly declared, would visit the severest penalty on all disbelievers. Gibbon and all sceptical writers were now suffering, as he believed, the torments of hell. When afterwards, in the drawing-room, I pretty sharply criticised the minister's lecture, the ladies and gentlemen, at least some of them, thought about as I did. But free America, generally speaking, is a slave to what is considered prevailing public opinion.

Another evening, I heard a very eloquent and sensible sermon in the Presbyterian church by the celebrated Robert Breckenridge of Baltimore. His contention was that the human mind must be always engaged with something, and that when it is not occupied with high and elevated subjects, it would, with equal intensity, stoop to low, or at least to indifferent ones. He cited Charles the Fifth, who, after having been supreme ruler over many lands, passed his time after his resignation in the regulation of clocks, and Francis of Austria, who left the government to Metternich and amused himself by manufacturing sealing-wax. It was more like an interesting lecture than a sermon.

The following completes my church-going experiences. Posters stuck up in various places had informed the public

that a very distinguished New England minister would give a lecture in one of the churches, I forget which, on the results of a late tour he had made in the West. The church was crowded, as the man had a great reputation as an eloquent lecturer. After giving a rather commonplace account of his trip down the Ohio and up the Mississippi and part of the Missouri River, he enlarged considerably on the city of St. Louis, pronounced it a rising city, destined to become a great commercial center, but being at the present time a most wicked place, the resort of all sorts of gamblers, horse-racers, adventurers and cut-throats. They did not, he said, keep the Lord's day holy. This, however, he continued, is not to be wondered at; for a majority of the population were stupid, ignorant Catholic French, whose religion was more pagan than Christian. Now one of the audience, sitting right by my side, and a member of the law-class, was Louis V. Bogy, of St. Louis, a Frenchman, with whom I kept up most friendly relations until he died a few years ago, and who was one of the most prominent citizens of St. Louis. When the preacher came to the passage above cited, his fiery French temper could stand it no longer. He rose up and in a thundering voice exclaimed: "You are a d—— liar!" The lecturer stopped and grew pale. One of the ministers who was with him on the platform remarked that the incident was very much to be regretted; that such a thing had never been witnessed before; that the young gentleman was certainly to be severely blamed, and he hoped he would apologize or retire. Bogy picked up his hat and left, and so did I. I had come with Bogy, and I was almost as angry as he was at the impertinence of the long-faced hypocrite.

FRIENDS IN LEXINGTON

This flurry was the talk for a week, but nothing came of it. Bogy was considered in our class with more regard than before. Speaking of our law-class, it had some thirty-five students. Most all of them had a good collegiate education,

were the sons of Congressmen, of officers or ex-officers of the State, or of eminent lawyers or judges. There was one, Mr. Wickliffe, who had a most remarkable likeness to George Washington, as he appeared on his youthful pictures, and who became, I believe, a cabinet-officer in the cabinet of Tyler. Menifee, who had already graduated, but still attended our lectures, became one of the most eloquent members of Congress; and there was a son of Senator Crittenden, who, I believe, was killed at the battle of Buena Vista in Mexico. Another was a Mr. McKee, and J. W. Lapsly, of Alabama, with whom, as he boarded at Mrs. Boggs's, I became more intimate. This gentleman, on parting, gave me a very elegant copy of Shakespeare's dramas, and, having become in his State a prominent lawyer, remained a staunch Union man, by which course he became well known all over the country. For some years after we left Lexington we corresponded. There was also a young Powell, who became Governor of Kentucky and United States Senator, and who, while we were political antipodes during the rebellion, never lost an opportunity of sending me words of friendship. There was, too, a McPherson, who afterwards moved to St. Louis, and died not very long ago, one of the most prominent and wealthy men of St. Louis. The fact is, the law-students were rather an aristocratic set, and it was probably on this account that most of us were invited to all the balls and parties, while the medical students did not enjoy that privilege.

Now there is no people in the world, perhaps, that is easier of access and acquaintance than the American people. Strangers, if they are well-behaved, are received most cordially in the circles to which they appear to belong, and the confidence that is placed in persons after even the slightest acquaintance is remarkable. It probably proceeds from the fact that there is so great an identity of views on general subjects among them. Very few Americans are troubled with spleen or idiosyncrasies. They are cast pretty much all in the same mold; hence there is a great deal less friction here than in

countries where individuality is far more pronounced. During all my stay at the University, I never heard of any quarrels or collisions among the members of my class. In any association of German students of the same number, disputes and conflicts would have been unavoidable.

While on a friendly footing with all my fellow-students, there was only one with whom I formed a real friendship, — James S. Allen, of Winchester, Kentucky. In a letter to Sophie I speak of him thus: "James S. Allen, if I am not greatly mistaken, is bound to play hereafter an important part in the United States. He is thoroughly cultured, speaks French fluently, knows the best German authors, at least by translations, and knows Faust nearly by heart. He is the foremost of our law-students, and an orator, the like of whom I have never heard before. His father is a member of Congress, which will, of course, be a great help to him. He may interest you and the family also from the fact that, while attending here the Academy connected with the University, he lived a year with Dr. Toland, — and besides he is very handsome."

In reply, Sophie wrote me that Dr. Toland, who was with us on the Logan, had told them of his residence at Lexington, and also of Allen, of whom he had spoken as I had done in my letter. After I returned to Illinois, he corresponded with me for some time, and sent me a beautiful oration which he delivered in September, 1835, at the commencement of South Hanover College, Indiana. "The audience," he said in his letter enclosing the oration, "was large, though composed, in part, of rude material — good Hoosiers. My discourse was in several places somewhat droll and burlesque, which pleased the natives amazingly; but some pious soul, I am informed, expressed the opinion that I would have done better to talk of Moses, Jonah, St. Paul and their various Biblical brethren, than to be talking of Socrates, Jupiter and so forth, who had been dead and buried hundreds of years." At the conclusion of his oration there were some passages that few Americans would have been willing, even if able, to utter. The number

of imprisoned German students was exaggerated, but an item of that kind had just gone the round of many American newspapers. "There are at this time," Allen said, "two thousand students confined in the prisons of Germany for an attempt to erect a Republican government on the ruins of their old tyrannical system. Gentlemen of the literary societies of South Hanover, permit me to express our common sympathy for these enlightened sufferers for freedom's sake. Let us be the first to make such a public demonstration on this side of the Atlantic. They have a double claim on our sympathy, they are students, they are devoted to freedom. Yes! They are trained in the same walks where the fiery genius of Koerner and the herculean intellect of Kant were matured and they are buried in the gloom of a dungeon." There are other similar enthusiastic and eloquent passages in this conclusion.

He very soon, however, informed me that his health was failing, that he had intended to take another term at the University as a fellow — he had already graduated — but had been advised to stay at his father's place in the country. Some years after, I learned that he was a distinguished professor in a college, in Ohio, I believe, and not very long after hearing this, I learned that he had died. Had health been vouchsafed him, I believe my prophecy would have proved true. He was one of the noblest fellows I ever called my friend.

Through Allen, whom, of course, I visited often, I was introduced to the family with which he was boarding. They were French, and lived in a country-house right opposite Mr. Clay's mansion, a mile from the city. The father, M. Montelle, was quite an old man of the ancient régime, very conservative, and, if I am not mistaken in my recollection, wore a small queue, a fashion which had not gone quite out of date when I first came here. He was cashier of the United States Branch Bank of Kentucky and very highly respected. His wife was perhaps ten years younger; she must have been very handsome, and was yet a very lively French woman. One of the daughters was married to one of Henry Clay's sons, who had

a farm in the neighborhood. Two other daughters, one rather a little old, the other quite young, both full of grace and vivacity, made up the rest of the family. They received me with great cordiality, were so glad to have French spoken all round, and, as long as they had been in the country and the girls natives of it, they complained much of the rather cold and stiff manner in which the Americans pretended to amuse themselves. Of course, we had a quadrille, the old lady playing for us on the violin and calling out the figures, and being as much pleased as we were. They told me to make their house my home, not in the Spanish figurative sense; and I went out very often and spent many pleasant hours at their house with them and other visitors. The old lady, although she said she detested waltzing, was yet good-natured enough to play us a waltz tune, and the only one she knew was "Ei, du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin."

Speaking of my social life, I may at once remark that towards the close of the session, parties crowded upon parties. I did not attend all, not even many, though I believe I was invited to all. It is only the first step that costs. If you attend one and do not displease people, you are sure to be invited to all that take place within the same circle. Most of them were very elegant. Splendid suppers at midnight and seldom a general break-up before morning. At one party, at the Todd's, I met Mary Todd, who became Lincoln's wife.

A DEBATING CLUB

Early in December, I joined our University debating-club. It had existed a long time, and Clay had been a member of it when he first commenced practicing in Lexington. Members had to be balloted for, and there was a big entrance fee. Its meetings were always well attended and the beauty of Lexington was strongly represented. It was a serious undertaking for me, but I thought it must be done. Of course, I knew my imperfections, particularly in the matter of accent. The more I had read good English writers, such as Addison,

Lady Montague, and Washington Irving, and the more I had studied Blair's "Rhetoric," the more diffident I felt of ever obtaining a fluent and graceful style. Of course, I could not undertake to speak off-hand. The three speeches I made I carefully prepared and wrote them down. My memory was so good that by reading them over two or three times, I could recite them word for word. Besides, I had at the University and on several public occasions in Germany, spoken *ex tempore* and knew that even if my memory would play me false, I could fill the gap by other words until I could find the thread again. The two first debates in which I had received appointments to speak by the committee, were on rather commonplace subjects, but I got along pretty well. My speaking was bad, but I presented some new points which rather attracted attention. Of course, I was complimented on my efforts more from the good nature of the Americans than from the real merits of my pronunciation. When, near the close of the session, I was assigned to debate the question "Whether party-spirit was beneficial or not" — on the affirmative side — I had, I can say in truth, greatly improved. As our members were nearly all very fluent and eloquent speakers, indulging, however, more in rhetorical flights and often extravagant declamation than in sound argument, I took it into my head to beat them at their own game. I took care to have my oration grammatically and constructively correct. I interlarded it with Latin and with even one Greek citation, was as flowery as I could possibly be, according to my nature. Greek, Roman and modern history was called in aid of my argument. It being the last meeting of the society, the large hall was crowded and there was even a larger and more brilliant array of the fair Lexingtonians present than on any former occasions. I felt a sort of inspiration and I was convinced while speaking that I had made a hit, which, of course, made me still more confident. I was very much applauded at the conclusion. The committee decided against me and my associates on the question itself, but unanimously voted that we had made the

best presentation of the argument. Indeed, the speech created a sensation. That I really intended it as a kind of mild burlesque on the national mode of eloquence in serious as well as sham debates, nobody seemed to have discovered, except my friend Allen.

My letters to Sophie and to Theodore Engelmann, written from Lexington, together with the fragments of my diary from the summer of 1833 to 1836, which were partly lost when my house burnt down in Belleville, January 21, 1854, gave a very true and vivid picture of my life in Lexington.

From what I have written here, it might be supposed that my stay at the place was altogether a pleasant one. But that was not so. Absence made me feel how deeply I loved Sophie, and created a homesick longing, such as I had never felt before. Many letters from my family, though full of affection and so far, of course, quite consolatory, brought much sad news as to many of my friends. Dr. Charles Bunsen, brother of Gustav and George Bunsen, and Fred. Jucho, also a friend of mine, had been arrested under serious charges of conspiracy. Many of my former fellow-students, particularly of Heidelberg, had also been confined, and, what most alarmed me, the business place of my brother Charles had been raided by the police in search of political books and pamphlets forbidden by the government, and proceedings had been commenced against him for publishing and selling political contraband. Though I was sure he knew nothing of the third of April *émeute*, he might be imprisoned a long time during trial. But that was not all. During the first few months, I became doubtful whether after all I could succeed in the plan of life I had marked out for myself, and for the first time in my life, I had hours of despondency. But I determined to fight my way out on the lines taken. "Perseverance" — I wrote in my diary — "is now my motto." And then I was a stranger amongst strangers. I and my associates stood not upon the same plane. Europe was to all of them a sealed book. We had no recollections in common. They mostly

studied their profession only to make money, and their standard of merit was success only. My room-mate, a clever enough fellow, once asked me seriously, how much it would cost him in dollars and cents to get such an education as I had. I was frequently questioned how many months it would take to learn German or French, and how much it would cost. It was clear that there was no sympathetic chord that bound me to the people I had to associate with.

Yet, after all, my going away from my German friends, and my becoming acquainted with the academical and home-life of the higher American circles was worth the sacrifice I had made. To have influence upon men, you must know them; for a lawyer whose business is to handle men, this knowledge is indispensable. My travels in Missouri and my intercourse with my American neighbors in Illinois, farmers or traders in small towns, had given me a pretty good idea of country life. Lexington, though not a large place, was a rich and comparatively cultured place. Political and professional eminence at that time was much more esteemed than riches. I believe John Jacob Astor was then almost the only millionaire in the United States. "If I were only as rich as John Jacob Astor," could be heard very often. As regards legal knowledge, that I might have acquired at the old farm just as well; but in knowledge of the world I was to live in, and in the improvement of my English speaking, my stay at Lexington was to me of incalculable profit.

At last the lectures came to a close, a little earlier than usual, owing to the illness of Professor Mays. The weather in February had been unusually cold, the thermometer falling for several days to 24 degrees below zero, Réamur, and the snow being ten inches thick in the streets of Lexington. I made my parting visits, and early in March bade adieu to Allen and Lutz, who went with me to the depot. Both had become very much attached to me. Lutz, some ten years after I left him, married a rich heiress, whose maiden name was Mansfield, and she made it a condition that he should adopt

her name. Under that name he moved, in 1850, into Indiana, and resided on a beautiful country seat near Madison. Being in affluent circumstances his home was the resort of the best society at Madison and the country round. I believe he was a member of the Republican convention which nominated Lincoln for President in 1860. He was some sixty years of age when the war broke out, which prevented him from entering active service. But when Morgan with a Confederate corps was about entering Indiana, Governor Morton appointed him commander of the whole militia of the state with the rank of major-general. After the war he held some military position in the State, removing to Indianapolis. In 1870 he bought land in Illinois, on the new Bloomington and Danville Railroad, laid out the town of Mansfield, built himself a residence, and died September 20, 1876. He was, when I knew him, the handsomest man I ever saw, combining the strength of Hercules with the beauty of Antinous.

AN INCIDENT OF THE RIVER-TRIP HOME

Arriving in the evening at Louisville, I found there was but one boat advertised to leave for St. Louis the next day. When I went on board in the morning, the captain told me I would have to wait a day longer, as the canal was yet frozen and he would not dare to go over the falls, since a great deal of ice was still running in the river, although the river was otherwise high enough. Anxious as I was to reach home, I had to go back to the hotel. But I put my time to the best use I could by making a call on the beautiful Ellen Douglas, who had set all the young men of Lexington crazy. I had quite a pleasant interview with her in the parlor, no one interrupting us at all — American fashion. Next morning I again went on board the Dove; the canal was still frozen, but the captain concluded to run the falls about noon. There was a company of United States soldiers on board, three officers and a paymaster of the army, Major Brandt, of St. Louis.

The captain said he had an extra first-rate pilot from the city, who knew every inch of ground in the falls; but if the gentlemen preferred, they could take carriages and drive down to the end of the falls, where he would land and take us in. The officers preferred that route, and some of the few passengers. I thought that at least one of the officers should have stayed with their men. But that was perhaps a romantic European notion. I confess that I would also have preferred going that way, but my purse had run very low. The boat-passage was several dollars higher than what I had paid in the fall when many boats were running, and my involuntary stay in Louisville had also cost a couple of dollars, so that I had only a few dollars left. This consideration, not a desire to brave an unknown danger, kept me on board. We started; heavy cakes of ice thundered at once against the ribs of our boat, which was quite a small one. We got into the falls, or rather rapids, but in the midst of them I heard a loud crack, the boat turned round, and some men with blanched cheeks ran from the pilot-house back to the rudder. The tiller-rope, by which the rudder is worked from the pilot-house, had snapped. We were all on deck and expected to strike the rocks on either side every minute. Fortunately, the men succeeded in tying the rope again, and the pilot again gained command of the boat. We got through, but the captain himself said he thought that both we and the boat were gone.

I must add that I was pretty well scared, though I had not let my cigar go out. We reached the mouth of the Ohio, but here again we had to stop. The ice came running down the Mississippi furiously and in cakes from one to ten inches thick. It was impossible to move against it. We had to lay here for two days at a point where there were only one or two shanties. We were out of meat, eggs and other things, and were obliged to live on half rations. Some of our party went to the Kentucky shore and killed a couple of deer and got some provisions. One can imagine my impatience. I was terribly homesick. Finally the ice grew more manageable. Huge

trees were felled and chained and tied to the bow of the boat, forming a sort of breastwork. But although we proceeded quite slowly and avoided the biggest clumps of ice, these breastworks were more than once every day broken to pieces and had to be replaced. It was anything but a pleasant trip, and I almost died with impatience. Finally, St. Louis was reached, the stage taken, and in a few hours I was amongst my dear friends and in the arms of my loving girl.

CHAPTER XVI

Beginning the Practice of the Law (1835-1836)

Some considerable changes had taken place during my absence. Just before I left, Mr. Ernst Decker and a friend by the name of Mirus had arrived at the Engelmann farm. What brought them there I have forgotten. Decker had been studying theology and philosophy at Breslau in Silesia. For political reasons he left to seek his fortune in the United States. Mirus was also a political refugee from some university, I believe Leipsic. Decker was tall and very handsome. Like most Silesians, he was a very warm-hearted and sanguine man — "gemuethlich." Of strict integrity, of the most even temper, and of very pleasant manners, he was a most lovable character. Misfortune and disappointment, which unfortunately met him but too often in his career, did not embitter his feelings. He bore adversity with serene patience. He had what I thought a most remarkable and eminent talent for mechanical work. When a year or so after his arrival he bought himself a piece of timber-land near the Engelmanns' and built a neat frame house, he did most of the carpenter work himself. As Decker married our brave sister Caroline, I may have to say more about them both.

Shortly after my going to Kentucky, my old and intimate friend, William Weber, having escaped from prison, found his way to the United States and naturally came to the Engelmann farm, where he found Friedrich, whom he had also known well at Leipsic. Another gentleman, Lindheimer, from Frankfort, a scientist, particularly versed in botany, a friend of Doctor Engelmann, had also paid a visit to the farm. Friedrich had concluded that farming in Illinois, where help

was scarce and dear, and where the farmer himself must work hard, was not to his liking. He turned his eyes to Mexico and persuaded Weber, Decker and Mirus to make up a party for Mexico and to start or to buy there a coffee plantation. Lindheimer also joined the company, and in spite of the advice of their friends in the settlement, they left for New Orleans. Friedrich was a man of means, and the others would principally have to rely on him. For some reason that I never learned, Weber, Decker and Mirus gave up the enterprise at New Orleans, and towards Christmas, 1834, surprised the Engelmanns by their return. Friedrich and Lindheimer went on. Friedrich bought a coffee plantation in Mirrador, and wrote me several letters in 1835 and 1836 inviting me strongly to visit him. He returned in 1840 to the United States, remaining, however, in the East, and, I believe, after 1848 went back to Germany. Schreiber had gone to St. Louis and taken a clerkship in a French liquor-house. Sometime afterwards, he engaged in an expedition of the American Fur Company to the Rocky Mountains, but did not return for many years, living as a hunter and trapper amongst the Indians. He wrote a very interesting and humorous account of his explorations and adventures, and while formerly he had been of rather delicate health, he was now stout and robust. St. Clair County attracted him. He bought a farm near Mascoutah, and married; but the change of life and climate was too much for him. He died some three or four years after his return of pneumonia. In him, I lost a friend of whom I had always been very fond.

ACCESSIONS TO THE GERMAN SETTLEMENT

Our German settlement had received some very excellent accessions. Dr. Adolph Reuss, of a highly respectable family of Frankfort, and married to a lovely woman, (a sister of my friend, Doctor Jucho, who in 1848 was first secretary of the German Reichstag, and had before been imprisoned for years in the fortress of Mayence after the third of April,) and

Dr. Anton Schott, who had been professor of history at the Frankfort College, with his wife, had in the meantime come to the United States. After examining places in Pennsylvania and Ohio, Missouri and Illinois, Shiloh valley took them captive, and they bought a beautiful large farm with good buildings adjoining Ledergerber's. Most probably it was the German society which they found settled in the valley that determined their choice. As Doctor Engelmann had been away much during the summer of 1835 in Arkansas and Louisiana, and in the fall had moved to St. Louis, the neighborhood of an eminent physician was of course very acceptable to the Engelmanns; while, in every respect, the society of well-educated, right-minded and warm-hearted people could not but be highly agreeable to the whole settlement.

A very old, buoyant and sociable friend, August Conradi, from Augsburg, who had been with me at Munich studying medicine, had also made his escape from prison and had come to our settlement, living at Hilgard's, but coming, of course, very often to the old farm. Theodore Kraft had gone to Belleville with a view of studying law, had bought himself a collection of law-books, but very soon gave up the idea, became a clerk in a store, and in a short time went into partnership with an American from Virginia, establishing a large business, which flourished for several years, but succumbed like so many other business-houses on the setting in of the financial crisis of 1840.

Staying at the farm with Sophie, surrounded by the family which, next to my own, I loved best, and by old and tried friends of my youth, would certainly have been delightful. I might have pursued there my law-studies up to the time I was admitted a member of the bar. The session of the Supreme Court, at which the judges had to examine the candidates, was over when I returned, and the next session was to be in June. But I thought it my duty to avoid all distractions and to confine myself exclusively to study. I remembered a sentence in

one of Bulwer's novels, where it is said: "To aspire is to be alone."

After a few days on the farm I went to Belleville, rented an office on the public square, the place now covered by the stately Penn Building, procured some additional law-books and worked hard. When the spring courts commenced, I went again to Madison County, paid the closest attention to the proceedings, and did the same in St. Clair County. In Madison I bought me a fine young horse, four years old, not quite fully broken, from Julius Barnsbach, Jr., a German pioneer, who with his uncle and some other relatives had settled some ten years previously near Edwardsville. Barnsbach was then a justice of the peace, and soon became quite an important man, doing a large business as a merchant in Edwardsville, after having rented his very fine farm. As I rode my horse several hours every evening after the day's work was done, he soon became an excellent saddle-horse and the favorite of the family.

AN EXAMINATION AT THE ILLINOIS BAR, IN 1835

At last the day arrived for the meeting of the Supreme Court at Vandalia, then the capital of Illinois. On a beautiful June morning I left Belleville, rode the first day as far as Greenville in Bond County, a distance of forty-four miles, and taking an early start next day reached Vandalia, twenty miles distant, about ten o'clock in the morning. Vandalia had been made the capital in the year 1820. It had been originally laid out by a Mr. Ernst, the leader of a small colony of Hanoverians, the members of which had settled in 1819 on farms around the place now made the capital. They were mostly men of means, and Mr. Ernst was a well educated man. The locality was at the time not badly chosen. There were some fine prairies, not too large, and plenty of first-rate timber lining the Kaskaskia River. After the State House was built, Vandalia rapidly improved. All the State officers had to reside there. The United States Court with its officers was

also located there, as well as the United States Land Office, through which the unsold government lands were to be purchased. Vandalia was besides the county seat of Fayette County, which required the officers of the Circuit Court and the County Court and many other employees of the county to reside there. Vandalia, being far from any market, became a market-place in itself for many counties around it. Its merchants would buy corn and tobacco, — a great deal of which was at that time raised in southern Illinois, — oats, potatoes, deer and other skins, honey and butter, and ship them in the spring down the Kaskaskia River, which was navigable for flat-boats. This produce was sold — as well as the flat-boats — in New Orleans at great profit, the farmers being paid by the merchants mostly in goods at a very high figure. Comparatively small as Vandalia was, yet there was, owing to these circumstances, considerable wealth there, and much good, intelligent society.

I put up at the principal tavern of the place — in American slang a "one-horse concern" — and at once inquired for A. P. Field, who was then Secretary of State, and to whom Captain Snyder had given me a letter of introduction. The tavern was right opposite the State House in the middle of a large square, which was enclosed by a plank fence, on top of which was a small slanting board. The State House was a tolerably large two-story brick building, without any ornaments, except a sort of steeple in which a bell hung. The style of the building was the Pennsylvania big-barn style. The landlord pointed towards the square, saying: "There sits your man." Sure enough, on the top board of the fence sat Colonel Field, of whom I have already spoken as having met him at Edwardsville. He was in his shirt-sleeves, had no collar, necktie or vest on, and wore brownish linen trousers and a pair of leather slippers. He was talking to another person, who was lazily leaning against the enclosure. I crossed over. "Colonel Field, I believe?" "Yes, Sir." I then handed him my letter while he slipped down from his perch. He shook

hands very cordially, was very glad to see me, had heard of me before — which probably was not true — and would take very great pleasure in introducing me to the judges. They were still in session and would come over for dinner, when he would make me acquainted with them. Going back to the tavern, I found a gentleman, a few years younger than I, who had just arrived from the eastern part of the State. He was a stout, good-looking man, gave me his name as Isaac M. Walker, and said he had also come to be examined for a license.

Not long afterwards, the dinner bell, hanging on a large post before the house, was rung. This was then in all smaller towns and villages the manner of notifying people that dinner would soon be ready. The judges with Colonel Field came over. An introduction having taken place, we were told to come up to the judges' room after dinner, when they would give us the examination.

We went up. The Supreme Court then consisted of four judges, of whom, however, only two were present, — the Chief Justice, William Wilson, and Judge Smith. The room was whitewashed, perfectly bare with the exception of two bedsteads, a deal table and a couple of chairs. Wilson, complaining of being sick, was stretched on one of the beds, held a small phial of medicine in his hand and swallowed once or twice in the course of the conversation a few drops. It was opium, which he was in the habit of taking for a chronic disease of the stomach. Judge Smith was sitting near the bed. It was a warm day and both were in their shirt-sleeves.

Wilson was from Virginia. He must have been a very noble-looking person when young, but his health was evidently much broken. His voice had an unnatural, cracked sound. He was a man of fine education and a good lawyer, and, as his opinions will show, a fine writer. It was said, however, that he merely jotted his ideas down on small slips of paper and then handed them to an amanuensis, who put them in shape, Wilson revising the composition.

Judge Theophilus W. Smith, an excellent lawyer, a man of fine talents and appearance, but of a rather ambitious and intriguing character, whom I have mentioned before, was the other judge. Justices Lockwood and Brown were absent. Brown was said to have been at one time a good lawyer, but if so, he must have forgotten what he knew. He was a large, portly man of great levity of character, and in his widower-days a great ladies' man, fond of gossip, an epicure, and never refusing to drink with anyone. He was a plausible man, with engaging Southern manners, and popular with the crowd. Judge Lockwood, from the State of New York, was very tall and very thin, held himself very erect, and, though at the time hardly more than forty-five years of age, had thick, stiff snow-white hair. His complexion was dark, his eyes black and of brilliant lustre. He made the impression of an intellectual, benignant person. An excellent lawyer, he was clear-headed, conscientious and eminently just. His health appeared to be very poor.

I have been somewhat particular in delineating the persons of these judges, inasmuch as ten years afterwards, the judicial system having been changed, I myself became a member of the Supreme Court, when Wilson, Brown and Lockwood were still on the bench, and having had then to associate intimately with them, I thus had the best opportunity of forming an opinion of their character.

The examination lasted hardly more than half an hour. Mr. Walker seemed to have given but little time to the study of law; nevertheless, Judge Wilson, in his sepulchral voice, said that they would give us certificates upon which the clerk of the court would issue us licenses. Judge Smith wrote them out, and as it was time for going into court again, we all went downstairs, and, in passing the bar which was at one end of the hall on the lower floor, my friend Walker invited the company to take a drink. The bar-keeper mixed us four brandy toddies, we touched glasses, bowed and drank, Walker paying the bill. We went over to the State House and the clerk

filled out the licenses, charging a dollar for each. We shook hands with the judges and went back to the tavern. I had already ordered my horse and started for home at a good trot.

Walker afterwards became a competitor of mine for office, but was not chosen. Some years after 1840 he left Illinois, went to Wisconsin, settled in Milwaukee, practised law, speculated in land, then on a great rise, became rich, was a leading Democrat, got elected to the Senate of the United States, and played quite a conspicuous part there.

Leaving Vandalia about three o'clock, and getting to Greenville too early to stop, I proceeded about ten miles farther south to Sugar Creek, resting there over night at a fine farm; and, leaving early in the morning, I reached the Engelmann farm only half a mile out of my way to Belleville soon after dinner, making the sixty-five miles to Vandalia and sixty miles back from there to the farm in two days and a half, including the time spent in Vandalia.

On the farm they were much astonished at my early arrival. They first thought I had met with an accident and had not reached Vandalia. The first day I had made forty-five miles, the second, fifty, and the third half day, thirty miles. I felt very proud of my splendid little horse.

While riding back I was musing in my mind over the contrast of this examination with my former ones. In Heidelberg four of the greatest lights of jurisprudence in Germany were sitting around a large round table with a place for me as the candidate. We were all in evening dress. The examination, carried on in Latin, lasted four hours. After a short retirement I was called in again by a uniformed university official, and was congratulated by the dean, Professor Thibaut, as Doctor Utriusque Juris, whereupon we walked into the dining-room and ate a sumptuous dinner, costing with the wines — Rhine wine and champagne — about twenty dollars. Walker's treat in Vandalia totalled twenty-five cents. In Frankfort there was no dinner; but the examination by the supreme judges, two in number, all in black, lasted two hours, and was

held in one of the lofty chambers of the old Roemer, where anciently the German emperors, after coronation, were banqueted. The old imperial building, and the one-horse tavern in Vandalia kept by an Irishman, whose normal state was drunkenness, — what a change of historical stage-setting!

FIRST LAW-CASE

I now commenced my practice in good earnest. The spring sessions of the court in the circuit were over, and the fall sessions commenced the latter part of August. But people came for advice; I had to write deeds and contracts. My first case of any importance was before a justice of the peace, Squire John Murray, and created some sensation. As it was my debut, I may be pardoned for giving it in detail.

About a mile from Mr. George Bunsen's farm lived two trifling young men on a small rented place, with their mother. They were lazy and raised nothing but a little corn, and had a truck patch around their little cabin. Their main business was to hunt, and they kept a brace of hounds of a very vicious character. These dogs used to run out into the prairie, where the horses and the cattle of the neighbors had their pasturing range, would chase and worry them, so that very often the cattle came running home in an exhausted state, and even showing marks of dog bites. Bunsen's horses had been repeatedly so chased and worried, and when he had remonstrated with the boys, or old woman, he was met with insolence or curses. One time the horses had been run home by the dogs, and Bunsen and Berchelmann concluded to make an end of it. So they went over to the boys' farm, found the dogs inside of the fence, and shot them. One of the boys, who claimed to be the owner of the hounds, sued Mr. Bunsen for the value of the hounds to the amount of fifty dollars. Mr. Bunsen employed me to defend him. The question was whether the shooting was justifiable? Had they shot the dogs in the act of running and worrying their horses, they would have been merely protecting their property. But the

dogs had gone back and were at their home, and the shooting took place some hours, perhaps a day, afterwards. Here was the weakness of our case.

A jury was called, and Captain Adam W. Snyder was for the boys. A good many witnesses were present. In a place so small as Belleville, the whole town had learned what was going on. Snyder was the foremost lawyer, and this was my first case. In a word, for the Belleville people this dog case was a *cause célèbre*. The office of the squire was full of spectators, and so was the large porch before the office, the windows of which were open. Of course the killing was proved, and the boys had a set of equally trifling young accomplices who swore that the hounds were worth at least $25.00 apiece. We proved the vicious character of the dogs by respectable farmers, and also their having chased Mr. Bunsen's horses not long before the killing. I did not try to disprove their value, although I could easily have done so, for in such cases, if one goes into the measure of damages, the jurors often infer that you are guilty and wish only to reduce the amount.

Captain Snyder made quite an impressive rhetorical speech. "This," he said, "is a country of law. No man is allowed to take the law into his own hands. If the defendant had been injured by the dogs, which he was not willing to admit," he cautiously added, "the doors of the temple of justice stood wide open for his redress. He could have sued the complainant, and if he could have proved his case, which, however, he believed he had not proved, he would have received ample compensation for all his injuries. The defendant had invaded the premises of the old lady and the boys. Every man's house was his castle in this country. True, the defendants were rich and wore broadcloth, and his clients were poor and wore homespun. But in this country the law made no difference between rich and poor, as it did in the country where these gentlemen came from. It was time that they should be taught a lesson; that in this great and glorious

republic all were alike before the law; and he hoped that the jury in this case would teach them that lesson, by giving his clients the full value of the dogs as claimed by them."

In reply, I spoke about as follows: "I thought I knew the country where these gentlemen came from better than the counsel for the complainant. As far as civil rights were concerned they were there as well protected as here, and no man was allowed to take the law in his own hands, nor was there a distinction before the law between the rich and poor. Judge Lynch was an unknown person there. My clients had acted in protection of their property. Their complaints had been trifled with. All the neighbors had been equally annoyed by these dogs. The counsel had been somewhat inconsistent in his argument. He had spoken of the ample remedy which the defendant would have had if he had gone to law against his clients, while at the same time he had appealed to the sympathy of the jury by telling them that his clients were very poor, wore homespun, and lived on a small tract of land not their own. Suppose they had sued and got a judgment. They would have found no other property than these very hounds. I would ask the gentleman, if he had ever heard of a sheriff or constable levying an execution on a dog." This raised considerable laughter in the crowd. I laid great stress on the bad behavior of the boys and the old woman when they had been repeatedly requested to restrain their dogs.

Captain Snyder, very prudently, in his concluding speech apologized for the language which he had applied to my clients, spoke of the Germans as an excellent people, but added that unfortunately they had not made themselves sufficiently acquainted with the American laws.

The jury was out a good while. As I had expected and had told Mr. Bunsen, they found him guilty, but awarded only ten dollars' damages for the two dogs. Of course, both parties were displeased. After paying their attorneys' fees, I presume there was nothing left for the boys and the old woman.

They had lost their hounds and in the end had got nothing for them. The case was the town talk for a great while.

I could now have got many small cases before justice courts, but under one pretext or another I usually declined them. After practicing for a few years I was never more applied to for justice court trials, and I do not believe that even before that time I had half a dozen such cases.

At the August term of the St. Clair Court, I had several, though mostly light, criminal cases. In a larceny case of some importance I was appointed by the court together with Governor Reynolds to defend the criminal. I think we succeeded in having him acquitted. My diary does not disclose the result.

In September I returned very late from St. Louis to Belleville through the damp American Bottom. Next morning I felt pains in all my limbs. It being Saturday, I rode out to the farm in the evening, but unfortunately was overtaken by a violent thunder-storm which wetted me to the skin, and the next morning I was seized with the regular long-dreaded fever and ague, then prevailing to an alarming extent. I was kept from work a week or so, and then did not feel well enough to visit the courts in the other counties of the circuit. Still I had a good deal of office-business. After a very pleasant and large party at Mr. Hilgard's, returning late in the night, I had a relapse of the fever and ague, but it passed off quickly, and I spent the fall and winter of the year 1835 quite pleasantly.

EUROPEAN POLITICS IN 1835

This was, however, in many respects an eventful year in the history of both continents. In Germany, political prosecutions continued with great vigor. Ministerial conferences were held and laws were passed by the Diet destroying the liberty of the press and restricting the power of the legislatures of the different states to such an extent that they left everything to the wills of the kings and princes under the

supervision of the Diet. Prussia had become a mere tool in the hands of Metternich and of the Czar of Russia, the latter also exercising through family relations an almost supreme power over some of the minor States of the German Confederation. The revolution in Spain, upsetting the arbitrary government, alarmed the despotic powers. The Czar, the King of Prussia and Emperor of Austria met. War was considered imminent, but without France, which had acted as the executioner of the Holy Alliance in Spain some ten years before, the northern powers could do nothing, and Louis Philippe, whatever his own views might have been, could not risk his own throne by interfering in Spain. France itself was in a state of great disturbance, Republicans as well as Bonapartists having formed powerful secret societies. At the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile, in July, 1835, the Corsican Fieschi made an attempt on the king's life, by firing from the second story of a house on the Boulevard a roughly constructed infernal machine, built on the plan of the subsequently invented mitrailleuse. The King at the head of a military suite was passing by and Marshal Mortier, the Duc de Previso, with some twenty other persons were instantly killed, and several others wounded; the King himself escaped, being only lightly wounded on the forehead. Under the terror of this Attentat most stringent laws were passed regarding the press, public meetings, etc. As Fieschi, a notorious criminal, had no communication with any of the parties, but acted out of spite and despair, it was plain that his deed had been merely made a pretext for these reactionary measures, and the opposition to the Orleans government became alarmingly strong.

But the most extraordinary changes took place in Spain. Since the death of Ferdinand the Seventh and the succession of the child Isabella the Second, under the regency of her mother, Christina, civil war had raged there. Don Carlos, brother of the deceased Ferdinand, claimed the throne under the Salic law. Many battles were fought, with varying suc-

cess. Christina had thrown herself into the hands of the Conservative party. But in 1835 some of the principal cities, Barcelona, Seville, and others had declared against her ministry and demanded a Liberal constitution. In fact, Arragon, Catalonia, and Andalusia had appointed juntas who took the government into their own hands. The greatest excitement existed against the clerical party. In many cities, also in Madrid, all the convents of monks were sacked and burnt down and a great many monks massacred. Since that time there have been no more monasteries in Spain, and but very few nunneries, and those merely of an educational character. The Queen Regent had to yield. A new constitution was granted, and many of the old Liberals of the war against Napoleon, such as Mina, Tallifax, Arguilles and others received high appointments. As stated before, Louis Philippe would not join the northern powers, but in connection with England by furnishing money and by allowing foreign legions to be formed, supported the Christinos.

It appears from my diary that I paid close attention to these events in Spain, noting the changes of the Ministry and the action of the Cortes with great particularity, and adding many reflections. Had I a presentment that Spain would in a future time become the subject of my peculiar study and the scene of my own activity at least for some time?

POLITICAL SITUATION IN THE UNITED STATES

For the United States this same year was one of the most remarkable. Coming events cast their shadows before. By a treaty made with France in 1832, she was to pay to the United States five million dollars' indemnity arising from claims for damages suffered during the war between England and France. The first installment was to be paid in 1834, but the French Chamber refused to make an appropriation for the money, for the reason that their government ought first to have consulted the Chamber before making the treaty. In his

message at the opening of Congress, President Jackson had laid the matter before Congress, leaving it to them to adopt proper measures for obtaining justice, proposing, however, to make reprisals on all French property found in the United States, should our just demands be disregarded.

By many, even of Jackson's friends, it was believed that the President had gone too far. Whig papers attacked him and charged him with wanting to provoke a war. The committee of the Senate on foreign relations, Henry Clay being chairman, reported strongly against Jackson's suggestion. The House did nothing. But the message created a terrible hubbub in France. The press came out strongly for war, and in the Chamber fiery speeches were made, and the appropriation was again refused. Our press retaliated, and those who did not understand French policy, and particularly the peaceful character of Louis Philippe, were convinced that war was to follow. When the French minister was recalled from Washington and our minister from France, things wore a somewhat warlike look, and great excitement manifested itself all over the country. Jackson, however, in another message to Congress spoke in more conciliatory terms about the matter, and the French Chambers passed the appropriation bill with a provision that the United States should first declare that it had not intended to offend the French nation. Jackson peremptorily refused to make an apology, but at the end of the year, through the intervention of England, the matter was settled without an apology.

A far more serious affair loomed up on our southwestern frontier. Texas, one of the States of the Republic of Mexico, had for some years attracted to it a great number of American settlers. Mexico had been very liberal in granting gratuitously large pieces of land to emigrants, and the country, being in part very fertile and fit for raising cotton, had offered great inducements, particularly to the people of our Southern States. Now there had been a revolution in Mexico. General Santa Anna had overturned the existing constitution of

Mexico and converted the Federal government into a more centralized one, by which the States would have lost their limited sovereignty and would have been converted into mere provinces or departments. Some Mexican citizens of Texas were opposed to this *coup d'état*, but it was the new settlers, the Americans, who were most active in their opposition. A convention was held. Santa Anna was denounced as a usurper, a provisional government was formed, and independence declared not long afterwards. From all parts of the United States, but principally from the South, volunteers flocked to Texas, funds were raised, ammunition and provisions furnished. The proclamation of the President, calling upon the people to remain neutral, the instructions to the judicial and the executive officers to prosecute any violation of the neutrality laws, proved wholly ineffectual. Public opinion was too strong to be overcome by paper proclamations. It was at once manifest that if Texas sustained her independence, her annexation to the United States was only a question of time. It was also certain that she would introduce slavery before her admission. Of course, that would strengthen the weight of the Slave States in Congress and afford a splendid market for slaves.

While these proceedings in Texas were immensely popular in the Southern and even in many of the Western States, the North looked upon them with great distrust. While a large majority of the Northern people did not seek to interfere with slavery at all where it constitutionally existed, they did not like to have additional Southern States added to the Union, not so much on account of slavery as on account of these States being all agricultural and consequently in favor of a low tariff or absolute free trade. They knew that independent Texas was bound to come into the Union, increasing thereby the Southern weight in Congress.

Events in the Northern and Middle States during the year, of far deeper import, added to the excitement produced by the revolt of Texas. These States had got rid of slavery

by selling their slaves south and also by constitutional and legislative enactments. In the course of years it was but natural that slavery, as it was protected by the Constitution, should become a theme of agitation. The efforts for colonizing free negroes in Africa, made under the auspices of some of the leading statesmen, North and South, and having been a pet scheme of Henry Clay, had failed. It was denounced by northern philanthropists as a cunning device to unload the free negroes, the element considered in the South as the most dangerous, into Africa, leaving slavery really untouched, and also as a means to stifle slavery agitation in the North. A most bitter contest had sprung up between the abolitionists and the adherents of the colonization plan.

In England, societies for the abolition of slavery in the colonies had been formed. They had brought about, not long before, the gradual abolition of slavery in their West India colonies. Some members of the societies had come over to this country to propagate their views. Abolition societies were soon established here and also journals advocating immediate and absolute emancipation. At first these societies kept within the constitutional limits. Congress having full power and jurisdiction over the territories of the United States, the efforts of the Abolitionists were directed principally to induce that body to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia and other territories. Petitions to that effect were widely signed and sent to Congress. They were received and referred to committees, but no action was taken upon them. Very soon, however, the Abolitionists became divided among themselves. Some did not want to go any farther than to have slavery abolished where the Constitution formed no obstacles. But the more radical part made light of the Constitution. They denounced it as an agreement with death and a covenant with hell, and preached unconditional abolition. Their papers took the same view. Numerous tracts were published painting the iniquities of the system in the most glowing colors, appealing to the conscience of the slave-holders, and denouncing the Southern

clergy who had undertaken to justify slavery by the Bible as recreants to true Christianity. These tracts were sent by thousands into the Southern States. Of course the Southern people became highly excited, meetings were held; the Abolitionists denounced as fiends of the white race, preaching doctrines which would naturally excite slave-insurrections and expose the South to the murderous outrages the whites had suffered in Hayti. Packages supposed to contain incendiary tracts were taken out of the post-offices by mobs, and the people went to other extremes in retaliating on the fanaticism of the North.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

But it was not the South alone that was alarmed. The fear of the North losing the trade of the South, and the apprehension that this agitation might break up the Union, set a vast majority of the Northern people without distinction of party against the Abolitionists. A building in which an Abolition meeting was announced to be held was demolished by a mob in Philadelphia. In some places, in New York and other states, Abolition meetings were broken up, and the participators roughly handled. In the staid Puritan city of Boston a ladies' Abolition meeting was broken up by what the papers called the most respectable and gentlemanly mob ever seen. William Lloyd Garrison, the most prominent leader of the radical wing of the Abolition party, who had addressed the meeting, was dragged out of the house, with a rope around his neck, and, while the mayor and some other officers were taking hold of him, to save his life, his clothing was torn off him, and being put in a carriage he was taken for safety to the jail amidst the howling of a furious mob who wanted to take him out of the carriage and lynch him. He was of course set free next morning, under a promise to leave town. The Northern press, with but few exceptions, justified, excused, or extenuated the mob. Such was public feeling even in the North at that time.

William Lloyd Garrison was a visionary, a fanatic, it might be said, on the slavery question. He certainly did more harm than good at that period. He was, however, an honest enthusiast, fully in earnest and ready to sacrifice his all for the cause he had espoused, and a model husband and father, generous to the poor, and of an unimpeachable character. It was not till later that I learned his true character; for, when he became through his highly intellectual and very charming daughter Fanny, who married Henry Hilgard-Villard, a cousin of Sophie, somewhat nearly related to our family, I took more interest in making myself acquainted with his life and his almost superhuman, though ill-directed, efforts to abolish slavery.

NEW ARRIVALS

The last night of the year, we had a highly enjoyable time. All our friends and relatives had been invited to Theodore Hilgard's place to celebrate New Year's. The Hilgards had invited some friends from St. Louis, and I went over to get them. Only two of the party, however, were ready to go, the weather and roads being abominable: these were Miss Anna Ulrici and her brother Rudolph. Anna was one of the most perfect beauties that I had ever met, about eighteen years old, lustrous large black eyes, splendid black hair, elegant figure, and finely chiseled features. She and her sister Clara, afterwards Mrs. Wolf, were then considered the reigning belles of St. Louis. I had a hard time driving through the American Bottom. The road was impassable in most places, being an actual ditch of deep mud. Every team had to seek its own road through the bushes and timber. We started in a two-horse, light spring wagon as early as eight o'clock in the morning and did not reach the Hilgard place — twenty miles — until late in the evening. Yet we were in time for the supper and ball. It was three o'clock in the morning on the first of January, 1836, when Sophie and I and some of the Engelmanns walked home. Beautiful Anna came over to the Engel-

manns' and stayed there for a week or so and repeated her visits for some years. In 1888, not having seen her for forty years, I met her in St. Louis. The brilliant dark eyes were the only traces of her once ravishing beauty. Perhaps some one had pointed her out to me so that she could address me, otherwise I doubt very much whether she would have recognized me. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

The year 1836 was in many respects one full of interesting incidents, and to me the most eventful, as in the course of it I became united to my dear Sophie. The family of Mr. Theodore Hilgard, Sr., so long expected, had at last arrived in St. Louis after a voyage of about three months from Havre to New Orleans. I and Theodore Kraft, a nephew of Mr. Hilgard, who had been partly educated in his family, went over to bid them welcome. We found them at Mr. Karsten's family-hotel and, as it happened, they were all in one room when we entered: Mr. Hilgard, his wife, five daughters and four sons. I have traced Mr. Theodore Hilgard's life very fully in my "German Element," as also that of his sons, who became distinguished in their various professions to a very high degree. When I wrote about them, however, Julius was only assistant superintendent of the Coast Survey, but soon afterwards became the chief of that great bureau. Unfortunately, his health failed him some years ago, affecting also his mental vigor to some extent, and compelling him to resign. Mr. Theodore Hilgard, Sr., was of medium height, of slender build, and some forty-six years of age. His complexion was very pale, and his hair gray. His unusually high forehead was slightly furrowed and his finely chiseled features showed a man who thought much and whose intellectual force was far greater than his physical. In fact, he looked at that time in very delicate and precarious health. A profound and elegant jurist, an excellent mathematician, a classical scholar, familiar with the modern languages, well versed in ancient and modern literature, with a really surprising knowledge of horticulture and vine culture, serious generally, but when amongst friends

quite sociable and entertaining, he was certainly a character challenging admiration. Yet as Goethe says: "Where there is so much light, there is also much shade." Strictly honest and punctual in his dealings with others, he was very exacting. He was what the Americans call "very close" in all money matters, so much so that he was called by many very parsimonious. While no doubt he expended money freely to give his sons a superior education, he was, particularly in small matters, often amusingly ungenerous. He loved his family no doubt, but he loved himself more. His comfort, his well-being, was his principal care. *"Tranchons le mot"*— he was an egotist. His nerves were very finely strung, and he was liable to lose his self-control and to become very passionate on very trivial occasions. I never heard any complaint from any member of his family, but that they must have frequently suffered under his sudden outbreaks of passion, I am well aware.

Mrs. Hilgard likewise showed marks of delicate health, but also traces of uncommon beauty. She was a most amiable and sweet woman. All the children showed intellect and vivacity. The oldest of the girls, Emma, then engaged to marry Edward Hilgard, who had gone to Europe the year before and had now returned with the family, was of a very delicate, almost spiritual beauty, which did not indicate strong health. The other girls were also very charming. They were all so cordial that I at once felt myself at home amongst them.

The accession of such a highly interesting family to our colony was beyond price. They settled on a piece of land on the hills of Richland Creek, separated only by that streamlet from the town limits, and covered mostly by very fine and tall timber, but also containing some good farm lands. The dwelling-houses were, according to the times, considered very commodious, and were well and substantially built. A beautiful large lawn, on which were some shade trees, a spacious, well laid out garden, and a large and excellent orchard surrounded the residence. It soon became the center of attraction for

the widespread families of Engelmann and Hilgard and their friends, and "the Hilgards of the Mountain" soon formed a most important link in the social life of Belleville.

PRACTICE OF LAW

In the latter part of 1835 Mr. Snyder proposed to take me into partnership with him in the practice of law. I cheerfully agreed to this and moved into his new and handsome office, at the corner of Public Square and Illinois Street. Of course the partnership was not quite on equal terms, but I thought it an advantage. Besides, I had really become very much attached to him.

Our judiciary system having been changed by the last Legislature, the supreme court judges were relieved from holding circuit, and nine circuit judges were appointed. In Belleville, Judge Sidney Breese was appointed to hold the circuit. The terms for holding it were also changed. Madison County court commenced in February. Captain Snyder and I went on a very raw day to Edwardsville on horseback, on the Saturday preceding the opening of court. On Sunday morning he was taken very sick with an attack of pneumonia. This left me in a very embarrassing position. We had many cases on the docket, but I knew nothing about them. Mr. Snyder had no memorandum and was too sick to give me any information. Some important ones I got continued on account of his sickness; others I had to try alone, or had to call some one in to assist me. The next week at Belleville, I had to encounter almost the same difficulty. Most of the cases were continued. Although Mr. Snyder had been brought back to Belleville, he could not leave his bed, and I had to go down to Monroe, finding myself in the same embarrassment.

From Waterloo in Monroe County, early in March, Judge Breese, Walter B. Scates, then States-Attorney, and myself started in a snow-storm down to Kaskaskia, some thirty-five miles distant. When we reached the Mississippi Bottoms, five miles from Kaskaskia, the roads were in a terrible condition.

We came several times very near miring in the sloughs and mud-holes. Late in the night we arrived in Kaskaskia, stopped at the only, very poor tavern in the place, and all three had to sleep the first night in the same bed, spoon-like, all other beds in the same house having been already occupied. Next morning it turned quite cold, and the court-house was a mere barn, without fireplaces and with some of the window panes broken. Judge Breese sat on the bench in his great coat with a silk handkerchief tied round his head. It was a dreadful time we spent there.

KASKASKIA

This was my first visit to that historic place, founded by French missionaries from Canada as early as 1673, and having been the capital of the Territory and of the State for some years. The land-office for Southern Illinois was still there. A large and handsome Catholic seminary for ladies was being erected, which became very popular, and many young ladies from St. Louis and other places in Missouri, besides many from Illinois, attended it. The old citizens had made a great deal of money by trading in the Territorial times, and still more by speculation in land.

Court was hurried through, and I did not become acquainted with many people there. But at the fall session I did, and I may as well say something more about this interesting place, as it then appeared to me, while Kaskaskia still remained the county seat. I think during that time, until the high water of 1844, and the removal of the county seat to Chester, Kaskaskia, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, contained the best society in the State. Judge John Pope, United States District Judge, with his family resided there. He had filled important offices, had represented Illinois Territory in Congress, and was considered one of the ablest judges in the State. On the bench he was stern and unbending, sometimes a little too blunt; perhaps on some subjects he was considered somewhat prejudiced, particularly in politics. His convictions

were so firm as to make him obstinate and rather dogmatical. His likes and dislikes were very strong. But yet his integrity on the bench was undoubted. He hated all shams; his eminently clear and discerning mind saw through a case at once. Many lawyers I knew disliked him. Having become in course of time very well acquainted with him and having practiced before him, I formed a high opinion of him. Maybe I was a little biased. For some reason or other, he took, from the first evening I spent at his hospitable house, when he had me for a partner in a game of whist, of which he was passionately fond, a warm interest in me, and always treated me with marked kindness. Being a Kentuckian, he was a staunch Henry Clay Whig and hated all Democrats. I was a strong Democrat, but remember distinctly what he once told me when I defended Van Buren's policy in 1838 or 1840. "Sir," said he, in his Johnsonian manner, "I despise a young man who is not a Democrat; but a man of forty who is not a Whig I also despise."

He was the father of Gen. John Pope. When John, who graduated in 1842 at West Point, was only the ninth on the list, I was told that the Judge burst out in a perfect rage that he was not the first. Yet the number was a very good one, and young Pope was at once made lieutenant of the corps of topographical engineers, in which capacity he served with great credit in the Mexican War. In the War of the Rebellion he had some success in the West, but was very unfortunate when he was made commander of the Army of Virginia.

Pierre Menard, a Canadian Frenchman, was one of the oldest residents of Kaskaskia. By trade he had accumulated a considerable fortune, which he might have doubled or trebled if he had engaged more in land speculations and if he had been less honest. He was a small, dark-complexioned gentleman of great vivacity and of the most benevolent and public-spirited character. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor under the first State Constitution of 1818. He resided in a fine

mansion in the midst of a large and beautiful pecan-grove right across the river.

William Morrison, at the time of my first visit to Kaskaskia, was about the richest man in Illinois. He owned large tracts of the most valuable land in Randolph, Jackson, Monroe, Washington, St. Clair and other counties. He occupied a large stone house, which had, however, suffered somewhat by the great earthquake of 1812, which endangered for months, and, in some instances, ruined many places in the Mississippi valley as far up as Kaskaskia. He had a very large family of sons and daughters, with several of whom I and my family formed, somewhat later, very amicable relations. As Mr. Morrison died a few years later, I have not been able to form any well-considered opinion of his character. He certainly must have been a very shrewd business man. His brother, Col. Robert Morrison, also resided in Kaskaskia and had a very interesting family. His wife was a highly intellectual and talented lady, and their house was much frequented by the most intellectual and best society. He was the father of three sons, who also reached high distinction, Murray and Robert being eminent lawyers and judges, Robert for a long time chief-justice of the Supreme Court of California. James Donaldson Lowry Morrison, the oldest, who was an inhabitant of Belleville for many years, was preëminent as a land lawyer and speculator, was several times a member of the Legislature, was a lieutenant-colonel in the Mexican War, a member of Congress, and a leading politician. As I became very intimate with him in many ways, partly as an opponent, and partly as a coadjutor in politics, I will have to speak of him again in the course of these reminiscences.

Another very interesting family also formed a part of the Kaskaskia circle, — the family of Mr. David J. Baker. He was an excellent lawyer of the old school, a most conscientious man, had at one time filled a vacancy in the United States Senate, and had been United States District Attorney. His wife was an accomplished lady, and she entertained very hos-

pitably. He moved later to Alton. His son, Henry Baker, was for many years judge of the court of that city, and his son, John Baker, was circuit judge, and is now judge of the Supreme Court.

Last but not least, Kaskaskia was the residence of the Kane family. Elias Kent Kane, a descendant of a very well known family in New York, a relative of Chancellor Kent and of Judge Kane of Philadelphia and of the north-pole explorer, Elijah Kane, had settled early in Kaskaskia. He was a distinguished lawyer and statesman. Governor Ford, in his "History of Illinois," speaks of him in these terms: "The principal member of the Convention which formed in 1818 our first constitution, to whose talents we are mostly indebted for the peculiar features of the constitution, was E. K. Kane. His talents were both solid and brilliant. After being appointed Secretary of State under the new government, he was elected to the Legislature and twice elected to the United States Senate; he died in the autumn of 1835 and in memory of him the County of Kane, on the Fox River, was named, and the County of Pope in honor of the faithful and able delegate to Congress, Judge Pope." He died a few months before my first arrival in Kaskaskia, but his family was still residing in the spacious old-fashioned mansion opposite Kaskaskia, and in later years I passed many glorious days at the Kane place. His widow, Mrs. Kane, was a most amiable and vivacious lady of French descent, dispensing a liberal hospitality at this pleasant place, which had a large and tastefully laid-out garden and from which there was a very fine view of Kaskaskia and also the Mississippi River and the opposite heights of Missouri. She had several sons, one of whom was a captain of dragoons in the United States Army, but died in Belleville not long after the Mexican War, in which he had taken part. Two very beautiful daughters were for the visiting lawyers a great attraction. The oldest, Marie Louise, married William C. Kinney, son of Governor Kinney, and became the grandmother of my grandchildren, her daugh-

ter Felicite having married my son Gustave. Elizabeth, the younger daughter, an almost ethereal beauty, married Governor William H. Bissell, the distinguished statesman and soldier who died early in 1860, and whose widow did not long survive him. Elias K. Kane, whom I did not personally know, has been represented to me not only by his family but by all who knew him as a most amiable and noble man, whose early death was deplored by all, even his political opponents.

There were other highly respected families then living in Kaskaskia, such as the Humphreys, the Maxwells, and the Hotchkisses, making really a social circle of extraordinary quality. Judges and lawyers loved to attend Kaskaskia court, where wealth, talent and beauty, united with the greatest hospitality, made their stay delightful. Now since the great flood, which swept almost all the houses away, it is like Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," upon which, nevertheless, recollection dwells with unfeigned pleasure.

As an interesting trait of the place, I may remark that at the time of my first visit, there were still a few families of Kaskaskia Indians living close to the place in their rough tents. They were even more lazy, more dirty and more good-for-nothing than most of the Indians I have seen since, and I have seen a good many; but to most of us they were then still a curiosity.

When court adjourned, I left my companions. In the other counties of the circuit, Mr. Snyder had not much business, and I, as a perfect stranger, was not apt to get any. My partner's sickness was of course also, from a business point of view, unfortunate. I received but very few fees. My homeward journey was one of the hardest trips I ever experienced. After a deep snow it turned very cold, a stiff northwest wind blowing into my face. Some of the creeks were frozen hard and I could get over them easily enough; but on one — Black Creek — the ice was not sufficiently thick to carry my horse. It was not deep; and I went into the water only up to my knees; but on coming out into the prairie

again, my leggings froze stiff. At the next farm I thawed them out again, but my feet had got wet through my boots. A ride of forty-five miles under such untoward circumstances was a distressful effort, and, arriving at Belleville late at night, I felt very tired. The next day I went out to the farm, but soon afterwards I was taken down with what is called the mumps, a most painful swelling of the glands near the ears and cheeks. The disease is mostly a children's disease and passes off with them in a few days, but it is rather a serious affection with grown persons. My head was much affected and my whole system greatly debilitated. In fact, I never felt more miserable. The most tender and unremitting care of Sophie and Mrs. Engelmann brought me through. But misfortune did not end there. Before I was entirely well, exposing myself improvidently to the raw air, though only for a short time, I was immediately seized with the worst kind of quinsy, which for a week or so made me feel very ill. I was so weak that I almost wanted to die. But loving nursing and Doctor Reuss's skill set me on my feet again.

THE FAMILY IN GERMANY

Through Mr. Hilgard and other immigrants, I had received from home several large chests containing many useful things, presents for some of the Engelmanns, files of political and literary journals, interesting books, also money remittances from my family. The political news I received from home and from my friends, as well as from the accounts of newcomers, were as bad as ever. Nearly all my University and Frankfort friends were either in exile or in prisons. Dr. Charles Bunsen and several other citizens of Frankfort had been condemned to several years of hard imprisonment, not for any participation in the April *émeute*, but for forming secret societies afterwards, with a view of liberating the prisoners and of distributing revolutionary pamphlets. Even Max Von Biegeleben, with whom I had boarded in Heidelberg, and whom I liked so much, though the son of a very high

official in the Grand Dukedom of Hesse, had been imprisoned; so also had Rueder in Eutin, another of my most intimate friends from Jena and Heidelberg. Brother Charles, who had most influential friends in the Frankfort government, had never been imprisoned, and the prosecution against him ended in a judgment of a moderate fine and a couple of weeks' imprisonment in the city-prison, which he might suffer whenever convenient for him. He appealed, and I believe, never found it convenient to undergo this incarceration, which would have been hardly a punishment, as persons confined in the city jail have all the accommodations they wish, may receive visitors, and even on urgent business leave for awhile. Only citizens, however, are allowed this privilege.

An important change had taken place in our family. The free city of Frankfort had from time immemorial flourished upon the principle of free trade, but at last having been almost isolated by being surrounded on every side by the custom-house lines of the neighboring States, had with great reluctance entered in 1835 the Prussian Zollverein, which even at that time embraced a large majority of the German States, and the tariff of which was moderately reasonable. This gave a new impulse to business, real estate rose at once, and mother sold our house at a rather high price, leaving herself and our sisters, after all incumbrances were paid off, (Charles and I had renounced all our rights, my education having cost several thousand dollars,) a capital on the interest of which they could have lived quite comfortably in the West, where the legal interest at that time was as high as 12½ per cent. At Frankfort it would not have brought more than 4 per cent. There would then have been nothing in the way of preventing their coming over, except the precarious health of both my sisters and the reluctance of Charles to leave Frankfort, there being no chance of his disposing of his business profitably. I, of course, would have been delighted to have them with us; but still I deemed it my duty not to encourage them too much, being afraid that the climate would not suit their

very delicate health. The idea of their immigration was, however, not entirely discarded but held in abeyance.

All the letters I received from home were as usual very interesting and expressive of the great love my family bore me. A passage from Augusta's letter may show how sound her heart and head were: "O, dear Gustav! Do not, I pray you, become a thorough American, but retain in your house at least our dear and beautiful language. In the Huguenot colonies near Homburg, [where my mother and sisters had passed the previous summer for their health,] Dornholzhausen and Friedrichsdorf, one can see plainly what a firm will and love for one's native country can do. The people up to this day all speak French there and speak it very well and purely, having been now more than one hundred years surrounded by Germans. Remain true to what is good in the German language and do not let national feelings die!"

A TRIP TO CHICAGO IN 1836

Soon after my recovery I was charged with procuring the correction of some deeds for valuable farm-property, the title of which without this correction might become doubtful. As the parties who were to make the title perfect resided near Chicago, it was decided best that I should go there myself. As this was in the line of my business, and the compensation for my services was, for the time, very large, I of course accepted the task. Now-a-days a trip to Chicago is a pleasant journey of twenty-four hours, both coming and returning. It was quite a different undertaking in 1836, and so it may not be out of place to give a brief account of my trip.

Going to St. Louis early in May, I took a boat bound for Peru, a place some forty miles north of Peoria on the Illinois river. At Alton, we had a long delay, delivering and receiving goods. When we left late in the evening another boat bound for Galena, near the Mississippi River, left the wharf at the same time. A race immediately sprung up. Though many fatal accidents had happened from such races, the boilers

exploding by reason of too great a pressure of steam, yet no passenger remonstrated and all were on deck shouting and cheering. The boats kept close together, and such was the excitement on our boat that we missed the mouth of the Illinois River, about twenty miles above Alton, and actually ran about twelve miles up the Mississippi before the mistake was discovered. This ended the race, and we on board had to turn back to get into the Illinois.

The Illinois was then at high water, quite a fine stream at the mouth, and for about a hundred miles broader than the Main, while its water, as compared with that of the Missouri or even of the Mississippi, was beautiful. At many places it had overflowed its bank. It was then navigable, even with pretty large boats, some two hundred and fifty miles. Majestic forests lined both of its shores. Only in a few places did the prairies extend to the river. Peoria, about two hundred miles from St. Louis, has a most beautiful situation. It rises terrace-like on gravel and rocky ground, and is encircled by finely timbered heights. It had even then a number of fine warehouses and residences, and promised the greatness it has since reached. I learned that a good many Germans had already settled there. At Hennepin, about twenty miles above Peoria, I left the boat to catch a stage running from Bloomington to Chicago, at some place east of Hennepin, to which a hack took me and some other passengers. In the night we reached Ottawa, then also a fine and rising place. We had to stop there a few hours, in order to cross the Fox River by ford. The river was high at the time, and the driver would not risk crossing at night, but waited for daylight. The ford was narrow and rather rocky, so that, if the stage had missed the track, it would have been very dangerous. As it was, the water came near running into the stage, which shook terribly, when going over the rough rocks at the bottom of the river. We felt very much relieved when we reached the further bank. From Hennepin on the country had been charming. All rolling prairie, only from time to time dotted with

groves of fine timber. Prairies in May and June, covered with a hundred varieties of flowers and studded with numerous patches of strawberries, present a spectacle at which travelers who have seen the most beautiful scenery in the world will feel a great delight.

Not very far from the Fox River we met with a gang of prairie wolves. When first observed they had been standing right in the road; but hearing the rattling of our coach they made off on one side into the prairie. They trotted quite leisurely, turning their heads from time to time in a sort of stealthy way. Their color was that of a fox; in size they were twice as large.

Some ten miles west of Chicago we came into a very wet prairie, with a number of rather deep places filled with water, a sort of Pontine swamps. We were put into a large covered wagon, the wheels of which were very high and stout and the fellies and tires one and a half feet wide to prevent cutting into the mud and getting the wagon stalled. There was no house or field anywhere to be seen until we reached the then little town of Chicago. A few years before only a few shanties and a small wooden fort stood between the lake and the arms of the Chicago River, one of which came from the north and the other from the south. At the time of my visit Chicago had about 5,000 inhabitants. There were only one or two brick houses; all others, even the hotel in which I stopped, were frame buildings. I arrived at noon, having been on my way from Belleville for five days and as many nights, stopping nowhere more than a couple of hours. I immediately went to the recorder's and the circuit clerk's offices, examining the records. In the evening I passed my time at the various places where lands and lots were selling at auction. All over the country, owing to the multitude of banks that had sprung up on the downfall of the great national bank, and to the fact that the national debt had been paid and the surplus of the treasury was about to be divided amongst the States, a spirit of speculation had arisen quite unparalleled

at any time or in any country, except when the South Sea Bubble and the Law Mania prevailed in Great Britain and France. Chicago in the West was at the head of this rage. Every boat brought hundreds of immigrants, all anxious to make their fortunes by buying up the northern prairies. At places it was supposed the contemplated canal uniting the great lakes and the Mississippi by way of the Illinois River would be located, many towns had been laid out on paper, and here, as well as in towns already existing, as Ottawa, LaSalle, and Peru, lots were sold every night at really fabulous prices, considering the times, as were also all tracts of land within five or ten miles of the canal. Fabulous were the prices, indeed; for, when the crisis came a few years later, all those lots and lands came down to almost nothing, and remained valueless for some ten or twenty years, when a new and more healthy rise took place. These sales were nearly all on long credits; only a very small percentage of the money was paid down. I venture to say that there was not enough cash money in the whole State of Illinois at that time to have paid for the lands and lots that were sold within a month in the city of Chicago alone.

Next morning I started out westward to see the persons I had to deal with. I had to cross the same swamps; but a stout Canadian Indian pony brought me safely through. I had to ford the Des Plaines River, which was pretty deep, before I reached my destination about twelve miles from Chicago. It was in the afternoon when I reached it, and my business took up all the rest of the day. I stayed over night in the place, and the next morning I went with my clients back to Chicago, where our business was completed and the proper deeds made out.

There was an immense deal of life in this new Eldorado. The stores on Water Street were crowded. The river was full of boats. People ran as fast along the muddy unpaved streets as they do now. It had one advantage over the metropolis of today. The river formed by the two arms was nearly as clear

as the beautiful lake, the sight of which was then as it is now, a great delight to me. Did I then foresee what Chicago would be in later life? St. Louis, in comparison to Chicago, was in 1836, a stately, magnificent city. Next day I left on the stage, went on it as far as Peoria, took a boat, and after an absence of two weeks, reached St. Louis.

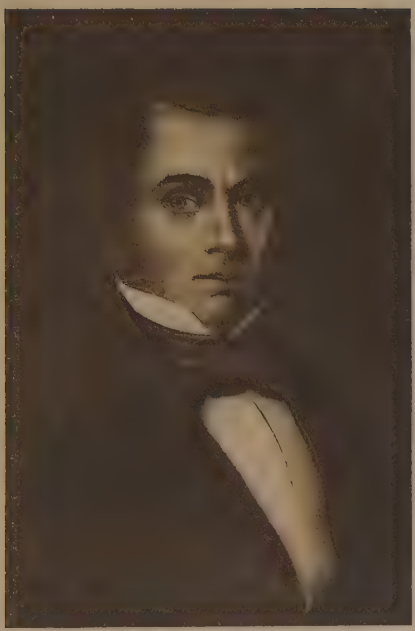
JOURNALISTIC ACTIVITY

Previous to my going to Chicago, St. Louis had been the scene of a horrible tragedy. The black cook of a steamboat, a very vicious and dangerous man, had been charged with committing some offense. The sheriff, Hammond, and his deputy had arrested him on the boat, and were marching him up to the jail right behind the old court-house square, between Market and Chestnut Streets. The negro was not handcuffed, but walked between the two officers, when all at once, not far from the square, drawing a large kitchen-knife from his side-pocket he stabbed Hammond to death and dangerously wounded the constable. It being in the afternoon and many people being on the streets, the negro was soon caught and taken to the jail, a solid stone building. Hammond was a very respectable and popular man with a large family. Intense excitement at once sprung up. A crowd, mostly of Hammond's friends, gathered at the court-house. Speeches of a most inflammatory character were made, calling for immediate vengeance. The crowd having been largely increased, the effect of these harangues was that there was a rush for the jail to take the negro out and lynch him. The jailor would not deliver him up. There was much parleying. Finally the strong gate was forced, and also the prisoner's cell. The mob, made up in considerable part of well-known and prominent citizens, led the victim towards the western town limits, chained him to a tree or post, and in their madness, instead of hanging or shooting him, gathered up sticks of wood, tore dry and green branches from trees, piled them round him and proceeded to roast him alive. It was said that a gentleman on horseback

country, he had not come as a beggar to ask for kindness and generosity, but as a man who knew how to value liberty and was always ready to defend it. The letter was published in the "Bulletin" and put an end to all further controversy.

The "Anzeiger des Westens" had been started by Messrs. Bimpage and Fessenden, two gentlemen from Mecklenburg, who had in 1834 established a land and general intelligence office. They were educated men, and the paper appearing weekly had a respectable appearance and was well printed. But as their knowledge of the country and its institutions was scant, they filled their columns with translations of the English press, and took their foreign news from the "Old and New World" published by Wesselhoeft at Philadelphia, and occasionally from private letters. Bimpage had applied to me for occasional editorials on home politics, and I had from time to time furnished him articles. The paper, however, did not give general satisfaction. Weber had left the farm in 1835, and had found employment in a small library founded by some merchants and clerks, forming the nucleus of the present Mercantile Library, now containing some 70,000 volumes. I recommended him to Bimpage as editor, and Weber took charge of the paper early in 1836. During the year Bimpage was bought out by a stock company formed by German citizens of St. Louis and St. Clair County, and Weber was appointed permanent editor. Finally, the company, I being one of the members, transferred the property to Weber, who most ably carried it on at a later period with a Mr. Olshausen, and made it for many years the leading organ of the Germans of the Mississippi Valley.

For the first four or five years I contributed, at Weber's request, as many articles as I could find time to write, and remained an occasional contributor until it changed hands in 1849 or 1850. When Mr. Charles Daenzer became the editor I renewed my connection with the paper by writing for it from time to time. In this way I was introduced to journalism, contributing more or less to English and German news-



Gustave Koerner

1836

papers in Belleville, and sometimes also to Chicago papers, English and German. I never was, however, the ostensible editor of any paper. Many articles I wrote also for English and German reviews, and even now I employ some of my leisure in journalistic writing. It became a habit. Whenever some important subject occupied my mind I felt it a kind of burden resting on me, and I had to put it on paper or in print to get relief.

MARRIAGE

While I was in Chicago, Caroline was married to Decker, and they moved to their forty-acre tract called Waldeck, less than half a mile west of the lower farm. Sophie and I had fixed on the 17th day of June, it being the second anniversary of our landing at New York, for our union. I had rented a neat house immediately south of the present Hinckley bank lot on Illinois Street. It had a large veranda shaded by sweet briar, a rather large garden and yard; but the lease of the tenant did not expire before August, and so I had to take provisionally the only house that was for rent. It was a slight frame building on the southwest corner of Main and Church Streets, containing but one room on the first floor, above which was a garret serving as a dormitory. A small kitchen was attached, with no room for a servant. When Sophie and I first viewed it, we could not but laugh at the tiny structure. But we consoled ourselves with the lines, of Schiller, I believe,

> "Raum hat auch die kleinste Huette
> Fuer ein zaertlich liebend Paar."

Mother, Sophie and I went to St. Louis, where we bought most of our household and kitchen things. There being at that time no furniture stores in existence in Belleville, we had our furniture made to order in Belleville. I am pretty sure that we did not spend more than one hundred and fifty dollars for our whole outfit, and yet we thought ourselves comfortably established. What a change of times since! But

we were resolved to get along, and we did. About the same time I became a landowner. I bought two acres of the finest timber land adjoining the survey on which Belleville was laid out, with a view that if fortune favored me I would build a residence there. It was on the east side of Belleville on the road to New Nashville and Shawneetown, situated on a rise from which the whole town could be overlooked. I paid fifty dollars per acre. People thought me mad. But a few days afterwards Mrs. Abend, who had moved into Belleville with her family, bought one acre adjoining my land on the south and paid one hundred dollars for it. Within one year I had sold a dozen or so large trees from it for lumber, which repaid me at once, leaving a great many splendid trees on the ground — white oak, walnut, hickory and sycamore.

At last the sun rose on our wedding-day. It was one of the most beautiful summer days. The ceremony did not take more than about five minutes, and was performed by good old "Squire" Rutherford of Ridge Prairie, who had married Charlotte and Caroline. A large company was present — all the Engelmann family, all the Hilgards, Bunsens, Reusses, Schotts, and many other friends, some from St. Louis. A large table was set near the house under shade-trees, and was filled at least three times before all got through dinner. Two of my St. Louis friends had sent us excellent boxes of wine, and we had really a merry time. From relatives and friends we received useful and costly presents, and some weeks later many valuable presents came from our family in Frankfort. Late in the evening I took Sophie away to our new home.

A few days before our wedding I ceased writing a diary. I regret it now; but how could I think at that happy time of writing down my sentiments and my feelings and reflections. It would have seemed to me a kind of profanation. Besides, there was my law-business to be attended to, and a good many things that a single man had no notions of. Politics also took up a good deal of my time. Mr. Snyder, my partner, though in feeble health still, had made up his mind to run

Sophie Engelmann Koerner
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again for Congress. The chances appeared good. In 1834 he had been beaten by Governor Reynolds, but had received a large majority of the Democratic vote. But Reynolds, being supposed to be a less radical Jackson man than Snyder, had received the support of nearly the entire Whig party. This time, however, J. Gatewood, a very eminent lawyer in the lower part of the district, came out as an outspoken Whig or anti-Jackson man, and was pretty sure of getting the Whig vote. Mr. Snyder was not allowed by his physician to make public speeches, but he went into every county of the district, which was a very large one, being nearly one-fourth of the whole State, running down the Mississippi from Green County to Cairo and from there up the Ohio and Wabash to White County. As the election was to take place in August, he was away from home nearly all the time from May to August, leaving me in St. Clair to help him in his election. I had authority to open all his letters and answer them the best I could, and of course had to correspond with him frequently. The law-business fell entirely on my shoulders. Mr. Snyder had calculated right. Gatewood won a pretty large vote from Reynolds, and as Mr. Snyder got a plurality over the old ranger, he was elected. It being a Presidential year, when the previously held State elections had of course a great importance, the election in August was a lively one. St. Clair elected the entire Democratic ticket for Congress, for the State Legislature and for the county offices.

A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION

The Fourth of July was duly celebrated. It was in part a most comical affair, which I cannot refrain from noticing somewhat in detail. As there was no town of the least importance in the county, except Belleville and Lebanon, a great many country people desiring to celebrate had come in on horseback and wagons, and Belleville was crowded. A sort of impromptu procession was formed. It was headed by Dr. William G. Goforth, as chief-marshal. He was a curiosity.

Those who believed him reported that he had been a surgeon in the militia army who fought under Jackson at New Orleans. He was very thin, about six feet high, but badly put up, keeping himself as straight as a shingle when sober. His face was very long and his nose quite hooked. His eyes protruded like a pair of saucers and his face was as red as the woolen scarf he had slung around his breast as chief-marshal. A high white hat covered his abundant black hair. He was a very bold practitioner, in fact a very energetic man and full of fire. He had many broils, and had his hand very quickly on his trigger. He was the best horseman in town and usually kept a blooded horse. Many years afterwards he came to his death by being thrown from a fiery young horse, in one of the streets of North Belleville. As chief-marshal, assuming the mien of a commander of a brigade of horsemen, he looked ridiculous enough. He was followed by a band of music, in which was a drummer, one Ellis, a cooper. This gentleman was undersized, but very sturdy, an Englishman, I believe, with a very red face, and carrying an old-fashioned drum nearly as big as himself. He also wore a very important look. There was, too, a fifer, whom I do not now recollect. But what made this orchestra most amusing was a fiddler, Robert Fleming, a printer and editor of a Belleville paper. He was one of the best-natured men I ever knew, and one of the most careless. I believe he never had an enemy except himself. Eminently social, he was very fond of the "creature." He had very good sense and was perfectly honest, but very improvident. When I first saw, some twenty years ago, Joseph Jefferson play Rip Van Winkle, he reminded me most forcibly of my friend Robert Fleming. The latter was very slightly built and stooped. Taken all together, marshal and band showed unmistakable devotion to Bacchus in their faces, and presented a most laughable picture. The merits of the music may be imagined, the fiddle particularly giving discordant strains when played by this marching amateur artist. Without much order several hundreds of people marched behind through all

the few streets of Belleville, and finally brought up at the court-house, where some one delivered a short address. This was in the morning. But there had also been a dinner gotten up by subscription which was consumed in a grove in the northern part of the city, and of which perhaps a hundred people partook, surrounded by a big crowd of spectators. The German element was already strong in Belleville, and so we had claret, which was then very good and very cheap, there being no duty on wine, — one bottle for two guests.

There were the usual thirteen toasts. The day we celebrate, the Union, Washington, etc., etc. I will give only the last, which was by no means an original one, but met with nine cheers: "The American fair ones, never so fair as when they are our companions in arms." Then followed innumerable volunteer toasts, some very curious ones. There was one by a lawyer, G. W. Ralph, to the Polish exiles, and several to the new State of Texas. Alfred Cowles, the oldest and most prominent lawyer, gave as a toast: "To our brethren from Europe, exiles for the sake of liberty! We welcome them in the land of their choice." He then said that he hoped I would respond to the toast. I was taken by surprise. I had to make my first speech to a big audience in the open air. However, I got through with it pretty well, though the speech as it was afterwards published in the newspapers was a good deal retouched. Among other things, I said: "May, gentlemen, the day be far distant, nay! may it never come, when the American people shall refuse to receive on their shores those who seek either shelter or protection here against the oppression of European tyranny or who come to this country to see realized under its wise and happy constitution that beau ideal of liberty which they have formed previously. May America ever kindly receive those who intend to become good and public-spirited citizens." Another passage: "Allow me, gentlemen, to add a few more words in connection with the sentiment just uttered by the gentleman who sits opposite to me. It strikes me that since various nations have participated in the

discovery and settlement of America, she has been destined by providence to exhibit the innate nobility, not of individuals, not of individual nations, but the nobility of human nature upon the largest scale. America in my opinion is destined to show that rational men are able to live together and to form a free and powerful community, no matter whether they trace their blood to the same source, no matter whether their previous habits have been the same, no matter whether they first expressed themselves in the same language." I said more along the same line, and purposely, because just at that time nativism had already raised its head in some of the large cities of the East, as well as in New Orleans, Cincinnati and Louisville, and even in Washington City. As a matter of course, I also put in my little speech a little dose of the "Spread Eagle" style to please the groundlings.

Later in the afternoon I had a very pleasant party in our little hut. Mr. Engelmann, Theodore Hilgard, Jr., and other friends found room enough to enjoy themselves with a four o'clock coffee, my young wife having prepared everything nicely and tastefully. A few bottles of excellent Rhine wine, imported by Theodore Kraft, were also much relished. It was the first party at our new little home, and in its way was, what the fashion now would call, "a great success."

THE "WESTLAND"

Both Theodore and Doctor Engelmann had now settled in St. Louis. The Doctor soon got into practice. Theodore opened an intelligence and real estate office. When Weber became the editor of the "Anzeiger," Theodore took his place in the Mercantile Library and assisted Weber very much in the publishing of his paper. As Germans arrived in great numbers, most of them desirous of buying land, he might in course of time have made his business lucrative. But he was too straightforward, disliked to use persuasion, would not recommend a thing which he thought was not worth recommend-

ing, — in a word, he was too honest to flourish in this line of business. He was not what the Americans call "smart."

Doctor Engelmann and I had very frequently conversed about the many books written by Germans concerning the United States, and how very unsatisfactory and misleading most of them were. Some were the products of disappointed immigrants, whose misfortunes were all laid to the country and its people. Others were evidently written by interested persons, who sought by exaggerated laudations to draw immigration to some particular spot; others again treated of everything, — the law, the church, the school, the agriculture, the geology, the climatology of the whole country, without being accurately acquainted with any of these subjects. We felt the evil influence of this literature from the many false notions which we found in the newcomers. Doctor Engelmann conceived the idea of starting an organ in Germany, in which, through various authors, correct information could be conveyed to the German public concerning the United States and more particularly the western part thereof, adapted to immigration. He had interested in the matter his uncle in Heidelberg, Joseph Engelmann, the well-known publisher, who had expressed a willingness to publish it. It was to be a periodical, appearing about every three months. The doctor found in Captain Charles Neyfeld a very able gentleman who entered fully into his ideas. Neyfeld was a native of Poland, of German parentage, educated in the cadet school at Warsaw, and was an officer in the corps of engineers in the Polish army before the revolution of 1830. An exile after the failure of the revolution, he had settled in Frankfort, where I had become acquainted with him; brother Charles was quite intimate with him. He was a fine-looking man, about thirty-five years of age, spoke and wrote German like his native tongue. In Frankfort he published in German a very excellent history of Poland and of the last revolution; but after the third of April he was not permitted to stay there, and after a short sojourn in France he came to this country in 1834, and found,

owing to his great knowledge of engineering, a very good place in the general surveyor's office in St. Louis. He had visited me and the Engelmanns repeatedly. He was really a German in character and feeling, and had married a German lady; he died a few years afterwards very suddenly, to the great regret of his many friends.

Doctor Engelmann enlisted me also in the enterprise. But as my name in Germany at that time would not recommend the magazine much to the authorities who had to exercise the "censur" over all such publications, we thought it best that Engelmann and Neyfeld should appear as the sole editors. In 1837 the first number of the magazine, called the "Westland," appeared. Only three numbers were published in all, making a volume of 380 pages. The difficulties and delays of communication which existed at this early period, the circumstance that the contributors very soon became busily engaged here, and the small support it received from the German public, caused its discontinuance, in spite of the highly favorable "Recensionen" which it received from the most prominent German journals and literary reviews. Only romantic and fanciful pictures of this country, or what was curiously called "practical advice," which gave price-lists and statistics that were out of date the very next year, were at that time relished in the old countries. Doctor Engelmann was the main contributor, furnishing a series of most able and interesting articles. Captain Neyfeld wrote a condensed, but very accurate and scientific, topographical and statistical description of the Mississippi Valley, running through several numbers. Mr. Hilgard, Sr., William Weber, Friedrich Muench and I, also lent aid by a number of articles.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY IN BELLEVILLE

As Doctor Engelmann was the soul of this enterprise, so was Dr. Anton Schott the soul of another, the foundation of a library in the main German settlement in St. Clair County. Schott, Reuss, Engelmann, all the Hilgards, the Wolfs, Bun-

sen, Berchelmann, Ledergerber and the Hildebrandts, founded the German library society in 1836. Liberal donations were made, mostly of German books. But very soon, as the society increased in members, and the yearly contributions of $3.00 became more numerous, the most important American historical works, memoirs and biographies of American statesmen were purchased, as well as the newest and best German and English novels. I prepared the constitution and by-laws, and also drafted a charter, which a few years afterwards was granted by the legislature. The best English and German periodicals were soon added, and I got our member of Congress to send us all public documents, some of which were of the greatest value. Doctor Schott kept the library in his house, was until his death its librarian and secretary, and devoted a great deal of his time and energy to the success of the institution. Some time in 1852 or 1853 it was moved to Belleville, and later on consolidated under a new charter with the library of the Belleville Saengerbund. In 1879, it consisted, exclusive of several thousand volumes of public documents, of some six thousand volumes. In 1883, the city council of Belleville established a public library, appointed a directory which negotiated with the German library a transfer of all its books and furniture to the public library, which took place in 1884. The public library of Belleville is now in a most flourishing condition, containing outside of some six thousand well-bound public documents, nearly seven thousand volumes. So our library founded in 1836 became the nucleus of our present highly useful and popular public library. Save when I was absent in Europe, I was always an active member and usually a director of the institution; and I may say I take as much pride in the exertions I made during all this time in securing success for our library as in anything else to which I have devoted myself during my long life. I cannot refrain from mentioning, also, the name of Joseph Kircher, and, at a later period, that of our model school-man, Henry Raab, as most able and untiring workers in the same field.

JAMES SHIELDS

The November Presidential election was less exciting than the State election in August. Van Buren was elected over Gen. William Henry Harrison and Judge White of Tennessee.

I attended the fall sessions of court diligently. In one or two counties Mr. Snyder was able to be with me. We were defending a very interesting case of murder in Clinton County, and here it was that I made my first acquaintance with James Shields, who was also employed by the defense. I did not dream then how often the lines of our lives would touch one another. It will not be out of place, therefore, if I attempt to give here an outline of his eventful life and a portraiture of his character. In stature Shields was of medium height, very broad-shouldered, and with rather long arms. His complexion was fair and healthy, his eyes gray and very sparkling. In a passion they seemed to shoot fire. His hair was dark brown and his features quite regular. In conversation he spoke rapidly and vivaciously, showing very little trace of the Irish brogue. He was not an orator, but a ready debater. His mind was discriminating. He succeeded better with the court than with the jury and on the stump. Indeed, he very seldom addressed large crowds in election times. He was exceedingly vain and very ambitious, and, like most ambitious men, on occasions, quite egotistical. But he was not given to intrigues, was careless about money, and, in spite of his many opportunities to enrich himself, never accumulated property; in fact, if a few years before he died he had not been put upon the retired officers' list by way of exception, which granted him a handsome annual pension, he would have lived, as he actually did for many years, in comparative poverty. Upon the whole his ideas were lofty. In his manner he was peculiar, not to say eccentric. Although he had not had a thorough classical education, he understood Latin pretty well, and had picked up enough French to read it and understand it. His knowledge of English literature was quite extensive,

and so was his knowledge of history, particularly modern history.

He was a native of the county of Tyrone, Ireland, and came to this country probably when under age, first to South Carolina, where he had an uncle living, but leaving afterwards when he became of age to teach school in the North. Intimate as I was with him, I never learned anything about his age. "Appleton's Encyclopaedia" has it that he was born in 1810. But he was certainly several years older than I was when I first met him at Carlyle in the Gennet murder case in 1836. In 1831 or 1832 he made his appearance in Kaskaskia, and took up a school there, reading law at the same time, I believe, in Senator Kane's office. When I was at Kaskaskia in the March term of 1836 I did not see him. He was not then attending court. Mr. Snyder, when he canvassed the district for Congress that year, came across him, and at once formed a high idea of his ability, so that in the fall when he defended Gennet, being unable to exert himself much, he invited Shields to assist us. I opened the case. Shields examined the witnesses with skill. Snyder made a brief but very impressive speech. It was a tolerably bad case, but we succeeded in clearing our client, a farmer living where Aviston now stands. As Mr. Snyder had soon to leave for Washington to attend the special session of Congress in 1837, and as his health was such as to forbid an active practice at the bar for at least some years, he proposed in the spring of the year to retire from practice. Shields in the meantime had been elected a member of the Legislature from Randolph County to fill a vacancy at the special session of the Legislature, and had just returned from the seat of government. Mr. Snyder was desirous of having Shields at Belleville, and suggested to both of us to go into partnership. In June we formed a business-connection, and we succeeded very well, but had to dissolve it in 1841, Shields having been elected State Auditor by the Legislature. This made it necessary for him to reside at Springfield. While in partnership with me he held several offices. For one year

he was secretary to Governor Kinney, who had been made one of the Internal Improvement Commissioners for this part of the state, under the gigantic Internal Improvement System adopted by Illinois, and which in a few years bankrupted the state. At another time he was appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States a special commissioner to investigate and report upon charges made against the chief officer of a land-office in the southern part of the State. In 1842 he was reëlected to the Auditorship, but very soon afterwards he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court by Governor Ford, to fill a vacancy. In 1845 he was appointed Commissioner of the General Land-Office in Washington by President Polk.

When the war broke out in Mexico in 1846 he was appointed brigadier-general of the Illinois Volunteers. First under Taylor, he was called with the 3rd and 4th Illinois regiments to Scott, then on his march to the City of Mexico. At Cerro Gordo, while leading his brigade against a battery, he received a grape-shot through the breast. He was at once reported dead, and all the papers contained obituary notices of him. But he recovered. I have seen the mouth of the wound and where it came out at the back. The left lobe of his lung may have been slightly touched, but it is clear that the ball went around the ribs. At any rate he recovered in a few months, so that he was able to command a brigade consisting of a New York and South Carolina regiment at Contreras and again at the storming of the castle of Chapultepec where he received another very painful and ugly wound in his right wrist. On his return to Washington he was made a major-general by brevet, and appointed military governor of Tampico until the peace of Guadaloupe Hidalgo was made in 1848; and before he returned from there he was appointed governor of the new Territory of Oregon, which then also comprised Washington Territory. But he resigned the place, came back to Belleville and concluded to run for the Senate of the United States in the place of Breese, whose term expired

in 1849. The State of South Carolina, in open session of the Legislature, presented him with a costly jewelled sword, and so did the State of Illinois afterwards. He was elected Senator for six years. He lost his reëlection, having joined Douglas in passing the unfortunate Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which repealed the Missouri Compromise. Some Democrats opposed the measure, and being joined by all the Whigs, elected Trumbull in his place, who, with many Democrats, was about identifying himself with the Republican party. Shields felt very much mortified, particularly as I, being then Lieutenant-Governor, could not actively support him, because I had from the start been violently opposed to the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and because even the two members from St. Clair, being Democrats, did not for the same reason vote for him. When Shields was not in Washington, he spent all of his time in Belleville, and we had daily intercourse. He was my most intimate American friend. Even after his defeat there was no serious estrangement. He soon after, however, left the State, somewhat disgusted.

But his ill success was his own fault. Both I and Governor Bissell, who was then a member of Congress, tried our best to prevent him from voting for the ill-omened bill, and I prophesied that it would defeat his election; I also told him from the start that I could not support him unless he severed his political connections with Douglas. He moved to Minnesota, and was there again elected to fill a vacancy in the Senate. At the expiration of the term, he went to California, married an Irish girl there, but when the War of the Rebellion broke out he was appointed by Lincoln, brigadier, then major-general, and was wounded again in the arm near Winchester in a fight against Stonewall Jackson. He resigned in 1863, and after staying in Washington for some time, returned West and bought a small farm near Carrollton, Missouri. He was elected again to fill a short vacancy in the United States Senate, and also at a later time to the lower house of Congress, but was counted out by the Republicans, though he had been

elected by a very large majority. When he was in Missouri we resumed correspondence, and he visited me in Belleville. In 1876 we met at Chicago, making speeches for Tilden, and were as friendly as ever. In 1877 or 1878 he visited St. Louis, and I went over and stayed with him, where he had a brilliant reception at Judge John Krum's house. This was our last meeting. He died in 1879, while on a lecturing tour, at Ottumwa, Iowa.

I believe he held more offices than any man in the United States. His most extraordinary career was a mystery to many. He really did not seek popularity, but yet had a sort of winning way about him that made him friends quite readily. Fond himself of being flattered, he paid back what he received in the same coin. Yet when he could not persuade, he did not fail to show his displeasure and to become an open enemy. When attacked, he struck back. I knew all his weaknesses, and his vanity amused me. When asked why I liked him and fought for him so much, I really had no particular answer to make. It was his enthusiasm, I believe; even his impulsiveness. He took the warmest interest in all revolutions, particularly in the German rising of 1848 and in the Hungarian revolution. He idolized Kossuth, and became a warm personal friend of Hecker, to whom I had introduced him. He never went to church that I know of, and as he was an ardent Freemason, I do not believe he could have been a Catholic, though coming from a Catholic neighborhood in Ireland. Messrs. Hay and Nicolay, in their monumental history of Abraham Lincoln, which ran for years in the Century Magazine, did Shields great injustice. And it was with great pleasure that I vindicated his memory in the same review in a manner that gave great satisfaction all over the country.

CHAPTER XVII

Early Illinois Politics

On the sixth of April, 1837, our eldest boy was born. We named him Charles Bernard Theodore, for my brother Charles, for my father Bernard, and for Mr. Engelmann whose name was Frederick Theodore. Charles Theodore Koerner, the warrior-poet of Germany, was also in our minds when giving the little boy his name. It added much to my happiness when I learned from my mother and Charles and sisters, with what extreme gladness this event filled their hearts.

I have spoken already of the great Internal Improvement System upon which our State had entered. It required the appointment of numerous surveyors and civil engineers, and I had the pleasure of having it in my power to obtain employment on it for John Scheel, who was made assistant engineer for our part of the State, — which appointment at once made it possible for him to marry our youngest sister, the kind-hearted and amiable Betty, to whom he had been engaged for some time. Although this vast scheme of improvement broke down in about three years, it gave John a position such that he was soon after elected county-surveyor, and from that employment he got into other lucrative offices, accumulating a fortune, which at the time he died was considered large. At the time of his death he was revenue-assessor of the United States for this district, having been appointed by President Lincoln. He also served one term in the Legislature of Illinois in 1858.

FURTHER ACCESSIONS TO THE GERMAN SETTLEMENT

Our German population in the county still kept on increasing. The family of Hildebrandt, also the Raith fam-

ily, both from Wuertemberg, settled not far from Belleville, and Mr. Adolph Hildebrandt, jeweler and watch-maker, moved to Belleville. About the same time the Michel family from the Haardt in the Palatinate and several other new-comers made Belleville their residence. Edward Hilgard, who had married Emma Hilgard, and Fred Wolf, first bought a brewery in the town, but not long afterwards built a steam-distillery on Mr. Hilgard's land in West Belleville. Unfortunately, Emma, so beautiful and so sweet, died a year afterwards, and Edward sold his farm and his share in the distillery and went back to Germany. My friend Conradi and Frederick Hilgard bought a mill in Mechanicsburg, now Mascoutah, and flourished there for some time, but both gave it up after a few years. Frederick returned to Germany and Conradi took a place as clerk in St. Louis.

One of the most pleasant arrivals to me was that of my old Jena friend, Dr. Adolph Wislizenus, who had luckily made his escape from Frankfort in the night of the third of April, 1833. He had found his way to New York in 1834, and late in 1837 came to Belleville; but he went to Mechanicsburg to practice, and soon after settled in St. Louis. In my "German Element," page 333, I have given much space to the life of this very amiable and also very scientific friend of mine, in which I referred to his very romantic marriage at Constantinople with Miss Lucy Crane, sister-in-law of that eminent linguist and most distinguished diplomatist, George P. Marsh, then our Minister to Turkey. In the "Life and Letters" of the late Mr. Marsh, in one of his letters of August 4, 1850, to Lady Estcourt, he speaks of this marriage as follows:

"You will, I doubt not, be surprised at the news I have to give, for I am surprised to have it to tell. Doctor Wislizenus, our family physician at Washington, arrived here a few weeks ago and has had the eloquence to persuade sister Lucy to return with him to America as his wife. The attachment has been of long standing; but some two years ago, when the thing was first proposed, our parents expressed a feeling of regret that Lucy should marry a foreigner — for this was the only

objection made — and she yielded to their wishes. But the presence of the Doctor here revived her old fancy and we none of us thought it worth while to press such an objection farther. The Doctor has an excellent reputation, and his strong passion for botany and geology has enabled him to make valuable contributions to these sciences, as Humboldt acknowledges in his "Ansichten der Natur." After all I thought his uncommon musical accomplishments went farther than anything else to win my sister's heart."

In the course of this correspondence, Mr. Marsh frequently refers to the doctor and his wife. Letters from Mrs. Marsh occurring in the book show her not only to have been very intellectual, but also witty and humorous. Her sister, Mrs. Wislizenus, must have had similar qualities, for Mr. Marsh remarks in one of his letters that Lucy is as good if not a better letter-writer than his wife.

About the same time Charles and Edward Tittmann, having left New York, also took up their residence at Belleville. Edward, it will be remembered, I had met before at Frankfort, a day or two before the third of April. Both were young men of exceptionally fine manners, and highly educated. Charles was of a rather reserved and serious disposition, an excellent mathematician, pursuing his studies in that line even after he and Edward had gone into the mercantile business. Edward was of a more cheerful and sociable character, and soon became a favorite in Belleville society.

But I cannot name all the cultivated Germans who settled during this and the following year in Belleville and St. Clair County, and I will mention only one or two more. Dr. Albert Trapp, an exile, of whom I have spoken in detail in my "German Element," who settled twelve miles south of Belleville, but somewhat later moved to Belleville and became for some years our family physician, when he left Belleville and Doctor Berchelmann took his place.

Another university friend from Heidelberg, Henry Schleth, who had escaped from prison in Kiel, had gone to Switzerland, had participated in Mazzini's attempt at a rev-

olution in Piedmont, and had been driven out of Switzerland and France, had, after a short stay in England, arrived at New Orleans, from where he addressed me and asked me for advice. Upon my invitation he came to St. Clair and went upon the Engelmann farm; but in 1838 I found some temporary employment for him in Belleville. He then went upon Ledergerber's farm, where he worked for some years, when he finally returned to Belleville and held several offices, finally going into the mercantile business. In 1880, he acted as my amanuensis and copied all the manuscript of my work, the "German Element." He was of a very quiet temperament, had an excellent mind, social habits, and enjoyed for many years the confidence and respect of the Belleville people, dying after a long protracted illness some years ago.

August Hassel, who was a law student at Munich while I was there, settled in Belleville, and married some time afterwards a Miss Raith. He was a very talented man, rather excitable, very fond of politics, and full of life and animation. He also went into the mercantile business, but moved to St. Louis, where he died of the cholera in 1850. I believe Henry and Hermann Von Haxthausen, of Westphalia, bought a farm a mile or so south of the Engelmanns. Hermann, I believe, returned to Europe, and Henry left St. Clair and bought himself a farm in Monroe County. Ewald Von Massow, having made his escape from the fortress of Colberg, where he was confined for having been a member of the Burschenschaft, crossed the ocean with his mother, and after awhile, I might almost say naturally, made St. Clair his home, bought a farm in the neighborhood of the Engelmanns, but moved in later years to Belleville, where he bought a four-acre tract of land on which he built a residence. His health, however, was very much broken, he having been confined in prison before his trial for some two years and in the casemates of the fortress for nearly the same time.

PRO-GERMAN CONVENTIONS

To the very notable German convention at Pittsburg, Oct. 18, 1837, the library association of St. Clair sent William Weber as a delegate, he having been appointed also the delegate of prominent Germans in St. Louis. The object of the convention was to devise means to maintain the German language, to sustain the German press, to establish a central Normal School for the education of German teachers, and to protest and counteract the efforts of the nativistic American societies. The object was in part obtained. A very able and strong address to the Germans was issued, a central committee appointed, and a teachers' seminary established at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. It was not intended, however, to create a separate German party. Far from it, the Germans were admonished to become naturalized, to familiarize themselves with the language, the constitution, and the laws of the country, to retain what was good in the German character and to adopt cheerfully what was good in the American. While one of the "Instructions," which I was charged to prepare, condemned and denounced in the strongest terms the principles of the nativistic American party, another read as follows: "We are of opinion that no number of persons emigrated from foreign soil should form a separate commonwealth amongst a people already settled and not inferior in culture; that such an attempt on the part of the German immigrants would, just on account of their number, be injurious to the welfare and the permanence of this free country, which alone, among all other States, offers by its liberal institutions a consolation to every right-thinking man."

This meeting and several subsequent ones, held at Pittsburg and Phillipsburg, in their resolutions and addresses, conformed to the spirit of our instructions. It would take me too far, were I to give a history of this movement and its Normal School, which was carried on for some years. Suffice it to say, that the latter, owing to many circumstances, particularly of a financial character, had to be given up. Yet this

early movement of the Germans gave a tremendous impulse to the German press, to the formation of literary and musical and school societies, and, what was perhaps the most important result, made the American people and particularly the American politicians aware that there was a large population among them who knew their rights and were willing to maintain them and that they had to be taken into account. Native Americans found a determined opponent in the "Anzeiger des Westens," and indeed in all German papers, and I took good care to have the strongest and most exhaustive articles translated, and these made the rounds of a great many Democratic journals. It must be said that the Democratic party from that time on, in victory or defeat, never abandoned the cause of the aliens who came here to become citizens, which accounts for the fact that the Germans almost unanimously voted with that party until the slavery question in 1856 carried most of them into the Republican party, and down to the reconstruction of the Union in 1868.

I was elected a delegate, together with three other gentlemen from St. Clair County, to a Democratic State Convention held in December, 1837, to nominate candidates for Governor and other State officers. Colonel Stephenson was nominated for Governor. He resided in Galena, was one of the land-officers of the northern district, and had distinguished himself in the Black Hawk War. The weather was bitterly cold, and the accommodations in Vandalia miserable. The biggest tavern there was but a large, high frame shed. In every room were two or three double beds, and at least one hundred delegates stopped there. The only place to wash was at a pump before the house, where a couple of tin basins stood on a bench. We had to go down from our rooms and walk to the pump, which was almost a break-neck job, as the spilt water around it had frozen into ice. We had to pull off our coats and wash and comb our hair in a stiff northwestern wind. The journey home was a most trying one. The cold had increased to about zero Fahrenheit, the wind being in our faces. Every five or

six miles I had to dismount and walk to get warm. It took me two days to get to Belleville. The cold and the bad tavern had one advantage, however; it made the meeting very short and gave little chance for political trading. We got through in one day. Colonel Stephenson died in the spring, and another convention nominated Thomas Carlin, of Quincy, who was elected in August, 1838.

LYMAN TRUMBULL

In the fall of 1837 Lyman Trumbull came to Belleville and formed a brief partnership with Governor Reynolds for the practice of the law. He was a native of Connecticut, some four years younger than I, and had been teaching school for some years in Georgia, studying law at the same time. As he became a leading man in Illinois, and even in the United States, and came into close relations with me, it seems right that I should here give a sketch of his character and of his political life. He was tall, well-proportioned, with a slight stoop, probably owing to his great short-sightedness, and had rather light hair and blue eyes. His complexion was very pale. His features were regular and handsome. For so young a lawyer he was a very good one, and his addresses to the court and jury were logical and impressive, and, when roused, rather incisive. On occasions his smile was sneeringly sardonic. While for lack of a strong imagination he could not be called an orator, he was a powerful and successful debater. He was a man of indomitable industry, which in itself is a great element of success. In my opinion, however, his principal power lay in his ability to concentrate his mind upon a few subjects. His aim was to become a great lawyer, and to play a conspicuous part in politics. To everything else he seemed indifferent. Ancient or modern literature, the sciences, music, and the fine arts in general, had no charms for him. Nor did he find any pleasure in social intercourse. While his manners were decorous, he was reserved, not to say cold. In politics a radical Democrat, he obtained, on account of his

undoubted ability, in the course of time a large following amongst the politicians of his party, though amongst the people at large he never could be said to have been popular. During the first period of his political life, on account of his extreme views, he often fell under the suspicion of being a demagogue, and he met in consequence very bitter opposition even in his own party. This was my view of Mr. Trumbull during the first years of our acquaintance. After we had both become members of the Republican party our relations became far more friendly than ever before, in fact intimate. And in the course of time I found that in some respects he had changed greatly to his advantage. His views had become broader and more statesmanlike, and he acquired a leading position in the United States Senate. He lost a great deal of his coldness, and I found that for friends he could feel very warmly and act most efficiently. After his retirement from public life he resided at Chicago. Our intercourse was then not so frequent, but when we met it was very friendly and cordial.

Trumbull being as ambitious as Shields, a strong rivalry between the two soon arose, in law as well as in politics, and led to bitter feuds. Recognizing as I did the great merits of Trumbull's character, in spite of some unpleasant features of it, I could not enter into Shields's feeling of hostility, and my position often became embarrassing. Insulting language was used by both in court, explanations were asked, and sometimes refused; challenges were extended, not only by Shields, but by some of his friends. I acted as peace-maker, and succeeded in preventing threats from becoming acts.

At this time I became somewhat acquainted with both the sweets and the sorrows of political life. The Germans were coming into St. Clair, Monroe, Madison, Washington, Clinton and Randolph Counties in great numbers. Being entitled at that time to vote after six months' residence in all elections, the American politicians had to take them into anxious consideration. In all the different counties people had come to

believe that I could control the German vote. They judged the Germans by themselves; for it is true that the American people are very much given to be led by active, able and energetic men, now called "bosses." Now while amongst the Germans a countryman of theirs may be respected, may, through the press and by public speaking, gradually mold their minds into agreeing with him in public matters, the common notion that the Germans can be "bossed" as readily as the Americans or Irish, or other nationalities in this country, is altogether a grave mistake. At any rate I was constantly called on for help by aspiring candidates and consequently very often placed in a difficult position.

When, for instance, I was a delegate to the State Convention at Vandalia in 1837, Mr. Snyder, whose Congressional term was soon to expire, feeling just then considerably better, wished to be a candidate at the approaching election for Governor. Judge Breese, who was then on the bench, and was very friendly to me, also desired my support, as did Governor Reynolds. Of course I could not hesitate. Mr. Snyder was as competent as any of his rivals, his character was open and sincere, and his friendship to me really knew no bounds. But neither of these gentlemen had any chance in the convention. All the governors of the State thus far naturally enough had been taken from the south of the State, since the great bulk of the population then lived south. But for the last four or five years a large population had been pouring into the northern part of our State from New England, New York and even Ohio. They were mostly intelligent, energetic and calculating people, and in politics better schooled, as far as organization was concerned, than we in the south. Their delegates combining with the delegates from the middle part, insisted upon nominating a northern man. Perhaps we could have still nominated Snyder, he being popular everywhere, but his rivals reported his health as so hopelessly bad that it seemed to many, even of his friends, imprudent to nominate him. And yet was it not a most singular coinci-

dence that the man then nominated, Colonel Stephenson of Galena, died within four or five months after his nomination of consumption, while Mr. Snyder did not succumb to that terrible disease until five years later!

Mr. Snyder after this convention feeling tolerably well for some time, his friends desired him to run for Congress again, and he in a measure consented, but placed the matter into my hands. Judge Breese also insisted upon being a candidate and wrote to me pressingly on the subject. So did Reynolds. Here was another dilemna, from which I was soon released by a most dangerous attack of hemorrhage overtaking Mr. Snyder in Washington. For nearly a month his life was despaired of. Yet he managed to write me almost every week, if only a few lines, and he declined being a candidate. While Mr. Snyder was aspiring and ambitious, yet in all his conversations and letters he never urged his claims as absolute. He was always willing to subordinate them to what he supposed was the good of his party. He was one of the least selfish politicians I have ever known. In one respect his German descent showed itself most plainly — he was "gemuethlich." His letters to me are full of warmth and in conversation he was full of good-natured humor.

It is my opinion that politicians are greatly misjudged by the mass of the people. They are charged with inconsistency, insincerity, ingratitude, tergiversation, and what not. No doubt a good many are guilty of one or another of these vices, but a very large experience in politics has convinced me that as a rule this bad opinion is not deserved. If people would only reflect what temptations political life offers, they would take a more charitable view of the case. One aspires to an office or other high position. Some friends support him because they are really friendly to him without any afterthought; others advocate his claims expecting favors. When the candidate has succeeded, he may overlook his true friends entirely; and then comes the charge of ingratitude; he cannot return favors to all, and so he often converts friends into bit-

ter foes. Promises are often made in good faith which through unexpected circumstances cannot be fulfilled. Then the candidate is blamed for insincerity. Again: Two or more candidates solicit the aid of a politician. Perhaps all are his friends. One has to be finally disappointed, and then comes the charge of duplicity. One may on principle advocate a measure strongly at one time which at another time under a change of affairs may appear to him fraught with disaster. He will be denounced as a renegade. I have myself very often in my long political career thus been placed between Scylla and Charybdis. In general, I believe I have sustained a character for frankness, which I ascribe principally to the fact that I had early learned to say "No." Whoever has not taught himself that important monosyllable will make many bad slips and deserve the condemnation which is usually meted out to politicians.

LEGAL LABORS

At the Congressional election Governor Reynolds was successful again. Mr. Snyder, as stated, had declined. There was not much political excitement. But our law business had increased. Hard times had already begun; that is to say, the spirit of speculation was subsiding. The State-banks all over the country had temporarily suspended redemption of their notes in specie. They of course stopped their liberal discounting of notes, and commenced suits to collect their debts. Their debtors, principally merchants and business men, turned around to sue their customers, farmers and mechanics. Nearly all business for the last two or three years had been done on credit. A branch of the State Bank at Springfield had been established in Belleville and our firm had been made its attorneys. We were kept quite busy, and two young gentlemen, studying law in our office, had their hands full in copying or drafting pleadings after forms made out by us, — the use of printed blanks for legal papers, deeds, mortgages, etc., being at that time unknown, or rather unused, in the West.

Besides that, I had in the summer of 1838 undertaken a task involving great labor. The German population was already large in our State, and was daily becoming more so. Our statutes had just been very ably revised and collected in what is called "The Revised Laws of Illinois," 1833. To most of the new-comers this compilation was a sealed book. I thought it would be a great benefit to this class of citizens to translate the State Constitution and the most general and important laws, such as those which related to the mode of conveying real estate and to mortgages, to notes and bills of exchange, legal interest, the administration of the estates of deceased persons, to wills and testaments, to the enclosure of fields and so forth. The criminal code, adopted principally from the Virginia Criminal Code, drafted by Jefferson, was an excellent and quite well arranged collection of laws on crimes and offenses, and I translated it entirely, adding to it a translation of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution of the United States, which, strange to say, had never been translated into German by anyone who was a jurist and who truly understood these documents. Some footnotes of an explanatory character were added. The book contained two hundred and forty-five pages, was printed in St. Louis by William Weber, and was the first German book printed in what was then the Far West. Though the price was two dollars, it was out of print in a few years.

I must say I worked hard during that hot summer. I employed my friend Henry Schleth to do the copying and in a few weeks he had so far improved his English that I could entrust him with translating some portions of the work, leaving to me only the revision. A remarkable feature of the book is that there is not one misprint in it, showing how careful the proof-reading by Theodore Engelmann and William Weber must have been.

In this year falls a criminal case which at the time attracted much attention, and, as it reached the Supreme Court, established a legal precedent of importance. Both Shields

and I were engaged in this case, and it is in many respects so interesting that I feel inclined to speak of it.

Antoine Gykowski, an exiled Pole, who had been an officer in the Polish army, like many of his companions, had to take here whatever position he could get in order to live. He had been employed by the keeper of a grog-shop as barkeeper in a small town in Fayette County. He could hardly understand English. One morning a young fellow, who often took his drinks at the place, came in somewhat tipsy, and, becoming pretty noisy, got it into his head to make fun of Gykowski, who did not seem to relish it. The young man, who really was not offensive when sober, rather playfully, as the witnesses stated, hit Gykowski over the head and shoulders with a small twig, which he had used for a riding whip. Gykowski's face became flushed, he looked wild, opened a drawer beneath the bar, took out a pistol, and shot and instantly killed the young fellow. This act created immense excitement. Gykowski immediately surrendered himself to the officers. Alexander P. Field, of whom I have spoken before, undertook or rather volunteered to defend him. Field was a most able advocate, but as a good many nice legal points appeared likely to present themselves, he asked us to assist him. Of course, neither of us had any expectation of receiving compensation. But here was a stranger, without a friend or a countryman to stand by him. So we enlisted in his cause. By a change of venue, the case was tried before Judge Breese at Carlyle in Clinton County. The charge, of course, was murder, a conviction for which at that time incurred the death penalty. Now of course we had no idea of clearing him entirely. The provocation was not strong enough to justify his having acted in self-defense. We expected to make out a case of manslaughter, which then was only an offense imprisonable in the penitentiary for not exceeding two years. The great and almost insurmountable difficulty was this, however: How could we make it clear to a jury, made up mostly of backwoods people, that a gentleman, an ex-officer,

would necessarily feel the hitting of him with a switch as an insult gross enough to arouse an uncontrollable passion. To a common man, particularly an ordinary keeper of a low grog-shop, belonging to a class generally considered disreputable, the act of the young man would not have been an insult at all, and therefore could not have caused such an ebullition of passion. Gykowski must have premeditated the killing! Such was the reasoning in the community in which this homicide had happened. On the other hand, the fact that the pistol was so handy, did not make against our client, since it was then and is even now a common custom in such establishments to keep a pistol near at hand; for such places are often visited by drunken desperadoes against whom the owners have to defend themselves.

The trial lasted two days, and in spite of all our efforts the jury found Gykowski guilty of murder. We made a motion for a new trial, alleging as the principal reason, that against the direct provision of the statute one of the jurors had been an alien, which we did not know at the time of our defense. The fact was true. The man, an Irishman, had been living in the county some twenty years, but had never been naturalized. Breese overruled our motion, and the sentence of death was pronounced on Gykowski, who took it quite manfully. We appealed, reversed the judgment, and at the second trial got a verdict of manslaughter, with only two years' penitentiary. I took a great deal of interest in the case, and so did the people in Carlyle after awhile. Gykowski was treated very kindly in jail, received visitors, nay, even when he was under sentence of death, was allowed to go about town, having given his word of honor that he would not attempt to escape. I furnished him from time to time with French books. And in the penitentiary he was at once put into the clerk's office, where he had no hard labor to perform.

This, among some twenty cases in which I had the defense for murder before the war, was the only one in which my client was found guilty of that crime. Some of these

were most dramatic cases of strong circumstantial evidence: one in Randolph, where one Best was charged with the murder of his own daughter, a beautiful woman, and another in Monroe, where two young men were indicted for having murdered their uncle. One can have no idea how such cases, where the life of a fellow-man is trembling in the balance, and where the slightest oversight on your part may be fatal, try a man's nerves and disturb his mind. I have sometimes thought, "when waiting for the verdict," that my client could hardly have felt a deeper anxiety than I felt myself. While judge for five years, though I presided over half a dozen murder cases, I was so fortunate as never to have to pronounce a sentence of death.

This year I also attended the United States Court at Vandalia for the first time, and made the acquaintance of Judge John McLean of the Supreme Court of the United States, an eminent jurist, whose dissenting opinion in the Dred Scott case in 1858 made his name celebrated all over the United States and Great Britain. He consulted me on some claims he had in St. Clair County, and we entered into a correspondence, so that I have the pleasure of having his autographs.

FAMILY AND OTHER AFFAIRS

The death of Emma Hilgard, Edward Hilgard's young wife, was a great loss to all of us. She was as beautiful as she was intelligent and kind-hearted. Speaking a few words at her grave, I was almost overcome with emotion.

The news I received during the year from Germany was somewhat brighter. My friend Von Rochau, on the day of his sentence to fifteen years in the penitentiary, together with one of his jailors, escaped from the prison in Frankfort, as did six other of my friends a short time afterwards, in company with another jailor, John Geiger. None were recaptured, having been concealed by citizens of Frankfort for weeks. Geiger was a cigar-maker by trade and had taken the position of jailor for the purpose of liberating the prisoners. He came

to the United States, and in the fall of the year to Belleville. He was an industrious, well-informed and energetic man; opened a cigar-manufactory, made money, and finally moved to Cassville on the Mississippi in Wisconsin, where he went into the commercial business and became quite well off. He died, I believe, some twenty years ago. Some of my friends had been pardoned by their governments; the imprisonment of others, like Rueder and Detmar, had expired. Only Prussia still kept some twenty-five or thirty students in durance within her fortresses. These were set free only by the general amnesty granted by Frederick William IV on his accession to the throne in 1840.

The most happy event in this year was the birth of my dear Mary, November 17, 1838, who received her name of Mary Elizabeth from her two grandmothers.

Mr. Snyder's health at his second session in Congress had, during the first part of the winter, somewhat improved He was able to attend the House and to make some speeches. His term expired in March, and his physicians advised him to go South. But he was anxious to return to his family, and came home via Charleston, S. C., and New Orleans. He was delighted with the voyage from Baltimore to Charleston, and in a letter he wrote me from that place, March 10, 1839, he says:

"This is a beautiful city; the port filled with vessels, wharves lined with cotton bales and sailors, the streets filled with fine carriages, well-dressed males and females, and lots of ragged negroes. The climate is delightful, the peach trees are in bloom, the fields are green, — everything is wearing the aspect of May in Illinois. Will you be pleased to give my respects to Mr. Shields? I wish he was here to enjoy the fine wine and the irresistible smiles of the fine ladies. I have met here with unbounded hospitality and attention. I traveled here with John C. Calhoun. He has been very kind to me, and has introduced me to many of the wealthy and distinguished families of the Southern metropolis."

Snyder arrived in Belleville, his health somewhat improved. Not long afterwards, I received the melancholy news of the death of my sister Augusta after a long and painful suffering. Indeed, she had been the greater part of her life a sufferer, but bore this unmerited affliction with extraordinary fortitude. Until she was about ten years of age she was the picture of health and beauty. Her golden hair came down to her knees. A clearer mind was never united to a better heart. Her death was a terrible blow to my mother and sister, and their anxiety to join me received a new impulse. And yet their own frail health, still more shattered by this mournful event, seemed to make their coming almost impossible.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

The year 1839, being, as it is generally called, an off year, with no general elections, was a very quiet one, though in Illinois the Legislature had at last put a stop to the extravagant Internal Improvement System. But 1840 was a stormy, and, for me, a particularly eventful year. The financial crash had set in in good earnest. The United States Bank had not been rechartered. It turned out to be, on its winding up, what it had long been suspected to be, a political machine. It had, by generous loans to leading politicians, attempted, often with success, to corrupt members of Congress and of the State Legislatures; and it had, indirectly at least, entered into extravagant speculations, particularly in cotton, doing its banking to a great extent on the public revenue deposited by the government. Of course, it was now compelled to try to collect its outstanding debts. The government money in the meantime having been deposited with a great many State Banks, the latter for a while flourished and extended their loans, in many cases very imprudently. There being plenty of money, — nearly all the banks issuing notes as money, — speculation, as I have several times had occasion to remark, rose to a fever heat. A reaction naturally took place, and a great many of the banks stopped redeeming their notes in

gold and silver, commenced suing their debtors, and produced thus a general state of insolvency. But this was not enough. Many states North and South had gone into the most visionary schemes of internal improvement. Illinois, for one, had already issued bonds or legal obligations amounting, up to 1840, to fifteen millions of dollars. In order to get votes from members from every part of the State, the system adopted in 1836, instead of providing for one or two most necessary railroads and the building of the canal, provided for seven railroads and the improvement not only of the main river, the Illinois, but also of the Rock, Kaskaskia, Great and Little Wabash Rivers, while two hundred thousand dollars were donated to counties where no one of the contemplated roads ran through. But soon, the State credit being exhausted, the whole system was abandoned, and thousands of men who had been employed on railroad labor were discharged. None of the roads were completed. On some, embankments had been made for part of the track; on others culverts and bridges had been built. Except on a road leading from Jacksonville to the Illinois River no ties or rails had been laid. An immense amount of iron rails had been purchased, and lay idle on boats in the rivers waiting for shipment. Illinois, of course, could not begin to pay the interest on these bonds by taxation. She quit paying any.

Pennsylvania and other States not only did not pay their interest, but for some reason or other, principally because in selling the bonds the State officers had exceeded their authority, proclaimed their bonds void, and repudiated the payment of both interest and principal, though they had used the money. To the honor of Illinois, she did not repudiate, though great efforts were made by demagogues in and out of the Legislature to repudiate a great part of the bonds; and she finally succeeded in paying every dollar of both principal and interest.

The times unquestionably were very hard, and, as is usually the case, the hardness of the times was charged upon the

party in power. Van Buren had proposed, and the bulk of the Democratic party had adopted, the plan of entirely severing the government from the banks, and of having the government take care of its money through its own treasury officers. It was at best always dangerous to place the revenue on deposit with banks. Should a war ensue, or should the government, on account of some other calamity, want its funds, the withdrawal would at once produce a panic and a crash. Besides, it was thought that banks could do a safe business only on their own capital, and not on their deposits, which were always liable to be called for even on the threatened approach of some formidable difficulty. To make the public money a fund whereon to issue bank-notes as currency, would unduly increase the currency, and an abundant currency was as dangerous as a too restricted one.

This Sub-Treasury plan, as it was called, was now before Congress, and was most violently opposed by the money-power as represented in the legislative halls by the Whig party, who prophesied the ruin of the country if it would pass. The Democrats had also pronounced in favor of a low tariff and against protection for protection's sake, and had denounced in their platform Native Americanism and declared themselves in favor of the liberal naturalization laws now existing and of equal rights to all citizens, native as well as naturalized. Protection and high tariff at that time were not popular in the South and West, as their population was principally an agricultural one. It was thought, therefore, that the Democracy, with these sound principles upon its banner, would be certain to succeed in the approaching State and Presidential elections. I received a number of letters in the early part of the campaign, amongst others some from Governor Reynolds in Washington, all expressing confidence in the election of Mr. Van Buren. Governor Reynolds was then considered one of the shrewdest politicians in Congress. Judge Breese was also confident of Democratic success.

DOMESTIC MATTERS

Early in the year, I received news that made it almost certain that my mother and Pauline would join me. Dr. Engelmann had gone to Germany for the purpose of marrying his cousin Dora Horstmann. He did so and was to return with his bride in June or July. He was very willing to take charge of my mother and sister in case they should determine to come over. They most cheerfully accepted the offer. No better opportunity could have offered itself. A skilful physician, an experienced traveler, an intimate friend and relation of mine, and a lady-companion, — could a voyage be made under more favorable auspices? As Charles, though forty years old, had married the year before and established his own household, their desire to join me had become very great. Mother had already made an arrangement to sell her personal property, when unfortunately Pauline was taken dangerously ill and all idea of leaving with the Engelmanns had to be given up, to my deepest regret.

About the middle of May, 1840, Sophie, I, and little Theodore took a pleasure trip, accompanied by Rosa Hilgard. In a light carriage with two fine horses we went, by what is now the town of Centreville, to Waterloo in Monroe County, stopped there all night in a most rural tavern, and next morning went down the steep bluffs of the Mississippi to Prairie du Rocher, where we dined with a Mr. Henry, a very intelligent and urbane Frenchman. This little village stands at the foot of an almost perpendicular limestone rock. Indeed, some of the cellars and stables of the town were cut into the rocks. Driving down the road through the American Bottom, timbered with gigantic trees, we reached Kaskaskia in the evening, putting up at a tavern. This strange old town excited the curiosity of my fellow-travelers. The Morrisons called upon our party and showed us round, particularly through the then so flourishing new ladies' seminary. We met with much civility. From Kaskaskia, through the rocky, wild, well-timbered bottom of the Kaskaskia River, we soon reached its

mouth, a little above Chester, then quite a small place, perched upon the high hills which here bind in the Mississippi and close the long flat valley on the Illinois side, commencing at Alton, and called the American Bottom. Chester was even then a lively place, having a good landing and a good shipping port to St. Louis as well as to New Orleans. Some very good residences were on the sides and the tops of the hills, and Mr. Nettleton, whose acquaintance we had made in Belleville and who had married a very amiable French girl, at once took us up to his dwelling on the heights, and we had a very pleasant time. Indeed, the scenery from there up and down the Mississippi was charming. Leaving Chester, we took the hill-route to a place called Preston, and from there over beautiful prairies and fine stretches of forest we reached at night Mr. Mitchell's farm. Mr. Mitchell had given up business in Belleville and had bought a very fine farm on the east side of the Kaskaskia River near the then recently laid out town of New Athens, where we were, of course, most hospitably entertained. The next day brought us home, through prairies in all their spring beauty and through some fine timber, to Belleville, which was then on all sides surrounded by a forest of splendid trees.

I do not know whether it was the genial air of spring, the exhilarating motion of our carriage, the beautiful scenery at some places, (it being the first excursion of Sophie and Rosa from home since their arrival in Illinois,) or the true friendliness of our reception everywhere, or the lively prattle and vivacity of our little boy, but it is literally true that this brief journey fixed itself indelibly in our minds, and that for many years afterwards we spoke of it as a sunny spot in our lives. Rosa, whose eighteenth birthday we celebrated at Kaskaskia, has again and again called back those few days as among the most cheerful in her life.

Molly Hilgard had a year before married Sharon Tyndale, who had been a clerk in James Mitchell's store in Belleville; Mitchell's son Edward having married Sharon's sister,

and living in Philadelphia. Emma having died, Rosa was the oldest of the sisters now at home. I have already remarked what Belleville gained by the accession of the Hilgard family. Rosa and Clara, but Rosa particularly, had become very much attached to Sophie. They called very frequently at our house, and Rosa soon seemed to feel at home with us. The difference of age was not great enough for Sophie to act the part of a mother. Their relation was more that of an elder and a younger sister, and remained so through all time until death parted them. Rosa was indeed "Eine Rose hold und rein." Her intellect, perhaps I may say her genius, dwelt in a most lovely form. Her unvaried friendship and her warm interest in myself and family were a source of happiness to me throughout life.

TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO

On my return from this excursion stern reality at once took hold of me. The campaign commenced at once in earnest. At the session of the court, the Whigs not relying on home talent, had sent for some of the best speakers in the United States to address the people. Alexander P. Field, then Secretary of State, one of the best and most sarcastic of stump-speakers, had come from Springfield. James L. D. Morrison, who had been for some time a midshipman in the navy, but who had resigned and studied law in Kaskaskia, a most flowery and fluent orator, and Joseph Gillespie, a good lawyer and practiced stump-speaker from Madison County, made their appearance. Field opened the ball in the evening after the court was over in a most inflammatory speech, talking for more than two hours to a big crowd. Trumbull answered him next day in a speech of equal length with unsparing irony and bitterness, and far more logical and argumentative. The next night Don Morrison let loose in his maledictory eloquence upon Democracy. His speech was a fine one, as far as words and phrases were concerned, theatrically delivered, but void of argument. I had to answer him. Gillespie wound up the speaking on the fifth night. Of

course both parties claimed a great victory in this oratorical tournament.

From that time on the political excitement, not only in Illinois, but all over the United States, reached a fever-heat heretofore unknown. The Whigs had nominated at Harrisburg, William Henry Harrison of Ohio and John Tyler of Virginia, but had adopted, very shrewdly as they thought, no platform. Neither of the Whig candidates responded to their nomination and so were entirely uncommitted. Nevertheless, they received the support of the whole Whig party North and South and also of the Democrats of Pennsylvania and of other manufacturing states, as the candidates were supposed to favor a protective tariff. For the first time, large sums of money were furnished by the banks and manufacturers, and demonstrations were gotten up on the most gigantic scale.

Harrison was an old man, some sixty-seven years of age; had once been Governor of the Northwest Territory, and a delegate to Congress; had settled on a farm at North Bend, Ohio; had been a member of Congress and a Senator from Ohio; but had for the last twelve years retired from politics and now occupied the office of county clerk at Cincinnati. He had been a candidate against Van Buren in 1836, but was badly beaten. At that time his military exploits as a general in a fight with the Indians at Tippecanoe were not much dwelt on, since he had, on that occasion, though holding his fort against a night-surprise, shown rather bad generalship. But this time the skirmish was exhumed and represented as a splendid battle, and the motto of the Whigs was blazoned abroad as "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." That as a pioneer settler he had at first lived in a log house, as had almost everybody else who went to farming in the early part of this century, was also made much of. Log cabins figured in all the innumerable processions got up by the Whigs. It was also reported that the poor man in his log cabin had nothing to drink but hard cider, and accordingly cider-barrels were con-

spicuous in the parades. It is from this last incident that the whole campaign received the now historic name of the "Hard Cider Campaign." No letters addressed to the candidates, asking for their opinion on political questions, were answered; and when finally the National Whig Committee found that their silence was bound to hurt them, they persuaded General Harrison to make a few speeches, which only made darkness more visible. On one point only was he positive, namely, that Congress had no right to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia and that the Abolitionists must be put down. To show how excited the people got towards the latter part of the campaign, it was officially stated that at Dayton, Ohio, where Harrison made a brief speech, more than eighty thousand people were present, the ground upon which the crowd stood having been measured by three engineers.

At a mass meeting in Springfield it was estimated that twenty thousand people were present, — a great number indeed, when it is considered that there were then no railroads, and no half fares, and that everybody had to come, hundreds of miles, on horseback or in wagons, and that Springfield had then hardly more than three or four thousand people in it. From Chicago came, on a large platform wagon, an imitation of a good-sized, full-rigged schooner, drawn by several spans of extra fine horses, and a band of music. One procession from southern Illinois passed through Belleville, and was perhaps five hundred strong. Some delegates came from Cairo, others from Union, Jackson, Randolph and Monroe Counties. Many of them were dressed in suits of coarse jeans, a stuff called "hard times." Most of them rode in farm-wagons, the rest on horseback. On one platform-truck, they had a large log cabin, with the latchstring out, to show Harrison's hospitality; on another truck they had a large canoe, the occupants of which, when they reached a town, paddled lustily in the open air. It was hot, and they rode in a cloud of dust. On their way they camped out like soldiers on the march. An immense number of cider-barrels were displayed;

they were of course empty, but the pockets of most of the processionists were full of whiskey flasks, not empty. It was a most amusing scene. As Belleville was largely Democratic, the caravan was very coolly received, and all the hurrahing and cheering came from the passing crowd itself. And who formed it? Not many farmers, but bank-presidents and directors, broken-down merchants, disappointed politicians, merchant-clerks, county judges and county officers, high and low, howling "hard times," and spending money lavishly in getting up shows of all sorts and traveling hundreds of miles. The men from the most southern counties had to travel more than two hundred miles to Springfield, and from the most northern counties an equal distance.

Belleville being considered a Democratic stronghold, a great effort was made by the Whig party to revolutionize it. A mass meeting had been announced, and the St. Louis and Illinois Whig papers gave it in anticipation great puffs. They had engaged, indeed, a great many speakers of reputation, such as Mr. Lincoln from Springfield, Wilson Primm, Colonel Bogy, Thornton Grimsly, of St. Louis, John Hogan, the defeated candidate for Congress from Alton, and Don Morrison from Kaskaskia. The meeting, however, was rather small; no doubt this disappointment had its effect upon Mr. Lincoln, who seemed rather depressed and was less happy in his remarks than usual. He sought to make much of the point that he had seen in Belleville that morning a fine horse sold by a constable for the price of twenty-seven dollars, all due to the hard times produced by the Democrats. He was somewhat nonplussed by the constable, who was in the crowd, crying out that the horse had but one eye. I do not recollect how Lincoln got out of this scrape. But even the Whigs were somewhat disappointed. In point of melody of voice and graceful delivery, though not in argument, most all the other speakers surpassed him. It was the first time I saw Mr. Lincoln. It must be said that his appearance was not very prepossessing. His exceedingly tall and very angular form made

his movements rather awkward. Nor were his features, when he was not animated, pleasant, owing principally to his high cheek-bones. His complexion had no roseate hue of health, but was then rather bilious, and, when not speaking, his face seemed to be overshadowed by melancholy thoughts. I observed him closely, thought I saw a good deal of intellect in him, while his looks were genial and kind. I did not believe, however, that he had much reserve will-power. No one in the crowd would have dreamed that he was one day to be their President, and finally lead his people through the greatest crisis it had seen since the Revolutionary War.

On our side no efforts were spared. We had a very strong county ticket. Mr. Snyder for State Senator, Lyman Trumbull for one of the Representatives, and S. B. Chandler, for sheriff. Shields, Trumbull and I took the stump. Trumbull and I made speeches in every precinct, and organized clubs in every little town. I started a German political debating club in Belleville, where every week the political questions of the day were discussed. It lasted, however, only a month or so, as there were few intelligent Whigs in town and in debate they were no match for the German speakers, such as the brothers Tittmann, August Hassel and others. As the Whigs refused to attend any more, the society died for want of opposition. Besides writing numerous articles for the Belleville Democratic papers, I began publishing a German weekly campaign paper for the Presidential election from May to November. It was called the "Messenger of Liberty (Freiheitsbote) for Illinois," printed in St. Louis by Weber, in large folio and in large new type. In two weeks it had more than two hundred subscribers, and as the Democrats of Missouri got hold of it too, its title was changed to the "Messenger of Liberty for Illinois and Missouri," and its circulation became quite large. With the exception of some two or three articles written by Hassel, and an equally small number of excellent contributions by William Palm of St. Louis, I wrote all the editorials. Where there were large settlements of Germans in the neigh-

boring counties I was requested to speak, but I only found time — my law business requiring also very much attention — to meet Judge Breese at Aviston in Clinton County, where we both addressed a large crowd of Germans from the Hanover settlement, and W. H. Bissell, who was a candidate for the Legislature in Monroe County, when we addressed a large assemblage in Prairie du Long.

With William H. Bissell, who was then a practicing physician, I had before that time become slightly acquainted, as at court time he used to come up to Waterloo and associate with the lawyers, who all found him a most intelligent, and, at the same time, a modest and amiable man. At the meeting, I discovered in him a speaker of great force of argument and of an extraordinary elegance of language. He was of medium size and rather delicately built, his complexion very clear and rather pale. His high massive forehead showed great intellect, and his features, kindness, — though he commanded, when occasion required it, great wit and sarcasm. However, at times a deep cloud of melancholy overclouded his face. After some practice, he became, as all acknowledged, one of the most eloquent and effective speakers in the State. As he and I were soon thrown closely together, I will have to recur to him frequently.

As at all these various meetings the audience was a mixed one, it fell to my lot to make almost everywhere two speeches in different languages. I may here remark that the issues of the day in the press, as well as in Congress and in public meetings, were very ably handled. Taking the tariff question, for instance, about which in the last years innumerable speeches have been made and essays written, I must say that as a general rule they are a mere re-hash of what was said during Jackson's and Van Buren's administrations. The protective tariff then had such champions as Clay and Webster, Edward Everett of Massachusetts and Ingersoll of Pennsylvania, and many other most distinguished statesmen; the tariff for revenue only was advocated by such men as Cal-

houn and Benton, Silas Wright and Cambreleng, of New York, and last, but not least, by one of the most able financiers since Hamilton and Robert Morris, by Robert J. Walker of Mississippi. The "Whig-National Intelligencer" on one side, and Francis P. Blair's "Globe" on the other, in Washington, discussed the question with the greatest ability. I have heard in 1840 in St. Clair County as good, if not better, speeches on the bank and tariff questions as in 1884 and 1886.

At the August State election the Democrats in Illinois gained a great victory. The Legislature was carried by a large majority. In St. Clair County the whole ticket was elected by 800 majority, double the majority of former years. Snyder went to the Senate, Trumbull to the Lower House. All the adjoining counties where there were large German settlements, went Democratic, some for the first time. At the November election, Illinois remained true to the Democracy in voting for Van Buren, but nearly all the other States went for Harrison. Hard times and hard money had done the business. Van Buren obtained only six States, Illinois, New Hampshire, Virginia, Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas.

Harrison, having been run down by office-seekers, died a month after his inauguration, the 4th of March, 1841, and Vice-President Tyler became his successor. The party now reaped the fruits of their finely spun scheme in not having adopted a platform of principles and in not having committed their candidates to a policy. This had helped in the election, because in New England they were represented as being in favor of a national bank and protection, while in the South and West they were made to appear as friends of only a moderate tariff and as opposed to a national bank. When the Whig majority in Congress led by Henry Clay, introduced a new national bank bill and passed it, Tyler vetoed it. The party was split up. Webster, having been made Secretary of State by Harrison, clung to Tyler. The latter soon began to groom himself for the Presidential candidacy at the next election in 1844, hoping to be supported by the Democrats and a wing of the Whig party; called some Democrats into his

cabinet, and removed the Clay Whigs from office; with the upshot that no national bank bill was passed, that in 1844 Polk of Tennessee beat Henry Clay, and that the Democracy established a sub-treasury, enacted a reasonable tariff law, and remained in power, save for a short interval of years, until 1861.

I have spoken of this campaign somewhat in detail, because it inaugurated the noisy and demonstrative methods which have since more or less characterized Presidential elections, and also because it was the first time that large and extravagant sums of money were raised and applied to carry elections. Initiated by the Whig party, the Democratic party, in self-defense, as it claimed, adopted a similar policy, though, as far as the use of money was concerned, it fell far behind its antagonist, since it never had the moneyed and privileged classes at its back. If it had had the means which its opponents had, it probably would have been as lavish in its election methods as they, and would have used the same unjustifiable methods.

In the fall of the year we had a severe trial in our family. On the 17th of August, a fine little boy was born to us, whom we named Thomas Jefferson. Sophie felt so well after a week or so, that while I was absent at the Kaskaskia court, she ventured out, and made a call at a house some distance from ours. She was soon after taken down with a most painful and serious disease, lasting some three weeks, during which time our little Jefferson, in spite of every effort, could not have the attention and nursing he ought to have had. Yet he apparently grew to be a very beautiful child. Theodore and Mary had had the whooping cough, while Sophie was sick. Jefferson, then about six weeks old, caught it, and rather unexpectedly died with it on the sixth of October. A few days afterwards Theodore was taken down with typhoid pneumonia, and for some days was almost given up. But our friend Trapp, who had finally settled in Belleville as a physician, brought him through. His skill and careful attention during these cases of sickness were deserving of all praise.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Years 1841-1842

About the first of December, 1840, I was surprised by a letter from Senator Snyder from Springfield, to which place he had gone to attend the Legislature and also the electoral college, (he having been elected one of the five electors at the Presidential election in November,) asking me to come up at once, and saying that he thought there was a chance of my being appointed to carry the vote of Illinois to Washington, as provided by the Presidential election law. Now I had never heard of such an office, but on examining the law I found out that it was rather a remunerative business. and also considered an honorable one, as in fact the electoral colleges usually appointed one of their own members to carry the vote. I mounted my horse, and Shields went along. At Edwardsville my horse, having hurt its foot in breaking through a frozen creek, had to be abandoned, and I got myself a very fine traveler, a Canadian pony. Shields had a blooded mare. We reached Springfield — one hundred and fifteen miles — in two days and a quarter, just a few hours before the board of electors met — the first Wednesday in December. J. A. McClernand, one of the electors, a friend of mine, and Mr. Snyder were for me. Isaac P. Walker, the gentleman who was examined with me for a license at Vandalia, in 1835, was for himself. Judge Ralston of Quincy was uncommitted. A number of ballots took place, I getting two votes, Walker two, his own and Ralston's, and Eldridge, also an elector, one — his own, it was supposed, the voting being by ballot. Finally a recess was taken till the afternoon.

In the meantime, Shields introduced me to Stephen A. Douglas, then Secretary of State, and already considered as one of the main pillars of the Illinois Democracy. I saw him for the first time then. He was of very small size, but broad-shouldered and muscular. When sitting, like Louis Napoleon, he appeared of medium height, but his legs were very short. He had a most massive and intellectual head, crowned with thick black hair, and his eyes were light blue or gray and quite bright. His mouth and chin showed great firmness. He was pleasant in conversation, and toward those he liked and wanted to persuade he was full of blandishment. He would sit on their laps, and clap them on their backs. The word was not much used then, but he had a "magnetism" about him almost irresistible. He received me very cordially, and at once promised me his support. Probably he did get Judge Ralston in my favor, for after a ballot or two I got three votes and was appointed. I invited the electoral college, Douglas, Shields, General Ewing and some other friends to an oyster supper and champagne, and we had a jolly time. The preparation of the necessary papers took up the forenoon of the next day, and I did not get started until four o'clock in the afternoon. I had not much time to lose. The vote had to be delivered on the first Wednesday of January in Washington. It had turned quite cold and the rivers were expected to close soon. A trip of a thousand miles in winter by stage was a dreadful prospect. Besides, I had to have a few days at home to get ready. So I made haste.

My fine pony in a swift canter took me the same evening to Virden, twenty-five miles from Springfield. Starting early next morning, I reached, the next night at about ten o'clock, Locust Grove, seven miles north of Edwardsville, having traveled that day about fifty-eight miles, and arrived in Belleville the day following at about two o'clock in the afternoon, having made thirty-two miles. It is true I took my horse again at Edwardsville, but my pony would have taken me to Belleville just as quickly; I never rode a better traveling

horse in all my life, and did not feel at all tired when I got home.

SENT AS AN ELECTORAL MESSENGER TO WASHINGTON

In a couple of days I had made all my arrangements. The rivers being still open, I took a boat to Wheeling on the Ohio, from where a number of stage-lines ran over the mountains to Baltimore on the fine macadamized National Road. The Mississippi was clear of ice; but when we came into the Ohio, the ice was running pretty thick, and we proceeded but slowly; and above Portsmouth the captain seemed doubtful whether he could run any further; but the passengers insisted, and after a trip of about nine days from St. Louis we reached Wheeling. It was a tedious time. With the exception of another messenger from Missouri, Falkland Martin, I found no agreeable company.

On board was Lieutenant Philip Kearney, who became the distinguished General Kearney of the Civil War, and fell at Chantilly, the day after the second battle of Bull Run, — September 2, 1862. He was then a tall, slender youth, of dark complexion and of quite aristocratic appearance. He remained nearly all the time in his state-room, spoke to no one, and had his own black servant wait on him at meals. In 1845 I met him again at Shelbyville, Illinois, where he was on recruiting service. He stopped at the same hotel I did, and as I was there as judge, he was less reticent. Soon afterwards, at the head of his company of dragoons, he made himself quite a reputation in leading a charge at the gates of Mexico, where he lost his bridle-arm. When I saw him on board of the boat, he had just returned from France, where he had been to study the French cavalry service, and during the time he spent there, he volunteered in the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* and made a campaign in Algiers. In 1851, having returned to the United States, he resigned, went to Europe again, was on the French staff in the war against Austria, and was at the battles of Magenta and Solferino.

At the outbreak of the civil war he returned to the United States, served as a brigadier-general in the Peninsular campaign, in Virginia, and was made major-general for distinguished service, a few weeks before he was killed.

All the stages were full. There were nine of us in one. It had turned very cold, and we were wrapped in blankets and buffalo skins. At night when we could not open the windows on account of the cold, the air in the stage was stifling. In the day-time, when we were slowly climbing up the steep mountain-sides of the Alleghenies, we often got out to exercise and stretch our limbs. We were out two days and two nights before we reached Frederick, Maryland. Arriving there I left the stage, had a good sleep, took the railroad by way of the Relay House to Washington, and stopped at Brown's Hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue, the headquarters of the Southern Democrats at that period.

IN THE CAPITAL

At that time no member of Congress owned a house at Washington or had one leased. All stayed either at the hotels or at private boarding-houses. Washington was at that time not a large place, having a population of little more than thirty thousand people. The Capitol was not a third as large as it is now, with its large and beautiful wings. The Post-office was a fine marble building; the splendid new Patent Office was just commenced. Outside of these public buildings, the White House, some large hotels, and some fine stores on Pennsylvania Avenue, the houses were generally only two-story buildings, and many even were frame structures. Still, as it was, it was highly interesting to me.

The sealed-up vote I had to deliver to the Vice-President, Richard M. Johnson, to whom Governor Reynolds introduced me the day after my arrival. General Johnson was an old, but still very good-looking, Kentuckian, with a kindly jovial face. His fresh round head was still covered with curly silvery hair. He was a real Western man, received me quite

affably, and we talked like old acquaintances about the campaign, especially the laughable parts of it. He very truly predicted that the victorious party was bound to break up in a short time.

I had arrived some two days before Christmas. There were no holidays then, except Christmas and New Year's day. Congress was in session. Governor Reynolds took me to the House, where, under a liberal construction of the rules, I had the privilege of the floor as a deputy from a sovereign State. I was introduced to a great many notable men; among others, to John Quincy Adams, General Polk, and Colonel Benton. I listened to a highly interesting debate in the Senate on a private pension bill by Webster, who made a short but very fine and effective speech. It was proposed to give a pension to a Massachusetts widow of a minute-man of the Revolutionary War, who, if he had lived, Webster himself admitted would not have been entitled to a pension. He spoke, contrary to his custom, somewhat on the spread-eagle order. Calhoun, in an earnest, logical speech, opposed the bill as making a bad precedent. Clay took fire, and, in a most impressive speech, supported Webster. Clay's harangue brought Benton to his feet, who replied with great spirit, showing a very profound knowledge of the pension laws and of the history of similar bills that had all been deservedly defeated. All this happened within a short hour, and I had really reason to congratulate myself; for it did not often happen that one was privileged to hear these four great men all in one day and within so short a time.

I may remark here that I saw at the theatre Richard the Third by Junius Booth, father of Edwin Booth and John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin. The elder Booth was then the most popular tragic actor in the United States. This was the first time that I had seen a drama acted in this country. According to my German ideas, Booth, as well as the other actors, who, by the way, were generally very poor performers, overdrew the characters; and the overacting of such plays as

Richard the Third, King Lear, and some others of Shakespeare I could not bear. I did not at all enjoy the performance.

In a letter to Sophie from Washington, — December 23, 1840, — after giving her a brief description of my journey, I wrote about my arrival at Washington and my reception there on the first days:

"In order to flatter thy ambition, I must tell thee that as a Deputy of the State of Illinois I had not to sit in the galleries of the two Houses, but took a seat on the floor, a privilege which is reserved only to members, Governors of States, and the chiefs of the executive departments. It is a trifle, and it is only to thee I tell it, and thou must not tell other people about it. As soon as my dress-coat is done, I will visit Van Buren, although there is no necessity of appearing in a dress-coat. My visit to Vice-President Johnson and to others I made in morning-dress. I got along very well, and in the presence of such distinguished men, I felt quite unconcerned, so much so, that I am a surprise to myself. I feel almost at home amongst them. Have I not a high opinion of myself? My best greetings to all our folks, to the reading club and to my favorite — thou knowest whom I mean. God preserve my dear trifolium — Sophie, Theodore and Marie."

I had paid two visits to Mr. Van Buren, and had quite interesting conversations with him. He had taken his defeat very coolly, and was certain that all the important measures of his adminstration would be finally adopted.

The President had invited me to dinner, two days before New Year's day. The party was not numerous: the President; Major A. Van Buren, his son; Robert J. Walker of Mississippi, the great financier, and his wife, the belle of Washington, to whom, it was bruited about in Washington, the President paid unusual attention; Baron Roenne, the Prussian Minister; the Brazilian Minister, his wife and two most beautiful young daughters, one of whom was my neighbor; one or two Cabinet Ministers, and Senators, and their wives; and some other gentlemen of the House of Representatives and their ladies. About this dinner I wrote to my wife:

"We sat down at six and rose at nine o'clock. Everything was served in European style, only the champagne was

served at the end of the dinner instead of at the commencement, and was drunk out of tall instead of flat glasses. This mode of serving champagne was the latest fashion when I left. The wine and the menu were excellent; but more of that when we meet. There were only about eighteen guests, but amongst them some of the most beautiful and intellectual women of Washington. The toilets were not extravagant, the dresses were all of white silk, with white silk embroidery, very décolletté. Only the married ladies wore diamond ornaments.

"Some of the large stores in Washington are full of all sorts of Christmas things, and are splendidly illuminated at night. In Baltimore, where I spent a few days, the stores are still more brilliant, and I have seen Christmas trees shining through many windows. I am told that Christmas is celebrated there by many people the same as in Germany. In ten years, perhaps, there will be no difference between outward life here and in Europe. Refinement of sentiment and due appreciation of higher art will develop much later."

Two days after my arrival in Washington I made a trip to Baltimore to negotiate the purchase of a fire-engine, which I had been requested to do by the Belleville people. It took me two days to accomplish this business. The engine was tested at a public square in my presence, the thermometer being some ten degrees below zero and a stiff wind blowing; I almost froze my nose and ears. I also called upon a client of ours, whose attorneys and lawyers our firm had been for years, in the matter of a very large landed estate in St. Clair and Madison. He introduced me to his family, and I was very handsomely received. One of his sisters, Miss Norris, was a beauty of the first water. Baltimore girls are noted for their comeliness all over the United States.

On the first of January there was the usual reception at the White House, where I had of course to go. This levee has been so often described by me that I will only say that I had the pleasure of seeing General Scott and a great many other army and navy officers in full uniform, together with the whole diplomatic corps and a bevy of very finely dressed ladies. A large indiscriminate crowd was admitted after the diplomats, the congressmen, the heads of departments and their

ladies had gone through their hand-shaking. After leaving the White House, Governor Reynolds took me to call upon the then so celebrated editor of the "Globe," old Francis P. Blair, the bosom friend of General Jackson and the father of Montgomery and Francis P. Blair, Jr.

A very amusing anecdote, and one illustrating the free and easy way which at that time at least prevailed amongst the people and the authorities generally, I must not omit to tell. In order to obtain the compensation due the messengers, I had to present my account to one of the auditors of the treasury, who calculated the number of miles we had to travel, the salary being on the basis of mileage. I charged the same as the other members from Illinois, so that there was no difficulty in getting my account audited. While chatting with the auditor, Jesse Miller, a large, very handsome, blue-eyed, blonde-haired Pennsylvanian, a rough-looking old fellow, a militia-general from Michigan, one of the electors of that State, and also a messenger, dropped in and had his accounts allowed. When he received his order on the treasurer, he took out a pair of horn spectacles, looked at it carefully, and then said: "Lookie here, Mister! I am told the Van Buren messengers get double the pay we get who carry only the Harrison vote." Mr. Miller, in very good humor, asked him: "Do you believe that we are all of us here a set of rascals?" "Of course I do," responded the old Michigander. Miller, his assistant, and I broke out into a loud laughter, and the general seemed very much astonished at the good-natured way in which his reply, intended as an offense, was taken.

TO BELLEVILLE VIA PHILADELPHIA

The rivers being by this time all closed, I had concluded, in order to avoid about eight days' stage-travel in the dead of winter, to go to New York and then by sail to New Orleans, and from there by boat up the Mississippi. So when I left Washington I went via Baltimore to Philadelphia. About Baltimore I wrote home:

"Baltimore is quite an interesting city. It is beautifully situated. I visited the Catholic Cathedral, a noble building, and in it saw a painting made by P. Guerin, which I admired greatly. From the top of Washington Monument, one hundred and eighty feet high, I had a splendid view. It did me so much good to be once again in a large city. The hotel I was in — the Eutaw House, then just opened — has two hundred and sixty-eight rooms; several ladies' and gentlemen's parlors; exquisite table service, better than anywhere in Germany, — the bill in proportion. From Baltimore to Philadelphia, we had a very cold ride. In the latter city, I found old and new friends. I called of course on the Tyndales and Molly. They seemed very much pleased to see me. Sharon was my cicerone. He took me to Independence Hall, the art gallery of the Franklin Institute, to Peal's celebrated Chinese Museum, to Girard College, and to the theatres. Tyndale's queensware and china store was then one of the sights of Philadelphia, and visited by many strangers. It was said that at that time it was the largest establishment of the kind in the United States. It was an importing house, and there were to be found there Chinese and Japanese porcelains, English, Berlin and Dresden chinaware, vases from Sêvres, of great beauty. Old Mr. Tyndale, himself, was incurably sick, and had been confined for many months to his room. Mrs. Tyndale, a woman of superior mind and energy, however, superintended the business, and his son-in-law, Edward Mitchell of Belleville, the chief clerk, became afterwards partner, and in later years owner of the concern. Sharon and some of his very beautiful sisters also acted as clerks."

I spent much time with this interesting family. While at Philadelphia it rained nearly all the time. The day before I was to leave for New York, news arrived that the Ohio was opening at Pittsburg, and that in a day or two boats would leave for the West. So I changed my plan of going to New York and New Orleans, and took the road to Pittsburg.

In a letter to Sophie from Pittsburg, speaking of my stay in Philadelphia, I wrote:

"I was exceedingly well pleased with Philadelphia. In spite of the bad weather, — snow and rain setting in soon after my arrival, — I remained there ten days. All the Tyndales, even the old gentleman, upon whom they say I almost worked

a miracle, received me most cordially. Molly's little Emma is a very handsome, quiet, blue-eyed child, resembling her mother. I passed half of my time with Molly, who treated me with an almost unexpected friendship, and with tears in her eyes bade me farewell when I left. Everything was done to make my stay agreeable."

Mr. Wesselhoeft, who had visited us some few years before in Illinois, the editor of the "Old and New World," and who had also established a very judiciously supplied book store, likewise showed me much attention, introduced me to the most prominent Germans, and took me to a concert and ball of the German Liedertafel, where I heard really delightful vocal and instrumental music. The ball was well managed, and I was made acquainted with many German ladies. I was somewhat surprised to find at so early a day, such intelligent and refined German society in Philadelphia. I met my steadfast old friend Friedrich. He had been to Germany to settle his personal affairs, but was now here waiting for remittances, before returning to Mexico. He was the same warm old friend, but would not follow my advice to let Mexico alone and come with me.

I had a hard time reaching Pittsburg from Philadelphia. Our train got stalled several times in the deep cuts which were still blocked by snow. I missed the train for Chambersburg at Harrisburg, being several hours behind time, and had to stay over night at the latter place. Then from Chambersburg, the mountains had to be crossed on a road, much narrower, and not near as well kept as the National Road, on which I had crossed the Alleghenies on my coming East. Up in the mountains it was very cold, the thermometer being several degrees below zero, the road icy, and in some parts still covered with deep snow. There was but one gentleman and his wife and a little child along; at one place, near the top of Laurel Hill, I believe, the driver refused to take the stage further. The snow, he said, was too deep. It was in the middle of the night. We had to get into an open wagon on runners. My companions had but one blanket between them. I,

however, had a very large Buffalo robe, and, dividing it with the lady and child, we got through better than we expected and at a more rapid rate. We were out two nights and two days. The coaches and stages very often slid on the road, and we came dangerously near the precipices. In Pittsburg I stayed only one day, taking the boat on the 18th of January. We came down the Ohio without accident, but found much ice running in the Mississippi, so that we had a slow and somewhat perilous passage up the river to St. Louis.

This visit to the East, bringing me in contact with so many eminent men, giving me an idea of parliamentary proceedings and of life in large cities, as well as the opportunity of meeting both old and new friends, while performing a mission considered honorable, and at the same time attending to professional and private business, afforded me as much instruction as pleasure. It undoubtedly had some influence on the course of my life, in giving me confidence and self-reliance, without which all other qualities count but little in this sub-lunary world.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL INCIDENTS

In November of the preceding year, some of our Belleville people had formed a dramatic reading association, which met once a week in the evening. The dramas of Lessing, Schiller, Goethe, and Koerner were read, and occasionally the ballads and lyrics of Schiller and Goethe were recited by those who chose to do so. The two Misses Hilgard, Rosa and Clara, the two brothers Tittmann, Mr. and Mrs. Hassel, Mr. and Mrs. Hildebrandt, Dr. Trapp, and Sophie and I made up the society. These readings were continued until spring, and gave us much real enjoyment. They had the not uncommon effect of bringing young people together in pleasant relations, and so it happened that Rosa, in the April following, was married to Edward Tittmann, and in the fall, Clara to Charles Tittmann. I may here mention as a rather extraordinary occurrence that some years afterwards, a younger

brother of the Tittmanns, Theodore, paid a visit to his brother in Belleville, fell in love with the youngest daughter of Mr. Hilgard, Sr., the lovely and sprightly Theresa, and a few years afterwards married her in Heidelberg and returned to his parental residence, Dresden.

Not long after I had returned from the East, I received a letter from Governor Carlin, together with an appointment. Our Internal Improvement System having been abandoned, with its embankments, bridging, trestles, culverts, etc., the ties and a large amount of railroad iron was by law ordered to be sold at public sale, but was to be first appraised and not to be sold under appraisement prices. The Governor was to appoint commissioners to make this appraisement, and he appointed me one of them. I immediately replied, thanking him for his good intentions, but declining the office for the reason that I had neither theoretical nor practical knowledge of such matters. Some of my American friends thought that I was a very queer fellow for not taking an appointment that was well paid. They shared the idea with most Americans, that any one is fit for any office when he can get it. Upon this and similar occasions I felt the misfortune of being an exile and of living among a people whose sentiments and thoughts by race and education ran in quite a different channel from those of the people of my native land. Having certainly no reason to complain of the position I have attained here and having met with almost nothing but friendship and good will from my new fellow-citizens, I have yet often felt how different their views were from mine, owing to the fact that we looked upon matters from a different standpoint. I had been nurtured in German thought and culture, and I could hardly be expected to be understood by those who had been brought up on different lines. A thousand topics, which, among Germans, would be talked about intelligently, were wholly foreign to most of my American friends. I felt this lack of sympathy more during the first few decades of my residence than I did at a later period, partly for the reason

that general culture here has, in recent times, made great progress, and from the fact that I have lived a common history with the present generation, — a history of such deep interest and such grand events as to establish a strong bond of fellow-feeling between me and my fellow-citizens.

In the spring I had an adventure which might have had very serious consequences. The Circuit Court was in session at Nashville, Washington County, where I had some cases to attend to. Mr. Snyder had also some private business there. The rivers were very high, and the Okaw, in the Kaskaskia Bottom, which we had to cross, was out of its banks; having overflowed a great part of the bottom and making certain sloughs, dead arms of the river, unfordable. In consequence of this we took a roundabout road by Fayetteville to Nashville. After the court was over we started for home and Mr. Snyder proposed taking the direct route, it being some ten miles nearer, having ascertained, as he said, that the river had fallen and that the slough was fordable. In fact, the stage to Shawneetown had come through the night before we started.

We were in a top-barouche drawn by four stout horses. A young lawyer, by the name of Case, having business in Belleville, was taken in by us. I drove. It was a bright but cold and frosty morning, — the first week in March, — and we went on very well. When we reached the slough, which was there about one hundred and fifty yards wide, I stopped, discovering that it was what is called "swimming." But Mr. Snyder insisted, that inasmuch as the stage had come through, we could risk it. I remonstrated, remarking that while I had seen the fresh tracks of the stage all along, there had been none for the last mile or two. Nevertheless, I drove in. When about half way across, the horses lost their footing, and with the water up to their necks began struggling, one horse throwing his head and neck over the head of the other. Our first idea was to relieve the horses. I got out on the pole, trying to cut the collar-straps and the traces, but I broke the blades

of the three pocket knives we had and did not succeed. I was in the water up to my armpits. Mr. Snyder and Case stood on the seats of the carriage. The weather was very cold, in fact there was some thin ice running in the slough. Mr. Snyder remarked: "If we do not get out soon, we will be stiffened up so that we cannot swim." We were wrapped up in great coats and had heavy boots on. Case jumped out first and got on shore without any trouble. In fact, the distance which he had to swim was not more than fifty yards. Mr. Snyder got out next, and being very tall, had to swim but a short distance. I was the last. I always had been a very indifferent swimmer, and never had swum with clothes on. Yet I not only got through, but, having lost my hat in jumping out, I swam back and got it. When I made the plunge I was half inclined to think that I could not make the trip; but, Case being a very fine swimmer, I presumed he would come to my rescue. The moment we got out, the horses, though having to swim a little, pulled the carriage over. The road was very rough, and the horses could hardly walk. There was no house within a mile. Feeling very cold, I left the carriage, and, running as fast as I could, came to a log cabin. The husband being out hunting, I asked the woman for a pair of trousers and a shirt, which she very willingly furnished. At a rousing fire I put on a butternut suit, and when my friends arrived I already felt quite comfortable. Mr. Snyder pulled off his coat and vest, and lay down in the bed well covered up. I could not persuade him to pull off his shirt and underclothing. My clothes having dried very quickly, I gave the shirt and trousers of our backwoods host, who had come home, to Case. The good woman made us some strong coffee, baked corn-bread and broiled us slices of bacon; so we fared pretty well. In a couple of hours we left, but could not reach home that night.

Our host explained the matter to us. The stage had passed on the direct route the night before, but had forded the slough about half a mile below, where the road ordinarily

passed through it, driving through the woods, — the water below being several feet lower than above. The only damage I suffered was the spoiling of two law books which were in my saddle bags and the loss of a deck of cards, with which we had played a game of whist the night before. I did not even catch cold; but Snyder took a severe cold, and, in fact, his disease ever since that accident took a downward course. He died about a year afterwards.

My companions started a story about me, which ran the course of the circuit for several years, and which was partly true. It was said that before I jumped into the water, I exclaimed: "If this was the Mississippi River, I should not mind being drowned, but to be drowned in a miserable Okaw slough is more than I can stand." I think, after all was over, I did say something of the sort.

Shortly after our marriage, Adolph, the youngest brother of Sophie, became a member of our family. Being taken care of by his affectionate sister, he enjoyed the benefit of the Belleville schools, which were much better than the common schools in the country. Being a very robust, kind-hearted and dutiful boy, he made himself very useful in our household. He never gave us the least cause for complaint.

Theodore Engelmann, in the year 1840, had returned to Belleville, where he pursued, in our office, the same business in which he had been engaged in St. Louis, studied law, and in my absence attended to my business. He became an inmate in our family, was appointed deputy circuit-clerk in 1842, was admitted to the bar in 1843, appointed chief-clerk in 1845, and when that office was made elective was elected to it for four years. In 1852, he became and remained my partner until he moved out on his farm in 1859. On his marriage with Johanna Kribben in 1845, he established his own household in Belleville. He also held during most of this time the office of a notary public and of public administrator.

There being no election of any importance in the State this year, the time passed very quietly. The death of General Harrison, of course, created much excitement, as it was evident that it would produce a break in the Whig party. Being then without a partner, I was kept pretty busy in my practice, which for reasons already indicated, was greatly increasing. In the course of the year, however, a State Convention took place at Springfield for the nomination of Governor and other State officers, to be elected in 1842. A. W. Snyder was nominated for Governor, which, of course, was very acceptable to me, and I advocated his claims the best I could in the local and in the St. Louis papers. At the session 1840-1841, Shields had been elected Auditor of Public Accounts, and Trumbull at the end of the session had been appointed by Governor Carlin, Secretary of State. Breese, Ford, Douglas, Scates and Treat had been elected Judges of the Supreme Court by the Legislature in addition to the four old judges. The Supreme Judges were to perform also the duties of Circuit Judges.

If the year 1841 was comparatively a quiet one for me, the next was a very busy and boisterous one. In May, A. W. Snyder died from the disease under which he had been suffering for six years. His death was universally deplored, even by his political enemies. He was so loyal to his friends, and yet so open and courteous to his opponents, that he had no personal enemies. To me I may say he was almost devoted. When absent he wrote to me constantly, and his letters breathed the warmest friendship for me. He took a deep interest in all that concerned me.

The party was much disturbed by the death of their nominee for Governor, whose election was considered pretty certain; for it was not too much to say that at the time of his death Snyder was, north and south, the most popular man in Illinois. In his will, he appointed General Semple, who had been removed from his post as Minister Resident to New Granada by Harrison, Lyman Trumbull, and myself, his ex-

ecutors. The two first named, however, on account of their non-residence, declined, and the settlement of the estate, very difficult in times when all landed property had declined in value and was in fact hardly salable at all, fell upon me alone.

ELECTED TO THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE

Before Mr. Snyder died I had been nominated for a seat in the Legislature by a county convention, rather against my will, as I believed it would injure my practice. It was always my opinion that no one should engage in political life, unless he had made himself financially independent, at least to the extent of being able to get along without office and of not being compelled to seek office all the time for a living. But my friends, Mr. Snyder and particularly Shields, who wrote me the most pressing letters from Springfield, trying to infuse his own ambition into me, whom he considered a German idealist, insisted, and I finally yielded to their urgent appeal.

Seth Catlin, a well-to-do farmer and well instructed, who had also been a county-surveyor, was nominated for the Senate, and Phillip Penn and Amos Thompson, both very intelligent and well-to-do farmers, were nominated as my colleagues for the House of Representatives. Dr. Roman and Col. John Thomas, who had been Democrats, and as such had been members of the former Legislature, but had by their vacillating course on the bank and other questions, not given satisfaction to their party, had joined the Whig party. They now were the candidates of that party. Both were very strong men. Roman was a man of superior mind and an excellent physician. Thomas was very shrewd, with ample means and much experience. Both had been amongst my earliest acquaintances. I forget who the opponent of Catlin was, — I believe, a renegade Democrat. The main object of the Whigs was to beat me. If they had brought out a Whig he would have stood no chance; so they persuaded a good citizen, A. Badgley, belonging to one of the best known and largest pioneer families in the county, to present himself as an independent Democrat.

Badgley had held many important offices, was a man of good mind, and had always been a Democrat, though somewhat tinctured with nativism. The Native American party had organized itself in Illinoistown, — now East St. Louis, — counting there about fifty members, and being supposed to control one hundred or one hundred and fifty votes. So my position was somewhat more difficult than that of my colleagues on the ticket. The Whigs would vote in a mass for Badgley; so would the Native Americans, and also a good many Democrats, being friends and old neighbors of his, and besides, there was his vast relationship. If Mr. Snyder had lived there would have been no trouble. One word from him would have caused Mr. Badgley to withdraw.

In place of Mr. Snyder, Thomas Ford, one of the Supreme Judges, was nominated for Governor. He had not desired to be a candidate, but finally yielded. Though he had been brought up in southern Illinois, he had so long resided in the northern part of the State that he was almost entirely unknown in our region of the country. I had become acquainted with him while attending the Supreme Court, and had formed a very high opinion of him. There was nothing showy about him; quite the reverse. He was no public speaker, and hated everything that looked like demagogism. Small and slender of stature, his features were rather sharp and irregular, but he had brilliant eyes. He impressed one with the idea that he was a man of thought and also one of firmness. On the ordinary mass of people he made no impression. By his opinions as one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, by his messages, and above all by his "History of Illinois," published after his death, it became manifest to all men whose judgment is worth anything, that in the frail form of Governor Ford there existed a very acute, sagacious and impartial mind. His history, though only a fragment, is a model of pure, nervous, Anglo-Saxon English, and his views on all public matters, on the character of the people, on the methods of politicians, on the working of our Repub-

lican institutions, show a mental grasp of great vigor and a philosophical insight really astonishing in a man who had nothing like a classical education.

Referring in his history to his election, and after remarking that he had never before been much concerned in political conflicts of the day and had held no political offices at all, not having even been a candidate for one, he speaks of the embarrassing situation of one who is raised to the highest position in the State, without having been previously the leader or the principal embodiment of his party. He writes most justly:

"Mr. Snyder had been nominated because he had been the leader of his party. Mr. Snyder died, and I was nominated not because I was a leader, for I was not, but because it was believed I had no more than an ordinary share of ambition; because it was doubtful whether any one of the leaders could be elected, and because it was thought I would stand more in need of support from leaders than an actual leader would. To this cause, and perhaps there were others, I trace the fact which will hereafter appear, that I was never able to command the support of the entire party which elected me. I venture to assert that the moral power belonging to the leadership of the dominant party is greater than the legal power of the office conferred by the Constitution and the laws. In fact it has appeared to me at times that there is very little power of government in this country, except that which pertains to the leadership of the party of the majority. General Jackson not only governed while he was President, but eight years afterwards, and has since continued to govern even after his death. When men who are not leaders are put in high office, it is generally done through the influence of leaders who expect to govern through them. Soon after my election I ascertained that quite a number of such leaders imagined that they, instead of myself, had been elected, and could only be convinced to the contrary on being referred to the returns of the election."

I can say here truthfully that Governor Ford, under many difficulties, did show that he was the Governor, and his policy as to the main question of the banks, and the still more important one of our financial condition and the sustaining of the fair credit of our State, in spite of much opposition,

even in his own party, carried the day and laid the foundation for the ultimate prosperity of this State.

The election coming in August, my colleagues and I started out on horseback in July on our canvassing tour. We commenced at Lebanon, Catlin opening with a few remarks proclaiming himself an out-and-out Jackson man, opposed to banks, tariff, etc., and in favor of retrenchment and reform. He spoke sensibly. I had to make the principal speech, and our friends seemed to be well pleased with it. We took in Mascoutah, the new name for Mechanicsburg, on our way, but the place being too small, we stayed there only over night, and had friendly chats with the people that called at our inn. Next day we addressed the people in and about Fayetteville, and then went to near New Athens, where we had a large crowd, mostly Germans. The following week we went down to Cahokia, where I explained to the Creole French, the bank and tariff questions in Parisian French, my speech having been corrected by Mr. Hilgard, Junior, of the Mountain. I doubt whether they understood much of what I said, but they seemed to be greatly pleased to be addressed in a language that sounded like their own *patois.*

Of course I made a great many more speeches independently in Belleville and other places. Shortly before the election I concluded that I would beard the lion in his den. I announced a meeting at Illinoistown, where the Native Americans, as already stated, had formed a club, and where a paper advocating their principles was published. I found a large crowd and a number of the St. Louis Native American Club present. No one was with me, except Colonel Taylor, whom I had brought over from St. Louis with me. He was a very prominent Illinois Democrat, then residing in Ottawa, but now in Mendota, Illinois. I made my speech on the general topics of the day and then pitched into the Native American platform. All at once a very intelligent young gentleman, the editor of the Native paper, or the President of the Club, stepped forward, and asked permission to interrupt me. "We

are not," he said, "opposed to all foreigners; but we do not want the ignorant and poverty ridden among us to make our laws. Now we know you, and we know that you would do nothing but what in your opinion would benefit the country. Of such naturalized citizens we feel proud. Those of our party who share your political opinions, will certainly vote for you." I now burst out: "These may be your private opinions, but they are not the principles of your party. Your addresses and your press seek to disfranchise indiscriminately all not to the manor born, — you denounce all Catholics, you burn up their churches. I here tell you that I do not want your votes, and I would feel ashamed if any one of that un-American party would vote for me." Taylor hurrahed, clapped his hands, and the Democrats present joined in and cheered me. My generous Native American friend looked rather crest-fallen. I got a very fair vote in that precinct, and a large majority at Cahokia, where heretofore the Whigs, under the leadership of the very popular, intelligent and wealthy leader, Col. Vital Jarrot, had always carried the day.

Our whole ticket down to the coroner was elected by very large majorities at the August election. As the vote at that time was taken *viva voce*, and was immediately known at the close of the polls, indeed often an hour or two before, I learned that I was elected when half way between Cahokia and Belleville, — I had stayed at Cahokia until the voting was nearly over. As I was the first German ever elected to the Legislature in Illinois or Missouri, the German presses in both States, and in fact in many other States, took notice of it and gave me a rather unmerited prominence. I may state, however, that at that early time the Legislatures stood much higher in the opinion of the people than they do now. They had short sessions. There were but few corporations or manufacturers to lobby measures, and there were hardly any election expenses. We always stayed with friends when traveling through the county. We had our horses anyway. My entire electioneering expenses amounted to four dollars, and that for

the printing of tickets. One Democratic Frenchman from the Bottom afterwards sent me a bill of $6.65, for which he said he had gratuitously treated for me. As he was a good fellow, I paid him, although I had not given him the slightest authority to do so.

THE OLD LUTHERANS AND BISHOP STEPHAN

In the spring of this year I brought to a close a law-suit, or rather a series of suits, which had become a matter of much notoriety and excitement, even in a part of Germany. Some time about 1835 in Prussia and Saxony, religious societies had been formed, calling themselves "Old Lutherans," claiming that the Lutheran Church had degenerated and had made concessions to the Reformed Church as well as to the Rationalists. The Old Lutherans took their stand on the dogmas and doctrines of Martin Luther, as they were understood three hundred years ago. These Old Lutherans soon came into collision with their respective governments, felt aggrieved, and many emigrated. At the head of one of these societies stood Martin Stephan, of Dresden, called Bishop Stephan, and he organized an emigration-society of the members of his church on a grand scale. Under his guidance, some eight hundred people and some eight ministers, or pastors, as they were called, arrived at St. Louis in 1839. It seems that already on the voyage difficulties had arisen, and shortly after their arrival in St. Louis some of the ministers made charges against the Bishop, and the papers were soon full of very unpleasant controversies. The great mass of the sect, however, remained true to Stephan, whom they looked upon as a second Moses. By the help of a land-agency a large tract of land, of some six thousand acres was purchased, partly from the government and partly from private owners. It was situated in Perry County, Missouri, about one hundred miles south of St. Louis, and contained several farms. What principally determined this purchase was the fact that part of it was a strip of land on the mouth of a large creek on the Mississippi River, about half

a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, on which there was a good landing, with steep enclosing hills both above and below. West of this piece of prairie bottom-land hills again arose, on the top of which the great bulk of the purchase was located. When I visited the place there were some little villages laid out, one called Dresden, another Altenburg, and the few houses on the landing were called Wittenberg. The land on the hills was not very rich and not easily cultivated on account of its unevenness. Yet those hardworking, industrious and most economical Saxons had, with the hardest labor, cultivated a considerable part of it, and wheat seemed to thrive there remarkably well.

The colony had not been there more than a year or so before a great contention arose. A majority of the colonists became dissatisfied with Bishop Stephan. All kinds of charges were brought against him. Finally a revolt took place, and he was driven out of his house and home forcibly, and with his housekeeper — his wife had been left at home — sent in a boat over the river into Illinois, destitute of everything. On my return from the East, January, 1841, I found a letter from Mr. Stephan, dated Kaskaskia, in which he, in general and rather indefinite terms, gave me an account of his calamitous condition, saying that he had been robbed of all his property and was near starving. He begged me to take his case in hand and see him righted. He took me, very strangely, for a brother of the poet Theodore Koerner, who had fallen in battle in 1813. I had, of course, heard and read something about the squabbles amongst the Old Lutheran colonists, but had paid no attention to them, as strife and troubles were very common occurrences in such emigration-societies after their arrival. Yet I could not very well decline to look into the matter at least. So at the next spring term of the court at Kaskaskia I called upon Mr. Stephan. I found him and a woman, his housekeeper, who was much above the canonical age, and rather ugly, in a bare room, which some kind inhabitant had let them have in an otherwise empty house. An old

straw mattress, a couple of chairs and an old wooden chest, containing the woman's wardrobe, was all the furniture in the room. Stephan was about six feet high, of almost herculean frame, with a long face and a very energetic look. He did not look to me at all like a man of thought. He was much dispirited. Coming to Randolph County without means, the county authorities, although he was not legally entitled to it, had admitted him to the poor-house, but the treatment there was so horrible, he told me, that he had left it and was now living in town, where some good people had from time to time given him means to support himself. He was confused, and it was hard to obtain accurate statements from him, such as lawyers need for instituting suit. By vigorous cross-examination, I got, however, a sufficient idea of what to do. I promised to go to Perryville, the county seat of Perry County, as soon as my courts were over, and look up the records, examine witnesses, etc.

In June, I believe, accompanied by Theodore Engelmann, I went to the place, found that there was a proceeding pending against him, charging him with fraud and deceit in having had all the titles to the land of the society made out to himself, while he had purchased it with the money of the common treasury, and asking the court to compel him to make over the land to the communal members. There was nothing in this allegation, for everything, as I learned, was done openly and with the consent of all the members of the society. The idea of the association was, as expressed in its constitution, that the land should be held for the benefit of all by the Bishop; the members to occupy the same for themselves and heirs in such quantity as was proportionate to the money each head of a family or each single man had paid. The intention was that the members should not have the legal title, for they might then sell the land to outsiders, not members of their church, and thereby introduce heresy and the seeds of discord. It was a sort of hierarchical scheme. Of course, I intended to make no defense to this, but only to save the land

and house of the Bishop, to which he was entitled by having himself put in a sufficient amount of his own money. So one of the most momentous charges in the eyes of the people who were not lawyers was at once dispelled.

We went down to Wittenberg. It was really a well-chosen spot; the only drawback being its liability to be overflowed whenever the river was unusually high. The town had already been some feet under the water several times in the spring seasons. A little below, right in the middle of the river, stood the great rock called the Grand Tower, and also another one called the Devil's Bake-Oven. The scenery was really very romantic. All the German people we met were very good-natured and kind, but somewhat suspicious, having already learned that Stephan had employed lawyers to recover his property. I found sufficient foundation for commencing several actions, one against half a dozen of the ringleaders who had mobbed the Bishop's house, had dragged him and his housekeeper out of it, made him sign all kinds of renunciations and releases, and then put him in a boat and sent him over to Illinois; I also began several other suits against persons who had locked up in a warehouse all his furniture, with his bedding, his library, containing 1,500 volumes, his pictures and other things; and I also charged others with having taken possession of his money, claiming it as belonging to the common treasury.

In the fall I went down again. The community had engaged some of the best lawyers in that section of the country, which was the best thing for me. They at once saw that Stephan would succeed in many cases, and, while they tried to delay the trials by all sorts of pleadings, in which they did not succeed, they finally advised their clients to compromise. With that end in view, I had the cases continued to the spring term of 1842. What made against Stephan was this, that the persons who had committed violence on Stephan and his housekeeper were, as is usually the case, not personally responsible for the heavy damages which would undoubtedly

have been recovered, and it was hard to prove that responsible persons had instigated the riot, although that was certainly the case. It was also not an easy matter to prove, as at that time parties could not testify in their own behalf, how much of the money in the common treasury belonged to Stephan; further, many counter-claims were made against him. All his goods were finally delivered to him, but in bad condition, as the warehouse in which they had been kept had been flooded by the water of the river. His land was decreed to him, a certain amount of money was paid him, and all the costs fell on the defendants. As these proceedings were much commented on both in the German and the American-German press, and seemed to create much interest, I have briefly mentioned them.

What ultimately became of Bishop Stephan I do not know. I have a dim recollection, however, that after awhile he gathered together, somewhere in Illinois, a congregation of Stephanites. He still retained some adherents who considered him a martyr and a saint, while others painted him in the deepest colors as a tyrant, a hypocrite and a licentious sinner. Well, Mahomet did not fare better. The American consul in Leipsic wrote me, after the case was settled, that I had been violently abused in the Dresden and Leipsic papers for having taken up Stephan's case.

If legal proceedings in the smaller and remoter counties of Illinois were not carried on in the most dignified manner, the court in Perry County was the most free and easy I have ever been in. The judge, a very good one by the way, smoked on the bench, and so did the lawyers and every one else who felt like it. What amused me most was, when at one time, the jury having brought in a verdict, they were addressed by the successful party on leaving the box with, "Thank ye, gentlemen; and now come on and I will give you a treat."

A VISIT FROM CHARLES DICKENS

In the same year, 1842, Belleville was favored by a visit from Charles Dickens. Dickens had expressed a great desire

in St. Louis to see a prairie, and his friends there rather foolishly procured him the sight of one in St. Clair County and made up a considerable party to drive him out east of Lebanon into Looking Glass Prairie. I say foolishly, for while a prairie is a most beautiful sight in spring and summer, in March, — and it was early in March when they went out, — it presents a bleak and rather desolate aspect. The grass is all burnt down in the late fall and winter, and one looks over a brown and often black surface without any relief. In his "American Notes," he gives a ludicrous and rather exaggerated account of the trip, particularly through the American Bottom, which at that season of the year, particularly before it was cleared and turnpiked, was miry and full of holes. According to him, the bottom extended clear to Belleville, which place he locates in a swamp. The hotel, the Primm House, then called the Mansion House, gave him occasion for some funny remarks, not altogether fictitious. He speaks of the trial of a horse-thief going on at the court-house. Of this he was misinformed, for he never saw the inside of the court. We had not been informed of the visit. Court was in session, and some lawyer and I were just arguing a law point before Judge Breese, when Judge Krum of St. Louis came in, and, calling Shields aside, told him that Dickens was at the Mansion House. Shields then spoke to me and some other lawyers, and after we had finished with the suit, they and I constituted ourselves a committee to call upon the celebrated author and to welcome him on behalf of the Belleville people. We went to the hotel and found a rather slender but well-knit, bright-looking gentleman, very plain and unaffected, whom it did one good to look upon. Though early in the season, it was a warm, almost sultry day, and he had on a large, wide-brimmed straw hat, with a broad, light blue band, — a rather strange costume here for March.

Some of the St. Louis gentlemen took me aside and remarked that Mr. Dickens would like to look at our court very much, but unless it was certain that the judge would invite

him to take a seat on the bench, they did not think it was judicious to take him there. So I went to the court-room and informed Judge Breese of what the St. Louis lawyer had told me. Breese bristled up and said sternly: "Don't talk to me of this! He is one of those puffed up Englishmen, who, when they get home, use their pens only to ridicule and traduce us. He can come in like any other mortal." So the intended visit to the court-house did not come off.

After Dickens's "American Notes" were published, Governor Kinney grew very angry about them, and he undertook to castigate Mr. Dickens for his audacity. The idea in itself was ridiculous of issuing a miserable little printed pamphlet from the village of Belleville against Dickens's "Notes," which had been translated into all civilized languages. It was like firing a pop-gun against a first-class iron-clad. Governor Kinney was a bright man, a very fine and witty conversationalist, but a very poor writer. His ire was not so much directed against Dickens himself, (though he covered him with the most unparliamentary epithets,) as against Great Britain in general. The pamphlet was a terrible failure. It is very rare now, but I was quite lately in a very comical manner reminded of it. At a visit to Princeton, in our State, when sitting after dinner in the hall of the hotel, a gentleman who had himself introduced to me, said he was very glad to make at last the acquaintance of the gentleman who had put down Mr. Dickens so ably for writing his "American Notes." I repudiated the compliment decidedly. He had learned that Governor Koerner, — by which name I passed generally but undeservedly, since I have been only Lieutenant-Governor, — was in town, and he had taken me to be Governor Kinney, who had then been dead more than forty years.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1842

In the summer Mr. Van Buren visited the West and came to St. Louis. From the landing he was escorted to the Planters' House by a very large procession. In reply to a reception-

address by James B. Bowlin, a leading politician, he made a very neat speech. I renewed my former acquaintance with him. In the evening he received an ovation from the Germans. About a thousand had made up a real German torch-light procession, with wax and pitch torches, — a new sight to the Americans, — and serenaded him at the hotel. Van Buren was surprised and made his acknowledgement in a short but very eloquent address. It was the first time that the German element made itself felt by a great demonstration. Van Buren knew that they had most faithfully stood by him in the late election.

On Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1842, our little family was increased by the birth of a pretty little girl, who was named Augusta for my dear departed sister and also Sophie for her mother. I may mention also here that we had now taken a very neat new house, on the corner of Second, North and Richland Streets, standing on a block or half a block of ground, with a fine flower and kitchen garden, a large stable and other outhouses, and a very spacious, shady yard, — a most pleasant place, particularly for the children. Towards the north there was a fine forest.

CHAPTER XIX

In the Legislature and on the Supreme Bench

I now had to start for Springfield to take my place in the Legislature, the sitting of which commenced on the first Monday in December.

The difficulties this Legislature had to encounter were numerous. Governor Ford in his history gives a lively description of the condition of our State at the time he entered upon his office, December, 1842.

"There was no money in the treasury whatever," he writes, "not even to pay the postage on letters. The revenues insufficient, the people unwilling and unable to pay high taxes, and the State had borrowed itself out of all credit. A debt of nearly fourteen millions of dollars had been contracted, the currency of the State had been annihilated. The whole people were indebted to the merchants, nearly all of whom were indebted to the banks or foreign merchants, and the banks owed everybody, and none were able to pay. To many persons it seemed impossible to devise any system of policy out of this jumble and chaos which would relieve the State. Every one had his plan and the confusion of counsels among prominent men was equalled only by the confusion of public affairs."

THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE OF 1842-43

The task before the Legislature was to put the banks in liquidation; to make them give up our stock, amounting to more than three millions, in payment of the debts (loaned money and treasury-warrants in their hands) which the State owed the banks; to adopt some measures by which the canal could be completed; and to elect a United States Senator in place of Judge Young, whose term was about expiring, as

well as certain other State officers. Further, owing to their separation from the banks and to the exigencies of the times, the revenue laws had to be changed; and owing to the fact that Illinois had become entitled after the census of 1840 to seven Representatives, the State had also to be laid out into new districts, — always a difficult and very delicate task, since every prominent politician wanted his district so shaped as to make his election to Congress a certainty. Besides, there was all the customary legislation to attend to.

The sessions began at nine in the morning, with one hour for dinner; the afternoon sessions were from one to six. From eight to midnight the principal committees had to work. There were no holidays except Christmas and New Year's. Towards the end we had even night sessions. This was quite different from the way Legislatures work now. I had been placed on two very important committees, the Committee on Finance and the Committee on Judiciary. In addition, I was made chairman of some two or three special committees on investigation, requiring the examination of witnesses and papers and the making of reports.

The Senate contained forty members, was weak and hardly counted for anything in this Legislature. The House, one hundred and twenty in number, was however, as was admitted by everybody, unusually strong. The Whig party had elected some of their most eminent men. Judge Stephen T. Logan was considered the acutest and ablest lawyer in Springfield and the central portion of the State. He was a Kentuckian of the well-known Logan family, hardly of medium size, and quite thin, but wiry. Thick, reddish curling hair covered his rather small head. He had the white complexion usual to redhaired people, and his features were sharply cut. There was nothing particularly brilliant about his gray eyes. As to his outward appearance, it might be said that he was the most slovenly man, not only in the Legislature, but in the city of Springfield. Though of ample means, occupying a very fine residence surrounded by a large

and beautiful park, his clothes were shabby. I have seen him in the Legislature, in court and out of court, up to the time of his death only a few years ago, and I never saw him wear a necktie. He wore an old fur cap in winter and a fifty-cent straw hat in summer, baggy trousers, and a coat to match. Thick, coarse, brogan shoes covered his feet; but nobody noticed all this. He was undoubtedly an honest man; and, though an astute lawyer, his disposition was kind and genial. At times, the Irish in his blood made him lose control of his temper. While he enjoyed the greatest regard in the House as a man, and more particularly as a lawyer, he could hardly be called the leader of his party. He was not enough of a politician, not positive enough, and created no enthusiasm.

A perfect contrast to him, as far as outward appearance was concerned, was a distinguished lawyer from Quincy, Orville H. Browning. He was of an imposing stature, a really handsome man, with speaking darkish eyes, and in dress a most exquisite dandy. He always wore a dress-coat of peculiar cut, — Prince Albert fashion, — with an outside pocket, from which the ends of a white or light yellow pocket handkerchief dangled out. What made him particularly conspicuous was his ruffled shirt and large cuffs, then hardly ever seen. He was not only a good debater, but at times could rise to oratory. He was somewhat jealous of Logan, and evidently sought to be the leader of the Whigs. Browning afterwards became a prominent member of the Republican party, was appointed by Governor Yates a Senator of the United States, and Secretary of the Interior under President Andrew Johnson. I came into very pleasant relations with him, but I should have liked him better if he had been a little less conscious of his own superiority.

Perhaps the best debater and the best politician on the Whig side was Mr. Jonas of Quincy. Jonas was of Jewish extraction, slender figure, brilliant dark eyes, an aquiline nose, black hair and very good voice. If he was not a lawyer he ought to have been one. His quickness of perception, his read-

iness of speech, his plausibility made him a very formidable opponent. He in later years moved to Louisiana, and Jonas, the present Senator from that State, is his son. There were some other capable Whigs in the House, amongst others Jesse K. Dubois, General Pickering and Richard Yates of Morgan County, the youngest member of the house and the best-looking. Yates had a tall graceful figure, a very full round face, ruddy complexion, a fine mouth and well-rounded chin, and his eyes were deep blue and large; curly blond hair crowned his head in profusion. Without profound legal knowledge. he had gained the reputation of being a successful advocate. His eloquence was of an ornamental order, often florid; but there was a sincerity about him and an enthusiasm which was very attractive. He as well as Browning and Logan were my colleagues on the Judiciary Committee.

The Democrats had also very strong men in the House. Doctor Murphy of Lake County, Chairman of the Committee on Banks and Corporations, could well have been the leader of his party by reason of his great knowledge and experience in financial matters, his clear-headedness and his debating ability; he carried great weight in the assembly, even with the opposite party. But he did not strive to lead, and was not positive or rather aggressive enough for a commander of forces. John A. McClernand of Shawneetown, on the contrary, possessed the qualities of a party leader in a high degree. Tall and wiry, with a long face and a southern Illinois complexion, dark sparkling eyes and an executive nose, he was a lawyer of long practice and good parliamentarian, having been before a member of the Legislature. He was bold in his assertions, denunciatory of his opponents, perfectly fearless, an experienced public speaker, never trying to persuade but to subdue. His unbounded ambition, his untiring energy, secured him a good measure of success. He was repeatedly elected to Congress by the Democrats, entered the Union Army, was made a brigadier-general, and after Donaldson and Shiloh, was promoted to major-general. He commanded

at the taking of Arkansas Post, distinguished himself at the unsuccessful storming of Vicksburg, but got into a difficulty with General Grant on account of issuing an imprudent order of the day, wherein he exaggerated the deeds of his division and cast a slur on other troops. He was relieved from his command and became a private citizen again. He was president of the Democratic Convention in St. Louis in 1876, which nominated Tilden. He was one of my earliest friends.

Isaac N. Arnold of Chicago was also a leading Democrat, a good lawyer, a precise and logical speaker, of excellent general information, but most too refined and too much of a New England man to have great influence with a body of which by far the greatest part were natives of the Southern States or of southern Illinois. Julius Manning of Peoria, for legal knowledge, clear and forcible statement of facts and law, was perhaps superior to all others; and, in a few years, he became reputed as one of the greatest lawyers in his State. Almeron Wheat of Quincy, though a young man, was also a most able lawyer, a fine debater, and became a very active and influential member. Arnold, Manning and Wheat were also members of the Judiciary Committee, of which Orlando B. Ficklin was chairman, not on account of his legal knowledge, which was not extraordinary, but by virtue of having been a member of the Legislature before. He was popular in the eastern part of the State, and was sent to Congress several times by the Democrats.

I did not speak often, and never on subjects that I did not believe I understood well. I spoke briefly with one exception, and so it happened that I had what is called the ear of the House. On the question of the power of the Legislature to repeal bank charters I spoke for nearly two hours. The length of this address was partly due to an excited interruption by Judge Logan with reference to the parliamentary history of the celebrated bill to alter and remodel the charter of the East India Company. I took occasion to correct his statement by giving a pretty full history of that question in the English

Parliament under both the minsitry of Fox and that of Pitt. As the gentleman had become rusty in his history, I had an easy victory. At any rate my view was adopted by the Legislature in passing laws respecting the charter of the Bank of Illinois, — the Shawneetown Bank and also that of the Cairo Bank. This speech was fully reported, — then rarely done, — and published in most of the Democratic papers in the State. I also spoke in favor of the Canal Bill; John A. McClernand and I, I believe, being the only members from southern Illinois voting for it.

I strenuously opposed what was called the Relief Law, which provided that when an execution was levied on a piece of property, the property should be appraised by three householders at its value in ordinary times, and that no such property should be sold for less than two-thirds of this value. My objection was that the law related back to contracts made before its passage, and I had moved to insert the word "hereafter," so that it would only operate on contracts made after the passage of the law. I took the ground that the law was unjust in itself, for at the time previous contracts were entered into no such law existed, and hence no credit would have been given to the debtor if the creditor had known that he must pay a higher price than the property under execution was really worth in order to satisfy the debt. I also insisted that the law was unconstitutional, as the Constitution of the United States forbade the States to pass laws impairing the obligation of contracts. But the law passed with a large majority, for the law was supposed to be popular, a good many voting for it under that impression who were of the opinion that the law was a bad one. A test case soon afterwards came up before our Supreme Court, which sustained the law, no doubt somewhat actuated by its supposed popularity. But when it came before the Supreme Court of the United States it was there declared unconstitutional and declared to be null and void. That was the end of this law, and its defeat gave me at least a professional satisfaction. In both cases I had

taken the side which was unpopular in the middle and south of the State, but very popular in the north, so that I made a great many influential and lasting friends in that region, which soon became more populous and therefore more influential than the lower parts of the State.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

I must mention another remarkable incident in my legislative career. The Senate without debate had passed a bill to prohibit the ingress of negroes into the State of Illinois. It provided that if any negro was found in the State who could not prove his freedom by legal papers, he should be taken up by any sheriff or constable, brought before a justice of the peace, who should, on failure of proof of freedom, commit him to the penitentiary, where he was to be confined at hard labor for one year and then to be taken out of the State. Nobody in the House seemed to have taken any notice of the passage of this act, and, on a suspension of the rules, it was read a second time by its title merely. It was then moved to read it a third time, which amounted to its passage. Accidentally, I had listened to the first reading. Now there were members in the House that were thoroughly anti-slavery, such as Browning, Arnold, Yates, and others from the north, but they had remained silent. Now if I had attacked the law directly, I believe it would have passed. All the southern members, and I believe they were nearly a majority, would have voted for it; for that part of the State was really much overrun by negroes from Kentucky and Missouri, and they were, no doubt, a very annoying and a very troublesome set. So I got up and stated that I believed the law was not very well understood, and that it contained some features which I thought were unusual; I would therefore move, as was the case with all general laws, to refer the bill to a committee, and, as it was a criminal law, to the Committee on Judiciary. As this course was in fact the regular one, it relieved the opponents of the bill of their embarrassment in voting directly

against it. The friends of the bill at once saw through my move. McClernand rose, said the bill had been well considered by the Senate, it was easily understood, and was indispensably necessary to prevent southern Illinois from being overrun with a most dangerous population. He was astonished that his friend from St. Clair should try to defeat the passage of this bill, for that committee, of which his friend was a member, would pocket the bill, and it would never see daylight again. He was deeply sorry that I should seem to favor the nefarious and infamous sect of Abolitionists. But he did not put me down. I replied that the gentleman was mistaken; I was not in favor of the Abolitionists, but was simply a lawyer whose duty it was when in the Legislature to examine any bill of a general character, particularly if it involved the liberty of any man, black or white. The vote was taken on my motion to refer, and carried, as this was really the only proper and legitimate way. McClernand was quite right. The bill never did see daylight. I think it was this action of mine, which made Yates, who was then an Abolitionist, though not of the radical wing, so devoted to me for all time. When the bill came before the committee he could hardly find words enough to express his satisfaction with the course I had taken.

Early in the session we elected a United States Senator in place of Judge Young, whose term was expiring. Judge Breese, Judge Douglas, McClernand and Young were candidates. It was a close contest, but after a great number of ballots in the Democratic caucus, about one o'clock in the morning, Breese was nominated over Douglas by one vote, and of course elected by the Legislature. My constituents in St. Clair and all the adjoining counties being for Breese, I supported him strongly, and he thought and said at the time he owed his election to my strenous efforts.

JOSEPH SMITH

During the session, quite an interesting scene was witnessed. The Governor of Missouri had sent a requisition to

Governor Ford for the extradition of Joseph Smith the Mormon prophet, charged with having been a participant in an attempt to assassinate the Governor of Missouri. Governor Ford had him arrested, and Smith applied to Judge Pope, then United States district judge, for a discharge from arrest under the "Habeas Corpus Act." At the trial the court-room was crowded. On the platform where the judge sat, a crowd of ladies had been admitted, all anxious to see the man of a plurality of wives. Smith was sitting in front of the judge with his lawyers, one of whom was the eminent counsel from Chicago, Justin Butterfield, who opened the case by humorously remarking that he found himself in a somewhat new position. Here on his right was the prophet, to be tried by the pope, surrounded by a chorus of angels.

Smith was a middle-aged, good-looking man, but of quite ordinary features. There was nothing in his face to indicate a superior mind or anything like enthusiasm. He looked like a shrewd business man. A modern prophet, indeed! The arguments were very dry, as only small technical objections were made to the form of the requisition, which, however, the court sustained, and Smith was set at liberty to find his death, a few years later, by a mob while he was in jail at Carthage, Hancock County. Smith had a brother in the lower house of the Legislature, who was a mere nullity.

POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

We adjourned on the fourth of March, 1843, having been constantly in session for three months, and very few members from the neighboring counties having spent Sundays at home. Sophie and I kept up a lively correspondence. I learned a good deal, made interesting acquaintances, and secured a number of warm friends, who have remained such through life.

Immediately after the session was over, Judge Breese, now United States Senator, offered to go into partnership with me. I hesitated for some time, knowing that a great part of

the time he would have to be in Washington, and that the burden of the business would fall upon me. But he was so anxious about it that I finally consented, and the result showed what I had expected. I enjoyed home life very much, but still I could not help becoming mixed up in politics. A member of Congress for the newly established district was to be elected in August. Shields had resigned the office of Auditor and was a candidate; so were Governor Reynolds and Lyman Trumbull. At the convention held in Kaskaskia to nominate candidates, Shields had a clear majority of all the delegates in his favor, but owing to some sort of legerdemain he lost the nomination. The delegation from Madison County had been persuaded by Robert Smith, a smart business man and leading politician of that county, to give him on the first ballot a merely complimentary vote while in reality they were all for Shields. As there were two other candidates, it was expected, of course, that a nomination could not be made on the first ballot. But after the Madison complimentary vote had been given, all the friends of Reynolds and Trumbull also voted for Smith, being so instructed on the spur of the moment by Messrs. Trumbull and Reynolds, whose main object was to beat Shields, which gave Smith, who really was not considered a candidate at all, but one county having instructed for him, a majority. Of course, Shields and his friends were very angry at this trick. But Smith being a respectable man, of fair-speaking talents, and a good Democrat, Shields declared at once that he would cheerfully support the nominee because he was not a party to the fraud.

I may here mention a curious fact, which would almost make one believe in a retributive Nemesis. When the election came around again two years afterwards, Robert Smith was nominated at the Democratic congressional convention as its candidate. Governor Reynolds, asserting that Robert Smith had promised him at the Kaskaskia convention that he would not run again, but would leave the field clear to him, ran as an independent candidate, getting the Whig vote, but was

badly beaten. In 1846, Mr. Trumbull succeeded in getting the Democratic nomination for Congress, but Smith claiming that the convention had been illegally packed, ran as an independent candidate, and to the general surprise beat Trumbull. Not long afterwards, a vacancy happening on the supreme bench, Governor Ford appointed Shields one of the judges, and the Legislature of 1844 elected him to the office.

I received two letters from my friend Ernest Thilenius, the first notifying me of his arrival with his young wife and child at Philadelphia, and that he intended to look around for a farm in Pennsylvania, and the second, received some weeks later from Salem, Indiana, saying that he had bought there a fine farm with a good dwelling house and a handsome park, and giving me a most glowing description of his residence and surroundings, and inviting me to visit him and spend the fall season with him. But he seems to have been deceived both as to the healthiness and the pecuniary value of the place, for a year or so afterwards he sold his place, and with deep and bitter disappointment, as he wrote me, went back to Germany.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1844

The year 1844 was again a stormy year politically, as a President was to be elected. James K. Polk was the Democratic, and Henry Clay the Whig candidate. Of course, we had numerous political meetings and one very big mass meeting in Belleville, which was particularly memorable, as the large and substantial platform on which the speakers, the reception committee and many prominent politicians stood, broke down while Senator Breese was addressing the people. Nobody, however, was much hurt. Breese bruised his face, but could go on speaking. It was suspected by many that a certain vicious Whig had tampered with the support of the platform, but no proof could be made against him. Polk was, of course, elected. Van Buren would have been nominated, but he had, like Clay, expressed himself as against the immediate annexation of the State of Texas, which was then in open

war with Mexico, asserting that such a step would at once involve us in a war with Mexico. The South and West were so much in favor of Texas being united to the United States, that Van Buren lost the nomination. Clay had, however, taken the same ground with Van Buren, which probably lost him a good many Southern Whig votes in the election. The Democratic battle-cry in the election was "Polk, Dallas, and Texas." I, myself, was rather of Van Buren's opinion, and furthermore dreaded the annexation of Texas, as it had constituted itself a slaveholding State, and would therefore increase the slave territory. But a glance at the map was enough to convince one that sooner or later the United States must extend to the Rio Grande as its natural boundary, and that the annexation of Texas was only a question of time.

It was in this election that the Native American party showed its true colors. In Philadelphia, on the occasion of a disturbance taking place between some Irishmen and a political procession, a riot of enormous proportions was started by the Natives. Every Irishman found in the streets was assaulted and hunted down. A Catholic church and other institutions of that denomination were burned down. The Democratic press denounced the outrage; the Whig press sought to extenuate it; the Native American press, charging the Irish with the first aggression, justified it. At a later period some Germans and Irish and leading Democrats were attacked at the polls at Louisville, Kentucky, were beaten, and a great many had to cross the river to save their lives.

Yet the Whig party in New York, as well as in Pennsylvania, in order to carry Clay, dropped their own candidates for Congress, and declared for the Native American candidates, with the understanding that the Native party should vote for Clay at the election in November. These outrages and bargains recoiled on the Whig party at the November election, and Polk received a large majority of the electoral and also the popular vote, for nearly all the voters of foreign birth

gave their votes against Henry Clay, and particularly all Catholics, native and foreign.

Of all the many calls I received to speak in districts where there were large German settlements, I could fill only a few. At Quincy I had a most pleasant time. There I met Douglas, who was a candidate for Congress in a newly made and extremely doubtful district. He carried it, however; and Quincy and Adams Counties went strongly for him. The "Freiheitsbote," published by me in 1840, had been a campaign paper only. But Theodore Engelmann started the first permanent Democratic paper, — or at least the first intended to be permanent, — in 1844. It was, of course, circulated all over the State and did good service. William C. Kinney edited an English Democratic paper, the "St. Clair Banner." Between attending to my law business, making stump speeches and writing most of the articles in both of these papers, I had quite a busy time. Douglas, in return for my visit, came down to Belleville and made one of his most telling speeches, just before the Presidential election in November.

Adolph Engelmann, having completed his course at the Belleville schools, had been for some time in my office reading law; but he went over to St. Louis pursuing his studies in the office of Messrs. Field and Leslie, one of the most distinguished law firms of that time. In December I went to Springfield to attend the Supreme Court. William H. Bissell was elected States Attorney for our circuit. In the election of this year he took an active part, and was considered one of the best political speakers in the State.

In the election of 1844 for Legislature, Don Morrison succeeded in beating one of the Democratic members, while the rest of the Democratic ticket was elected. Morrison, though born and educated as an aristocrat and living as such in his own home, had a happy faculty of disguising his true sentiments. He associated on equal terms with high and low, and had a knack of assimilating himself to people of different nationalities. He would drink beer and wine and play cards

with the Germans in their saloons, call them by their Christian names, talk Democracy with the Democrats and Whig with the Whigs. He had married a beautiful daughter of Governor Carlin. She had been educated at the convent in Kaskaskia and had Catholic tendencies, of which fact Don made very good use with the Catholic priests. In fact, Don was really of a liberal mind, did not much care about party principles, and being a fine speaker and of a social character, shrewd and tricky when occasion required it, he was one of the most formidable demagogues in the State. He succeeded in getting a good many German votes; still, he would have been beaten, had not four Democrats run for the Legislature instead of three. So the Democratic vote was divided, and Don won by a small majority over one of the Democratic candidates.

Letters from my family in Frankfort seemed to put all hope of my mother and sister coming over out of the question, owing to the almost continual sickness of one or the other. They had passed some time at Speyer with the Hilgards, and also later at Klosterhof, one of Mr. Hilgard's estates, near Kirchheim-Bolanden.

While I was attending the Supreme Court in Springfield, Gustave Adolph was born on the 17th of January, 1845, somewhat before the time expected. He was a handsome little boy, and made us most happy.

APPOINTED TO THE SUPREME COURT

And now politics again claimed my attention. Shields, who had been on the supreme bench one year, grew tired of it, became an applicant for Commissioner of the General Land Office, was appointed by President Polk in March, and resigned his office as judge. Now, Governor Ford wanted to appoint me in his place. I hesitated long before accepting the offer. In a pecuniary point of view it was no advantage, my practice being worth more than the salary, and, besides, the appointment was only a temporary one, for the next Legis-

lature, 1845-1846, had to elect the Supreme Judge. But even if I failed to be elected permanently, it would help me much in my practice to have been judge. Besides all my political friends, Governor Ford, Shields, Senators Breese and Semple pressed me very much to take the office. There was at that time much patronage connected with it. The judge could remove the clerks and masters-in-chancery at his pleasure and appoint others in all the twelve counties in his circuit. Some of these offices were more lucrative than the judge's office itself. What determined me most was the unanimous wish of my German friends in Illinois and Missouri to see me on the supreme bench. They argued that such a thing as having a German in such a place had never before happened, and that it would give the German element a certain prestige particularly desirable in these Know-Nothing times.

On the third of April I received my commission and immediately went on the circuit to hold court. I soon had to taste some of the bitternesses of my office. Though all the offices in the circuit under my control were filled with Democrats, I received numerous applications supported by recommendations of prominent politicians for new appointments on the absurd principle of rotation in office, to which both of the political parties were wedded. I at once let it be known that I would make no removals except in cases where the holders of the office were to my knowledge incompetent. I may here add that at the next session of the Legislature I was elected by that body without any opposition from Democrats. The Whigs being in the minority, some of them voted *pro forma* for a Whig lawyer.

Shields was delighted with his new place at Washington; gave his views about Polk and the new cabinet. He only regretted that he was not a member of it. He would rush things if he were. What in the old country would be rashness, was, in this new country, he wrote, sobriety and sanity. War with Mexico was certain. He had already a plan what to do with Mexico. In November, 1845, he wrote me:

"Some time ago in one of your letters you very facetiously intimated that you would like to know what old system I intended breaking down, and what new one I intended building up. You imagined that I must be engaged in some such enterprise. Well, I have just time to tell you that I have prepared a report which I am inclined to think will accomplish two objects, one the introduction of a graduation system of the price of public land, on very liberal terms, and the other the blowing up of the whole mineral system of the country. My report is a flaming one, and will be like throwing a hand-grenade into the halls of Congress; but you know I never do anything by halves."

Theodore Engelmann had been appointed circuit clerk by Shields before he resigned, and William C. Kinney, master in chancery; and, as before remarked, Theodore had got married. Adolph, having completed his law studies in St. Louis, had gone to Quincy, and commenced the practice of the law there. My position as judge relieved me from taking any active share in politics, and this enabled me to pass my summer vacation with my family most pleasantly, having no business or other cares on my mind. We had found, however, that beautiful as was the place where we resided, it was too near the creek to be healthy. In the spring of the year and early summer the valley of the creek for a mile or so up and down was regularly overflowed, and in the thick timber it took a long time to dry up. Frequent fevers in our family was the consequence, and we concluded in 1846 to move to our old residence on Illinois Street, where we found at once much relief from this miserable fever-and-ague which was so common in the early days in this part of Illinois.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS

The annexation of Texas had agitated the United States greatly during the past year, and Europe seemed to be also much disturbed. The opposition to Louis Philippe, since the fatal accident that befell his popular son, the Duke of Orleans, had been very strong. Several attempts at the King's life had been made. The Republican party was increasing and growing bolder every day, and either a change of policy or another

revolution was predicted by many. Still greater was the commotion in Germany. The general expectation that the new King of Prussia, Frederick William IV, would pursue a more liberal course than his father, that he would make himself more independent of Metternich's reactionary policy, had proved elusive. While the King now and then did take steps in the right direction, he would within a very short time pursue a contrary course, and so left everything to shift along as before. He was full of various talents, a gifted speaker, and exceedingly fond of hearing himself. In the excitement of his talking he committed himself at one time to very liberal principles, at another to the most ridiculously reactionary ones. Mediaeval romanticism and modern pietism were singularly mixed in his character. In the constitutional States, where the press was free in a measure, he was very soon sharply attacked, and what hurt him most, ridiculed. In Prussia a number of political pamphlets appeared, and even some of the journals of the kingdom loudly demanded fulfilment of the promises made when the people were called upon to save Prussia from foreign domination in the War of Liberation and since often repeated by the King's father.

A new spirit seemed to pervade the German people. A religious movement, which at first promised to be of enormous influence, added to the general upheaval of the old régime. Excessive demonstrations of the Ultramontane Catholic clergy by religious festivals, reviving antiquated superstitions, the exposition of holy bones and of the clothes of Christ and the saints, attracting extraordinary crowds, had excited opposition in some priests, who positively denounced these proceedings, and who soon found thousands of followers in their own church. In many states of Germany large religious communities formed themselves, and called themselves "German Catholics," the principal object of which was to make the German Catholics and the priesthood independent of Rome. They received at once a large, and in some places enthusiastic, support from the liberal Protestants, and in fact from all the Lib-

erals, whether caring for religion or not. It was to be a second Reformation; and in the abstract the making of the German Catholic Church independent of the Pope and the Jesuits, was a most attractive idea. I mention these matters only because my own family, Protestants as they were, and of the rationalistic type, took a deep interest in this tendency, as well as in the new political movement. Charles was in Frankfort one of the most outspoken Liberals, and, it might be said, at that time one of the leaders of the party. Mother and Pauline were quite enthusiastic for the German Catholics. A great many of my friends in Germany naturally joined the new church. My college friend, Edward Graf, who had the gift of speech, traveled round as a missionary, and so did the priests Ronge and Czersky, who had first raised their voices not only against Rome, but against all dogmas not in accordance with the Evangelists. My family sent me a number of pamphlets and newspapers and in their letters gave me most interesting information. In Switzerland several commotions took place, ending even in armed conflicts in some of the Cantons. I did not believe much in the success of the German Catholic Church; yet I took it as a symptom of a near change in the political horizon of Europe.

THE MEXICAN WAR

In our own country the Mexican war-cloud was looming up. My friend Shields, then Commissioner of the General Land Office, and in the confidence of the President, wrote me early in April and May that there would be war with Mexico. General Zachary Taylor had already been dispatched to the frontier post of the United States, Corpus Christi, with a small regular force as a corps of observation. Receiving information that a Mexican force had passed the Rio Grande to invade Texas, Taylor advanced, and two squadrons of our cavalry, while reconnoitering, were surprised by a much larger force of Mexicans, and some of them killed and the rest taken prisoners. The report was that Captain Kane, the

brother-in-law of William C. Kinney, was amongst the killed, which of course created great excitement in Belleville, where he was well known. He was, however, only wounded and taken prisoner, and within a short time exchanged. President Polk considered this invasion of Texas, which, of course, was still claimed by Mexico as one of her provinces, as an act of war, and Congress, by resolution, sustained Mr. Polk's views; and a call was made at once on the Governors of the different States for militia troops — 40,000 — to be sent down to the seat of war. The Governors called for volunteers to serve for twelve months or during the war.

On the eleventh of June, 1846, Shields wrote me from the steamboat Diadem:

"Dear Koerner: I shall land at Shawneetown this evening; thence to Belleville and Springfield. My object is to rally volunteers. Illinois must rally now and win a character. My intention is to volunteer myself. You in your cool way may think this strange; but I owe much to the State and must join them in an emergency. I long to see you. There are a thousand reasons I could give for this whenever I should meet you. I suggest raising a company of gallant young Germans. This can easily be done in St. Clair and the adjoining counties. Let some experienced men place themselves at the head. This should be done at once. I know nothing as yet of what is going on in Illinois. Your friend."

Shields's ardor was not stronger than the zeal of our young men in Illinois. Before I had received the letter a volunteer company in St. Clair, and also one in Monroe, had already been formed, mostly of gallant young Germans. The St. Clair company had elected Don Morrison as their captain, Julius Raith, first lieutenant, Nathaniel Niles, a Belleville lawyer, second lieutenant, and Adolph Engelmann, who, early in the year had left Quincy and returned to Belleville to practice law, first sergeant. The other company, mostly boys from Monroe and from St. Clair, had made W. H. Bissell captain. While they were getting ready, the citizens voluntarily furnished them with provisions and blankets, and the ladies busied themselves making plain provisional uniforms. Some

old German soldiers commenced drilling them at once, and on the fifteenth of June the Morrison company left for Alton, the place appointed by Governor Ford as a rendezvous.

The second company under Bissell left on the seventeenth. The ladies of Belleville had made up beautiful flags, one of which I was requested to present to the first company which left. It was the first organized and the first which reached Alton. I may give a few passages of my address delivered on the public square in front of the company.

"The patriotic ladies of Belleville have honored me with the charge of transmitting to you soldiers this flag, prepared by their fair hands. It is the flag of our country, which never has been sullied, never disgraced. As you were the first in our young and gallant State to rally under its noble folds, they hope — and so do we all — that you will be the last to desert it. Casting my eyes upon your ranks, I see many who, like myself, have left another hemisphere to plant their homes upon this free soil. My heart swells with joy and pride to see so many of you amongst the first to sustain the right and honor of our adopted country. Courage on the field of battle is but one of the requisites of a good soldier. Patient endurance, self-restraint, prompt submission to discipline are equally necessary. Without these qualifications in the soldiery the most numerous army is powerless. Practice these virtues for the sake of your country. Receive, then, brave volunteers, this beautiful flag, the gift of your country-women, who have fully appreciated your noble spirit. Support and defend it to the very last. Not your honor alone is concerned, but the honor of us all, the honor of our State and of our common country is now in your charge. Strong as our sympathies are for you, much as we are concerned in your welfare, we would rather hear of your death than of your dishonor. But there is no reason to mistrust you. This noble flag is safe in your hands; you will never return without it."

Early in July I had hastened to Alton, where our companies, together with companies from Madison and other southern counties, were already encamped under tents. They were to form two regiments. At this time regiments had organized, or were about organizing, in Morgan and Sangamon Counties, thus completing the Illinois quota, which was

four thousand men. Shields had gone to Springfield, but as for his rallying volunteers, there was no reason for it. Many more companies had already organized in the State than were necessary to fill the number, and the surplus had to be rejected, which created a good deal of dissatisfaction. When I got to Alton I met Shields, who was anxious to be elected colonel of one of the southern regiments, though he did not announce himself as a candidate. He wanted me to assist him; but I was soon satisfied that he had no chance. The volunteers had already come to a general understanding to elect no staff officers for their regiments outside of those who had first signed the enlistment roll, when all were privates. Their company officers they had already elected and they looked to them for their staff officers. Shields was much mortified; but he joined me at once to support for colonel of the regiment made up of volunteers from St. Clair, Madison, Monroe and other southern counties, William H. Bissell. The opposing candidate was J. L. D. Morrison. In this country politics play an important part in almost every question of public interest. Bissell was a Democrat and Morrison a Whig. Most all the southern volunteers were Democrats; so that there was not much trouble about Bissell's election. The mode of election was singularly simple. The regiment was drawn up in single file. The candidates stood at some distance in front. A civilian acted as teller. All those in favor of Bissell were told to run up to him, those in favor of Morrison to run up to him. The word was given, and a very large majority sided with Bissell. There was no need of counting. Morrison was then unanimously elected lieutenant-colonel, and a lawyer from Monroe, Mr. Trail, major. The promotion of Morrison from captain to lieutenant-colonel left vacancies in his company. Julius Raith was made captain, N. Niles, first, and Adolph Engelmann, second lieutenant. Soon the other regiments arrived at Alton. John Hardin of Morgan and Edward Baker of Sangamon were colonels.

Shields still remained at Alton. It was generally supposed that Senator Semple of Illinois would be appointed brigadier-general by the President. He had been a militia general and had been in the Black Hawk War. I do not believe he wanted the place; for, whilst I was constantly receiving letters from him regarding the Oregon boundary question, which was his particular hobby, and which was then unfortunately much debated in Congress and getting us into serious complications with England, he never mentioned anything of his intention to engage in the Mexican War. He was really a great favorite of President Polk.

While Shields was familiar with pistol-shooting and gunning generally, he had never had any manual drill with muskets. He kept one in his room in Alton and as I had been regularly drilled in Munich by our fencing master, a sergeant of the Royal Halberdier Guards, and also whilst I was in the National Guard at Frankfort, upon his request I went with him through a course in manual drill. He was most amusingly awkward about it. He also studied the United States infantry tactics. When, shortly before the troops left Alton for New Orleans, he was appointed brigadier-general, it greatly surprised everybody. In fact, his appointment was greatly criticized at first. But within a short time he had by his tact and affability made himself very popular amongst the boys, and his subsequent conduct in the war certainly justified the appointment.

While at Alton I was very much against my will put in quite an embarrassing position. Colonel Hardin had completed his regiment and was mustered in. Colonel Baker had not yet a full regiment, but reported it to the Governor, whereupon he received his commission, before Hardin had reported his regiment. As seniority depends upon the date of the commission, Baker claimed that his regiment should be the first regiment. Hardin contended that as his regiment had been completed and had been mustered in by the Inspector-General of the United States, it should be the first. In the

meantime Bissell's regiment and another one from southern Illinois had been filled and mustered in. There was great excitement about this matter between Hardin and Baker. Both were distinguished lawyers, both had been members of Congress from the Sangamon district, both had numerous friends and adherents. Hardin, though, was the most popular. He was from Kentucky, from a much noted family. Of medium size, he was very finely built, had beautiful jet-black eyes, when I first knew him, but had lost one of them not long before by an accident while hunting. His features were very handsome and his complexion as delicate as a woman's. He was somewhat impulsive, but in the main his character was winning and amiable. No man could have had warmer personal friends. Edward Baker was an Englishman, but had come to this country quite young. He was, like Hardin, an active politician, and not only a fluent speaker, but an orator. His imagination was strong and his intimate knowledge of English literature, particularly poetry, permitted him to adorn his speeches with happy illustrations. He was large, of very fine physique, though his face was not so pleasing, showing a sort of overbearing and sneering disposition.

The contestants finally agreed to leave the matter to arbitration. They both agreed upon a captain of the United States Army, I believe, by the name of Sibley, who was then acting at Alton as quartermaster. Colonel Hardin selected me to my great astonishment. My acquaintance with him was but slight. He had attended some cases in the Supreme Court of which I was a member. In politics he was a radical Whig, and I a strong Democrat; and, what was most strange in the matter, Baker had selected Governor Ford, who was certainly to a great extent committed by having issued Baker's commission first. Now Ford was a Democrat, known to be an intimate friend of mine, who had provisionally appointed me to the supreme bench, and so it might be supposed that I would take Baker's or rather Ford's side. The point in dispute might appear unimportant, but it was not. If, in battle or

out of battle, the brigadier should be absent at any time, and if in the brigadiership there should be a vacancy, the oldest colonel would be in the line of promotion.

Both parties argued their claims very ably and at very great length before us in the parlors of the Alton Hotel, overcrowded with people. But it was plain that Baker had reported prematurely, and that Ford, while acting in good faith when he issued the commission, should have recalled it when he was made aware of the real facts.

I, as the youngest member of the board of arbitration, was called upon to give my vote first, and I voted for Hardin, Ford for Baker, but Captain Sibley voted for Hardin, too. I can hardly tell with what fervor Hardin thanked me for my vote. He would have been a warm friend of mine through life, but I never saw him again. Leading his regiment, perhaps imprudently, to a desperate charge against an overwhelming force of the enemy, he gave his life for his country on the bloody field of Buena Vista.

Baker also proved an able soldier. When Shields was, as was supposed, mortally wounded at Cerro Gordo, leading his brigade, which consisted of the Third and Fourth Illinois Regiments, he took command of the brigade, Colonel Foreman of the Third waiving his seniority. After various and many adventures after the Mexican War, Baker had settled in Oregon and was elected United States Senator for the new State of Oregon in 1859. When the War of the Rebellion broke out, he entered the army, becoming colonel of a regiment, and right at the beginning of the war fell at Ball's Bluff in that encounter so unfortunate for the Union forces.

Having been employed in a good many cases in Madison and St. Clair Counties, which could not be tried before me, I had made an arrangement with Judge Caton to hold at the May term, 1846, a three weeks' court in those counties, while I took Stark and Peoria Counties in his circuit. Returning from Toulon in Stark County to Peoria, I found that Colonel May, a former member of Congress, was trying to get up vol-

unteers, but there was not much enthusiasm there for the war. There was still less of it in the more northern counties. Colonel May and some friends at last called a public meeting to arouse some war spirit, and as I had just come from the south where I had witnessed the ardor with which volunteers came forward, he was very anxious that I should stir up the boys. With the help of a band of music we got up a respectable crowd on the public square before the court-house, and we succeeded by some patriotic speeches in filling up a company on the spot, a good many Germans being amongst them. But they reported too late, and could not be accepted, which created intense mortification and dissatisfaction, it being charged that the Governor had rejected them improperly.

While holding court in Peoria, the most beautifully situated city in all Illinois, and even then a very lively and prosperous place, I was one morning very agreeably surprised when word was sent me from the landing that some ladies were very anxious to see me and that I should hurry, because the boat would start in a few minutes up the river for Peru. I ran down, and whom should I see but Sophie and Mrs. Caton. Judge Caton had taken his wife down to St. Clair, and she had of course become acquainted with Sophie, and as she had to return home by herself, the judge being still engaged in holding court, she had persuaded Sophie to go along and stay with me in Peoria. Sophie came off the boat much delighted with the first trip she had made since we had settled in St. Clair, and with Mrs. Caton also, with whom she kept up very friendly relations in Ottawa and Chicago until the very last year of her life. The weather was charming. We made excursions into the romantic surroundings, and received a number of invitations. It was a happy time, indeed, and long remembered with pleasure.

Our troops some time in July had gone down by New Orleans into Texas, where a part of the army then under General Taylor, who, after successful battles at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, had taken Monterey in Mexico and made

it his headquarters, was put under the command of General Wool and General Shields and dispatched across Texas, over the Rio Grande, towards Santa Fé De Potosi. The First and Second Illinois regiments were part of this "Army of the Right," as it was called. At Monclova, Shields received orders from General Taylor to repair to Tampico, from which place he joined the army under General Scott, which was to invade Mexico by way of Vera Cruz. Shields took command of the Third and Fourth Illinois regiments. On the 20th of January, 1847, I received a very interesting and voluminous letter from Colonel Bissell, dated at Camp San Juan de Buena Vista near Saltillo.

After giving a description of their long, hard and tedious march through the swamps and prairies of Texas, and the rocky deserts of Mexico, and of the excellent conduct of the Illinois volunteers in the most trying and discouraging situations, and also of their perfect soldierly training, he stated that at Parras, celebrated for its vineyards, and where they expected to be encamped for some time, they received orders from General Worth, then at Saltillo, to come with all speed to his relief, as he had but a thousand men and was in hourly expectation of an attack from a large body of the enemy.

"We marched," he wrote, "in less than four days from getting Worth's dispatch, one hundred and thirty miles — for infantry an extraordinary march. We are now encamped near Saltillo four miles from town. Besides General Wool's division there are also here two Indiana regiments and one Kentucky regiment. All our friends here are getting along pretty well. Adolphus Engelmann has sustained himself well and honorably and stands as fair among us as his friends could possibly desire. His health is excellent and he is attentive and ambitious. Colonel Morrison is also in good health, and has, I think, fairly realized the expectations of his friends."

He remarks that rumors were rife of an early attack from the enemy, but they were not reliable; still they were ready for any emergency.

BUENA VISTA

On the 23rd of February the most sanguinary battle of the war was fought at Buena Vista. On the 24th of February Colonel Bissell wrote me from the battlefield:

"Friend Koerner. — A most tremendous battle was fought here yesterday and the day before between our forces on the one side and Santa Anna's, commanded by himself, on the other. The battle was long continued and dreadfully sanguinary, but the result glorious, glorious for our beloved country. We routed the enemy and drove him to seek safety by flight under cover of night. His loss in killed and wounded is immense, — we cannot conjecture what. Our own also is severe. Colonels Hardin, Yell — Arkansas — McKee and Clay — Kentucky — were killed upon the field in a most dreadful conflict, and fell almost within my reach. My own brave regiment has won for itself eternal honor, and since it did more fighting than any other regiment, has suffered most severely — about sixty-five killed, eighty wounded, nine or ten missing. Engelmann acted most gallantly upon the field and was severely, but not dangerously, wounded in the shoulder. He is doing well and has every attention and is in good spirits. Our whole loss in killed, wounded and missing will probably be four or five hundred. We are all perfectly prostrate — worn out. You will get the particulars from other sources. I have not a moment to spare. Good bye! W. H. Bissell."

The letter was hastily written, but evidently read over, as it shows a few small corrections. Only a man so clear-headed and full of nerve as Bissell could have written these lines a few hours after he was in the thick of the fight.

A month later he wrote me from the same camp.

"I have just returned from Saltillo, where I went expressly to see Adolphus. He was severely wounded and has suffered much in consequence. Indeed, he has suffered a dozen deaths, but he is greatly improved within the last week. There is not the least doubt of his recovery, nor is there any reason to fear the loss of his arm, the joints of which he can move quite freely even now. He is much reduced, but he is in fine spirits, has a good appetite and is gaining strength every day. We expect to start about four weeks from this

time for home, but you need hardly expect to see us before the 10th or 15th of July. We shall have no more fighting here. Adolphus will be able to accompany us home and you may rest assured I shall not come without him. He acted nobly on the battlefield. Colonel Morrison has just left us for home. He got leave of absence, being sick with rheumatism. He will tell you the news."

Bissell's regiment was very small at the battle. At the time it had reached Saltillo there were nearly a hundred men on the sick list, and four companies had been detached as a part of the garrison at Saltillo. There were probably not more than five hundred men rank and file on the field. This must be considered in estimating the greatness of the loss in the battle.

Regarding the battle of Buena Vista and the conduct of Bissell's regiment in the forefront of the battle, Colonel Churchill, the inspector general, who commanded temporarily the brigade stationed at the extremity of the left wing, (General Wool being in another part of the field,) wrote a letter to Senator Douglas, afterwards published, in which he speaks of Colonel Bissell as the modest and gallant Bissell, and gives some details of this part of the battle:

"The Second Indiana regiment, being on the left of the Bissell regiment, covering it, and on the extremity of the left wing, was obliged to retreat from that position, an unduly advanced one. It had then lost nearly a quarter of its men. The regiment for want of a qualified colonel continued their flight instead of halting and rallying on the first suitable ground. By that flight the whole plateau to the left of the Second Illinois Regiment about half a mile to the mountain was open, the enemy firing upon that regiment and approaching it in large force, evidently with an intention, certainly with a chance, in its then position, to turn its left flank, gain its rear and thus effect its capture. Seeing this, foreseeing the inevitable destruction of the regiment by death, capture or flight in a very few minutes, because the whole plateau must be held by the regiment alone as infantry, till another, then in sight approaching, should arrive or the battle would be inevitably lost, the staff officer, Colonel Churchill (the

writer of the letter) took upon himself the responsibility of moving that regiment to the rear and placing it near its first protection on the edge of a ravine, so that the enemy would not be able easily to gain its rear. Yet the movement was a hazardous one; a retreat under fire is always more or less dangerous with regular veteran troops. In this instance the regiment had been but a few months in the service, officers and men had never before been in a battle, even in a skirmish and had just then witnessed the flight of another regiment, till then its left hand pillar, in panic; and more, when faced about, would see that regiment still running from the field. The panic was likely to be contagious. But he resolved to save the regiment and hoped thereby to save the battle. He directed Colonel Bissell to retire with his regiment and take a better position contiguous to the right of a light battery. This order was given when the regiment was receiving a heavy and killing fire from the advancing enemy. But the order was executed with cool precision and steadiness, and after marching about two hundred yards it was halted by the word of command, faced about and resumed its fire, and not a man was out of place or out of alignment, and all the while under a destructive fire. By this firmness and good conduct, which was witnessed by many persons with the most intense anxiety, the regiment and its worthy commander, who had never dismounted, though all the other officers of the regiment had done so, earned and received great praise. It held the position until reinforced and thereby opportunity was afforded for much more and like hard work by that and other regiments during the day and before the victory was finally won."

Adolph returned about July, very much emaciated and with an extraordinarily big bullet still in his shoulder. Dr. George Engelmann succeeded in extracting it in St. Louis, but it took all summer for the wound to heal, and fears were entertained that he would go into consumption on account of the constant flow of matter. But he recovered; his arm, however, being left lame, in a measure, for all time.

Little Pauline, having seen the light of day so near the date of this glorious battle, was called Pauline Buena Vista.

CHAPTER XX

The Years 1847-1848

In April, 1847, my mother died. And such a mother! Her last sickness lasted only five days; and the day before she was taken down she listened with the greatest interest to a literary lecture delivered by one of the most eloquent ministers of the New German Catholic Church, and had, on her return, given a full account of it to sister Pauline. Even on the day she felt the first symptoms of her sickness, she had written me a most affectionate and clearheaded letter. She was seventy-two years old, but her loss was most painful to me, and doubly so because Pauline was left alone.

It was but natural that our thoughts should turn again to the plan of having our sister join us. It was her wish also. Unfortunately the death of my mother had prostrated her so that her own fragile health would not allow her for a long while to undertake such a journey. Dr. Henry Hoffmann, my most intimate college friend, who had attended mother in her last sickness, and had, as Pauline wrote me, not only acted as her physician but as an affectionate son, advised strongly against undertaking the voyage, and so this plan, so often taken up and so often abandoned, had to be postponed again.

In May, the battle of Cerro Gordo having been fought, we were startled and pained by the news that Shields had been mortally wounded while leading his brigade against the enemy. But he almost miraculously recovered, though he did not return to Belleville until some considerable time after the peace of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, in February, 1848.

I was honored by the reception committee to deliver an address of welcome to the returned volunteers of the two regiments from southern Illinois. In a beautiful grove northeast of the city, several thousand people had assembled, nearly one-half ladies. Led by Colonel Bissell and Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, the volunteers marched into the amphitheatre, with their faded uniforms and their tattered regimental flags. Colonel Bissell made a most chaste and able reply. I believe Colonel Morrison also spoke, and, if he did, he spoke well. My speech was rather more flowery and rhetorical than my usual public addresses; but I had to speak to an excited crowd and was really much moved myself. In closing, remembering those of our kindred and friends who had found their graves in Mexico, I quoted the last verse of a popular German song, translated:

"He who in Freedom's cause
A noble death has found,
Even in a foreign soil
Sleeps in his native ground."

"Und wer den Tod im Freiheitskampfe fand,
Ruht auch in fremder Erde im Vaterland."

Late in the summer of this year we lost Decker. He died just at the time when good fortune seemed at last to smile upon him. He had been employed in a lawyer's office, had improved his opportunity by reading law, had become well-acquainted with the officers of the court-house and had been made a deputy sheriff, quite a lucrative place. His uniform kindness, his strict and conscientious performance of his duty had made him very popular, and there is no doubt that in a short time he would have reached some prominent official position. He died after a very short sickness of inflammation of the throat, leaving our Caroline with two very promising children, Ernest and Lina, to fight the battle of life alone. But her stout heart, her strong mind, her untiring energy, proved equal to the severe task.

Upon the invitation of the board of directors of the Illinois Literary and Historical Society, I delivered an address at their annual meeting at Upper Alton on the 23rd of July, 1847. As the subject had been left entirely to my choice I thought I would embrace the opportunity of enlightening the public a little on Old Germany; having found out that even otherwise well-informed people had very little knowledge of that country and its institutions. The contents of my speech are indicated by the following words from the introductory part:

"I intend to present to you a brief sketch of the present statistical and political state of Germany, showing her geographical position and boundaries, the peculiar character of her government and her recent commercial and political development, more particularly as the latter may bear upon the interests of the United States.

"The subject is one which is naturally somewhat familiar to me, while it is novel to some of the audience. Familiar it is to me, since it concerns the country of my birth, to which I still look with deep interest and for which I still cherish an unfading attachment; novel to others, because so changing has been the history of the country for centuries past, so complicated with political relations, so closely connected are its present institutions with a long by-gone past, that no one but the student of history or one who is a native of the country, is able to unravel the threads in the labyrinth of Germany's existence."

I took particular pains to show that no country in Europe took so great an interest in the affairs of the United States as Germany; that even at the time of our War of Independence public opinion was decidedly in favor of the Revolution, — that our German poets, public writers, and philosophers were enthusiastically for the success of the American cause; that Frederick the Great was our friend from the beginning, as shown by the correspondence of our diplomatic agents; that the acts of some of the smaller princes in selling their subjects as auxiliary troops to Great Britain had been universally condemned; and that insurrections and mutinies even

amongst the troops to be sent had broken out. I thought it quite appropriate to allude to this trade in human flesh by some of the most despicable princes of Germany, as the Native American party had at all times tried to make capital against the Germans on account of some thousands of them having been shipped over to fight for English supremacy. A good many of the audience expressed to me their great satisfaction for the information I had given them, and confessed it had removed a great many of their prejudices.

JUDGE CATON

The winter of 1847-8 I again had to pass entirely at Springfield, assisting in holding the Supreme Court. I stopped at an excellent private boarding-house, rooming with Judge John D. Caton. We had always been very friendly, but now we became really intimate. Born and raised on a New York farm, of almost herculean size, though his head was not proportionately large, he looked even then more like a well-to-do farmer than a judge. His manners were rather rustic, but his uniform kindness and the attention he showed to others made him a very pleasant companion. With no classical education he had made himself a very respectable lawyer, and in his long service on the supreme bench he improved himself so much as to become really an ornament to it. At the time I speak of, he had to take great pains in composing his opinions; but in the course of time his style became easy and flowing. He naturally had a vast amount of common sense. He had, soon after his coming to the State, acquired a farm. Indeed, he understood farming exceedingly well in all its branches. Besides that, he had a marvelous insight into mechanics, and took a great deal of interest in all industrial pursuits. I believe he was a stockholder in a paper-mill at Ottawa, where he resided. Later on he became interested in telegraphy. From a small stockholder in the Western Union Telegraph Company he became the holder of a large amount of that stock, and in 1860 he was, I believe, the vice-

president or superintendent of this now gigantic corporation. It seemed that in all his enterprises he met with success. While Ottawa still remained his residence, where he occupied a handsome mansion surrounded by beautiful lanes and gardens with a large park adjoining on the hills, he also built himself a handsome residence on one of the Lake avenues of Chicago. While very plain in his dress and unpretending in his domestic habits, his wealth enabled him to furnish his residence richly and tastefully. At Ottawa he kept for many years a splendid deer and elk park in which he took great pride. He was fond of out-of-door life, a great hunter and fisherman, and a most untiring traveler. He visited Europe several times with Mrs. Caton, and went into Norway and to the North Cape. To the Pacific States he went many times and visited the Sandwich Islands. I believe he also took a trip to Cuba and other islands of the Antilles. Some of his travels he has described in a very pleasant book, showing him to be a very close observer. He also published a book on the American elk and deer. From all these excursions he brought home fine collections of prints, photographs and many remarkable curiosities. By the burning of his residence at Ottawa a few years ago he met with the loss of a splendid library and other things of great value. His intercourse with the world had made him quite a different man from what he was when I first knew him in 1842; but his natural gentleness and frank and open disposition remained unaltered. Sophie and I enjoyed our several visits to Ottawa very much, and a few years ago when he labored under a severe affliction, having nearly lost his eyesight, we still found him in Chicago the same old open-hearted friend as when we first met him. In politics he was an uncompromising Democrat, and while he was a strong Union man, he never joined the Republican party. I can say that I count him as one of my most devoted friends.

EUROPEAN CONDITIONS IN 1847

If the year of which I have just spoken was eventful in our country, it was no less so in Europe. In Switzerland seven of the cantons, under the influence of the Jesuits and the Ultramontane party, had nullified some reformatory measures of the general government, — the Bund, — and relying on the moral and probably material aid of Austria and Prussia, had seceded from the Bund, collecting troops to defend themselves against what they called the encroachment of the Bund. But the general government promptly called a large force of its well-organized militia into the field under an able commander, General Dufour, and before Austria and Prussia could interfere, after a few fights, put down the revolt, whereupon the reforming of the old Constitution was at once agitated.

The accession of Pio Nono to the Papal throne set all Italy on fire. Pio Nono undoubtedly had liberal and patriotic instincts when he was placed in his seat. He at once introduced measures reforming some of the most trying abuses. The yearning for unity, so long abiding in the minds of the Italians, and still more their ardent desire to expel Austria and its vassals from Lombardy, Venice, Parma, and Modena, the finest regions of Italy, were greatly enhanced by this new papal régime. Some of the leading patriots dreamed of a confederation of all the Italian States under the presidency of Pio Nono; others, more practical, looked to the well-ruled and practical Kingdom of Sardinia for the redress of their grievances. Everywhere meetings were held, and demonstrations made in favor of Pio Nono. In the Austrian Dukedoms, and in Milan and Venice, collisions took place between the people and the Austrian police and troops. Austria, of course, by the most rigid measures, suppressed them, or tried to do so. Sardinia was arming, and from the Alps to the Gulf of Naples, Italy was in a state of great commotion.

In France the opposition gathered strength constantly. Ministers and other higher officials had been found guilty of corruption, selling for large sums liberal concessions to railroads and other corporations. The government had most scandalously interfered in the elections. But it was the cry for reform, almost universal, which widened the breach between the Liberals and the Guizot Ministry. The principal demand was for the enlargement of the franchise. A few hundred thousand high tax-payers were alone entitled to vote for representatives to the Chambers. Reform clubs were formed in Paris and all over France. Large meetings were held, but Guizot in his obstinacy would not even promise reform. The unpopularity of the King and his government increased from day to day, and it was evident that unless a change in the ministry took place a revolution would be the result.

Great Britain was not exempt from political disturbances. The Chartist party, an association of workingmen, which had existed and shown itself formidable for many years, claiming the enlargement of the elective franchise, the ballot system, annual Parliaments and other reforms, renewed their agitation, held large and tumultuous meetings, and had circulated petitions to the Parliament, which were, it was asserted, signed by millions.

A succession of bad crops in Ireland, causing a real famine, revived the agrarian agitation there to a dangerous extent, while, at the same time, the repeal of the union with England by a revolution was the object of a new party, Young Ireland.

Austria being threatened by a revolutionary outbreak in Italy, encountered strong opposition in Hungary, which country complained of violations of its constitution and of the Metternich government in general.

The vacillation and inconsistent course of the fantastic King of Prussia had at last excited great dissatisfaction even amongst many heretofore conservative men. The liberal

measures which proceeded from him in the first few years of his reign were soon followed by decrees betraying a most absolutistic tendency. The promise made by his father to establish a representative government he declared openly as not binding on him. The provincial estates he held to be a sufficient representation of the people. "No constitution on paper," he proclaimed, "should interpose itself between heaven and his loyal country." But the people were not willing to take mere shadows for substance. Petitions for a constitution came even from the provincial estates, also from many municipal corporations. A flood of well-written pamphlets criticised the various reactionary measures. Public meetings were held and the German press in the States where it was measurably free teemed with articles severely censuring the system of the Prussian government, and, what was still more dangerous to the King, ridiculing and caricaturing his person and his quixotic notions in politics as well as in religion. The King, irritated, answered these attacks by vigorous measures against the press, and by prosecutions against university professors, publicists and poets, increasing thereby his unpopularity. At last he called all the provincial estates to Berlin, insisting that these old-fashioned and futile bodies, which had only the privilege of expressing wishes, without having the power to vote, unless sanctioned by the government, were, when united, tantamount to a Parliament elected by the people. But even in this united assembly he met with such opposition to his plans that he finally, June, 1847, dissolved it with an address showing his dissatisfaction with their proceedings. The speeches made by some of the most distinguished German public men, including even members of the nobility, laying bare the shortcomings of the government and condemning without mercy the whole prevailing absolutist system, had an immense influence all over Germany and left the King and his ministry in a tottering condition.

In the constitutional States of Germany Liberal members of the legislatures did not fail to call loudly for reforms, for

a greater liberty of the press, for annulling the influence of the governments in elections, and for better and more equal systems of taxations. Their greatest efforts, however, were directed to a thorough reformation of the German Bund and to a popular representation of the whole German people at the Diet at Frankfort. Above all other States Baden was preëminent in having distinguished and very eloquent speakers in the legislature, such as Von Rotteck, Welcker, Von Itzstein, Hecker and Sander. The debates in that chamber upon the reform of the Bund were very able, and, being published all over Germany, created the most intense interest. It did not require the eye of a prophet to foresee that Europe was on the eve of a great upheaval.

As early as the fifteenth of April, Charles wrote me from Frankfort:

"The address of the King on the opening of the united provincial estates, — of this romantic, pietistic fanatic, — is worth gold; and thinking men all agree that he cannot go on that way any longer. Oppression of all intellectual aspirations and the prevailing material misery are dangerous elements, and they have reached the utmost limit."

In December, he wrote:

"Prussia has made itself utterly contemptible before the whole of Europe, particularly its conduct in the Swiss trouble, which the Swiss Bund has put down so quickly and so gloriously. Prussia, with its prevailing Jesuitical maxims, and with its romantic mediaeval clown and drunkard at its head, rushes into its near perdition."

This outline of the condition of Europe just before the dawn of the ever memorable year 1848, which in more than one respect affected me personally, will make many notices I will take of the interesting period more easily understood.

CHAPTER XXI

The Revolutions of 1848

"Das Volk steht auf,
Der Sturm bricht los."

Some time in March, 1848, — there being then no Atlantic cable, which was first laid in 1858, but failed and was not replaced until 1866, — a dispatch was received one morning in Belleville, saying that Louis Philippe had been dethroned and had fled towards the coast, that a provisional government, with Lamartine at the head, had been formed, and that the Republic had been proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville, in Paris. A modern reporter would have written: "Belleville was wild with excitement." Of course, those who took a deep interest in European affairs, all the exiles and their friends and relatives, were excited by this news, and the Americans generally, though not caring much about the particulars, felt proud and elated that a great nation should have adopted a Republican form of government like their own.

But when we learned, a few weeks afterwards, of the rapid spreading of the revolutionary movement all over Germany, of the moral breakdown of all the kingly and princely governments, of the convening of nearly five hundred Liberals, of whom the greatest part were or had been members of the legislatures of the different States, of the downfall of the illiberal ministries in all States, except Austria and Prussia, of the recall of the members of the Diet (Bundestag) and of the replacing and reinforcing of them by the most distinguished Liberals, of the calling together of a German Con-

stituent Parliament by the Diet on the request of the Frankfort Convention, of the granting of freedom of the press and trial by jury, of the forming of National Guards, of representation in Parliament, of the responsibility of ministers, and of the promises of other reforms, — I must say, that my heart swelled with joy at the intelligence. The ideal of my youth for which I had sacrificed all, seemed in process of realization. "O! If mother could only have lived to see all this," were almost the first words I spoke to Sophie.

And when, a week or so afterwards, the startling news came that Vienna had risen; that after a few collisions between students and workingmen and soldiers, the Emperor had accepted the petition for all necessary reforms; that Metternich, master spirit of the Reaction, to save his life, had to take flight in disguise; that a popular ministry had been appointed, and that, this news reaching Berlin, the absolutist King, having at first in his usual way tried to suppress a popular rising by high-sounding phrases of double meaning, had finally after a bloody battle in the streets of Berlin, yielded everything, had called in a Liberal ministry, had humiliated himself before the people, had ridden through the principal streets of Berlin with a black, red and gold scarf round his breast and behind him a banner of the German colors, had ordered the troops out of Berlin and declared that he would place himself at the head of Germany; that Prince William, the future Emperor, who was supposed to have advised against the withdrawal of the troops, had to save himself from the popular furor by a flight to England; I must confess my enthusiasm felt no bounds.

It is all a dream, I often thought. What a magical, instantaneous transformation of scene! A King, who only a few months ago had openly declared that his crown was from God, who had supplicated vengeance on him who would touch it, who had said that between heaven and his people no written document should come, had now to descend with his Queen from his palace and look upon the corpses of those who had

fallen on the barricades, the Queen in mourning and swooning at the appalling sight! And Metternich who had swayed, or at least supposed he had swayed, the European continent, fleeing so rapidly that he even left his wife to make her escape alone as best she could, traveling in utmost haste without even an attendant, had sought shelter in England, the only spot where he thought himself safe in Europe!

The diary of his beautiful, accomplished and noble wife, Melanie Zichy-Ferraris, published with Metternich's Memoirs, cannot be read without some emotion, even by a Republican and by one who felt no pity for the Austrian Chancellor.

Melanie was the Queen of Austria in Vienna. No crowned head ever went to that capital without first paying his respects to that lady, often before the imperial family were called on. The Czar of Russia, the King and the Princes of Prussia and all the minor princes paid her the homage which her beauty, her sweet temper, her grace and her many accomplishments entitled her to. And yet it appears from her diary that the moment her husband had abdicated, she saw herself abandoned. Nobody seemed to have known her. A few domestics alone remained faithful. Poorly clad and without any baggage, she drove in a cab to the Northern Railroad station. She does not whine, she does not moralize. A few words, however, from the depth of her heart, give us a very vivid picture of the situation.

One thing may be said for Metternich. Vain and self-glorifying as he appears in his Memoirs, tedious and commonplace as he appears in his dispatches, and his reports full of damnable reiteration, his family letters show him to have had not only a most tender heart for wife and children but also a refined taste for the beauties of nature and art.

THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT OF 1848

Before the regular Parliament met, May 18, 1848, the party of the Preliminary Convention, as it was called, which wanted its government to remain in force until the meeting

of the main Parliament, with an executive and a Parliamentary army, of which Frederick Hecker was to be the leader, having been out-voted and disappointed, organized in Baden a Republican rising. Under the circumstances, and considering the prevailing weakness of the German governments, it would have been best perhaps to have taken time by the forelock and to have kept the power in the hands of the Preliminary Convention, or Vorparlament. But failing in that, and after giving time to the governments to recover from their first fright, and to come to an understanding amongst themselves, a revolution under the banner of a republic, a name still to the mass of the people an object of terror, was a most unfortunate step, and might be considered as one of the first causes of the failure of obtaining for Germany that union and liberty so long the goal of all its intelligent and patriotic citizens. The reactionary party could have wished for nothing better than this Republican rising, for by it hundreds of thousands of moderate Liberals were thrown into its ranks. Still, this movement must not be hastily and too severely judged. "The times were out of joint." The spirit of liberty grew like a hurricane through the world. Enthusiasts like Hecker and Struve might well suppose that it was only necessary to set the ball a-rolling, and that in its course it would turn over all thrones and make room for a republic.

While in the United States the striking for a republic was almost universally hailed with great approbation, even in Germany many who condemned it were yet fascinated by the personality of Hecker. His integrity, his willingness to sacrifice his all, his audacity, his fiery eloquence, his amiable social qualities, gave him an immense popularity, which hardly decreased even after his free corps under the lead of Sigel, who had been an officer in the Baden army, had been quickly defeated, and he himself had become an exile in Switzerland. His fine, manly appearance, his open and youthful countenance, showing energy and executive power, his large blue eyes

and long golden hair, did very much to make him a popular, I might say, a legendary hero.

I deeply sympathized with my antagonist of the Heidelberg dueling ground, who, it will be remembered, had sent me greetings through brother Charles in 1846. Ever since I had left Germany I had, of course, always felt a fervent wish to see my family again; but owing to the condition of the country in a political and even a social point of view, I cannot say that before this I had felt homesick. But now an amnesty to all political prisoners and exiles having been amongst the first concessions made by all the German governments, so that there was nothing to prevent me from returning, I felt something like the pangs of *Heimweh.*

There was my old city of Frankfort, the national tricolored flag waving from the towers of the German Bund, of which under the same flag we had intended to possess ourselves on the night of the third of April, now made the seat of the first Parliament, in which nearly six hundred people formed an assemblage that embodied more science and scholarship than any similar one either before or after in any country, and in which sat many of the noblest, most distinguished and most eloquent men of Germany. If there had been a greater proportion of practical and experienced statesmen among them, perhaps success and not failure might have been the result.

Many of my old fellow-students and friends who had returned from their exile in England, France and Switzerland, were in the Parliament or in the renovated Bundestag, amongst them being my ever true and faithful friend from Jena and Heidelberg, Henry Rueder, Hude, another warm friend from Jena and Heidelberg, Titus from Wuerzburg, and several others. Jordan, Von Klosen, Schueler, with all of whom I had come into close contact before the third of April, were in the Parliament. Jucho, one of my earliest friends in Frankfort, was a member and first secretary of the Parliament. My young favorite in Heidelberg, Max Von

Biegeleben, was a secretary in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Savoye, Minister from France to the Parliament, and Venedey, who protected me in Strassburg, also had a seat.

PLANS OF RETURNING TO GERMANY

The desire to be a personal witness of what seemed to be the regeneration of Germany became almost irresistible. But then, what could I do if there? As a citizen of the United States, I could act only as a private person; as such I might perhaps have exercised some little influence. Pauline had written me early in March that the Frankfort government had not only granted a full amnesty to all political refugees, but had reinstated them in all their political and civil rights. But anticipating that I might wish to return, and though she considered that this would be the greatest joy reserved to her in her life, clear-headed as she was, she begged me not to come, though at that time everything had the most roseate view and princes and people seemed alike enthusiastic for the erection of a free and united Germany.

My letters expressing my strong desire to come back, which I had written about the same time I received her letter, were answered in May by Charles and Pauline in a way which did great credit to their insight and foresight, considering that the German people at that time were in their political honeymoon. Charles wrote:

"I might, in letters of fire, warn you not to come. Don't leave your free sphere of action, and be glad that you can see our political condition from a bird's-eye view, and that you are not condemned to live in it. In four weeks you would be an exile again. The revolution has halted half way, and instead of deposing all princes as they deserve and as they themselves expected, they have already shown a reactionary disposition. Hecker's insensate attempt has given them a pretext for suppressing revolutionary movements, and the elections for Parliament have resulted in Bavaria, Prussia, Tyrol, in great part, badly, and we are richly blessed with priests and government officers."

And Pauline:

"Oh, dear Gustav, don't give way to homesickness! Noble-hearted men and women there are but few. The mass of the people are rude and ignorant, and the majority of the intelligent are cowardly. We are morally dead. The men have died of egotism and pleasure-seeking, and the women of dress and vanity or of house-keeping cares. Enthusiasm turns into curiosity — and curiosity into anxiety for the loss of one's silver plate. To most of our Frankfort people a Republican is one who steals the linen from the clothes-line and every man poorly dressed is to them *canaille*. You have spoken of the "Ark of Liberty," which you Americans might be able to teach. When men can be elected to Parliament like ——— and ———, commonplace people, there is no place for you; there your Ark of Liberty is a pearl which had better remain in its shell than be wasted."

Before, however, I had received these letters — it took from four to six weeks to get letters — I had hit upon another plan. I was aware that I could not be of any particular use at that time. But to be near the great theatre of action in Europe was still my anxious wish. I thought that if I could obtain a diplomatic position, I might in the first place be able to give interesting information to our government, and in the second watch an opportunity of entering into the political strife. I wrote to that effect to Senator Breese, who at once saw the President. There was a sort of a vacancy. Our Minister to Belgium had come to the United States on leave of absence and was about to resign, but had not quite made up his mind. I would have to wait an indefinite time. I had suggested to be made secretary of legation to the Minister who would be sent to Frankfort. But Donelson, the Minister to Berlin, had been charged to take that mission, and he needed no additional secretary. While matters were thus pending in uncertainty, Judge Breese wrote me that the only vacant place of an official character was the Consulate at Hamburg, which he thought was a very important station; and, before I had time to consider the matter, my name was sent to the Senate and the appointment confirmed.

The news reached me while I was holding court in Vandalia, some time in May. Usually I resolve quickly, but though I thought the office too insignificant, my longing to be in Europe just now made me hesitate. Besides, Sophie's wishes and judgment had to be consulted. So I did not accept nor decline for some time.

I wrote home, however, that there was a strong probability of my coming. As things went on, however, and receiving such information as the letters from my family and from other friends conveyed, and studying very closely the proceedings of the Parliament, which, with numerous addresses, pamphlets and newspapers, were sent to me very regularly by my brother, I became convinced that the cause of German liberty and unity was doomed, that too many faults had already been committed, that instead of witnessing the victory of the Liberal cause, I should see the sad spectacle of a catastrophe. So some time in the latter part of June I declined, and my declination, although it destroyed the hope of a meeting with brother and sister, of which they would have been so glad, was fully approved by them, things having grown worse from day to day.

These various revolutions in Europe attracted the greatest interest and attention here. Public meetings crowded upon one another expressing sympathy with the Liberal movements in France, Germany, Hungary, Ireland, and Schleswig-Holstein. Owing to the large German-American population the greatest interest centered upon Germany. The German press drew its information from papers published in Germany and from German correspondents. But the American press necessarily used the English journals as their sources of information. From the very start English statesmen as well as the English press, particularly the "Times," fearing a rivalship in commerce and in power from a strong and united Germany, looked upon the reformation with distrust and with an unfriendly eye. In the question of Schleswig-Holstein, which claimed its independence from Denmark, the English

government was openly hostile to Germany. Hence all reports of German affairs, of whatever character, were highly colored. As I was a careful reader of Continental papers, French and German, was in possession of many documents and was kept well posted by private correspondence, I believed myself to be somewhat competent to convey correct information and to set aright the innumerable current misrepresentations of the English press. I therefore went to work and published, during the summer and fall, a series of articles on German affairs in the "Missouri Republican," which are amongst my papers, and which, I understood, contributed, within the sphere of this publication, very much to a better understanding of the weighty events during that period.

THE NEW ILLINOIS CONSTITUTION

A good deal of my time I also devoted to a commentary on the new Constitution, which had been submitted by the Constituent Convention of 1847, of which William C. Kinney and George Bunsen of St. Clair County had been members, to the people for their approbation. The popular vote was to be taken on the 6th of March, 1848. I was opposed to it for various reasons. It was three times as long as the old one, contained many articles which were purely of a legislative nature, fixed at the lowest possible sum the salaries of all officers for all time at a period when everything, owing to the recent financial crash, had fallen to the lowest point, made not only the judges, but all State officers elective by the people, and, what was worst of all, changed the State elections from August to November, so that they came on the same day as the Presidential election, in consequence of which the interest of the State in having good officers was swallowed up by and made dependent upon the Presidential question, to the great detriment of the welfare of the State, as the issue has sufficiently proved.

Ex-Governor Ford, Senators Breese and Semple, nearly all our members of Congress, and, in fact, very many intelli-

gent statesmen opposed it. But it was adopted, as it received almost the entire Whig vote on account of the elective franchise being taken away from all persons not citizens of the United States, which class had almost unanimously voted the Democratic ticket, and as it received also a good many votes from Democrats who were captivated by some articles of it which were plausible improvements, though they turned out to be delusive, or who were hunting for the offices which, by the adoption of the new Constitution, had all to be refilled. It happened, however, as it does frequently in debating societies, that the question was decided against the opponents of the Constitution, while their arguments would have received the approbation of an enlightened tribunal.

I published a series of articles on the subject in the "Springfield Register," which were copied in many papers. In the Belleville papers I carried on a kind of guerilla warfare with some small fry — such as William H. Underwood, a candidate for the new Circuit Judgeship created by the Constitution.

Under the new Constitution, the salary of the Supreme Judge was reduced to the pitiful sum of $1,200.00. Of course I at once declared that I would not become a candidate. My practice before I had been Supreme Judge had been worth double that amount, and I was certain that at the bar I would soon earn three or four-fold the judge's salary.

On my return home from the circuit I at once went to work to carry out our plan conceived as early as 1836, when I bought the land then adjoining the city limits on the southeast. I made a plan of building myself a house. But it was late in the fall before I made the contract, and the house was not finished until the spring of 1849.

How correctly I and my family had judged German affairs, the events in the fall of 1848 showed. The Parliament fell into a hopeless state of confusion. In Berlin the Constituent Assembly was adjourned, Berlin was declared in a state of siege, and the King published a constitution of his

own free will and according to his own notions, yet one which under the circumstances was better than none at all. In Austria, Vienna, after three days' bloody fighting, was taken by Windischgraetz, the leaders of the Liberal party fled for their lives, and those who were not so fortunate were shot, after being sentenced by a court-martial. Even Robert Blum and Julius Froebel, members of the German Parliament, who happened to be in Vienna, were condemned to death, and Blum executed while Froebel was pardoned. The Austrian Constituent Assembly was first removed from Vienna, then dissolved, and the Emperor published a constitution for all Austrian states, which at once put an end to German unity as far as German Austria was concerned.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1848

In the United States the election turned against the Democrats. General Cass, the Democratic candidate, was beaten by General Taylor, the Whig candidate, owing in part to a split in the Democratic party.

In anticipation of a treaty with Mexico, by which Mexican territory might be acquired, President Polk had in 1846 asked Congress to appropriate two millions of dollars. When a bill to that effect came before the house, David Wilmot of Pennsylvania, moved a proviso to the bill, that in any territory so acquired slavery should never exist. Now in fact the proviso was unnecessary, and it was so urged because slavery had been abolished years before by the Mexican government and did not exist, so that any Mexican territory acquired by us was free, and no one at the time pretended that Congress then had the right to introduce slavery into any State or Territory. The appropriation with the proviso was passed by a large majority in the House, and would have been passed in the Senate, but failed there for want of time. When, after the peace of 1848, an appropriation was passed for paying Mexico certain sums for the large Mexican territory ceded to us (New Mexico, California, Arizona), and

the Wilmot Proviso was moved, it met with decided resistance on the part of the Southern and some Northern Democrats, and a new party was formed in the North called the Free Soil party, consisting of Northern Whigs and a good many Northern Democrats, and of the Abolitionists, who at Buffalo nominated Van Buren, a Free Soil candidate, for President and Charles Francis Adams for Vice-President. The Free Soilers carried New York and thereby defeated Cass.

If I had received any diplomatic or even consular position in Germany it would have been short-lived, as the Whigs of course removed at once all Democratic officers when they got into power, March, 1849.

CHAPTER XXII

The Years 1849-50

General Shields returned to Belleville late in the fall. He was enthusiastically received. He had concluded to become a candidate for the United States Senate to be elected by the next Legislature in January, 1849. Breese was also a candidate for reëlection. Both of course expected my support. Being still on the bench, my term not expiring before the end of the year, I had a good excuse to abstain from any public demonstration for either. I was of course for Shields on personal grounds; but Breese had shown such unvariable, I might say, effusive friendship for me, had interested himself so much for me but lately in my endeavor to obtain a diplomatic position, that it was very hard for me to take a decided stand against him. He was very able, had distinguished himself in the Senate, and I thought he was really better qualified for the place than Shields, were it only for the great dignity which he in every station showed to a most remarkable extent. But I confined myself to a benevolent neutrality. It is amusing to read the letters I received from these gentlemen during their canvass for the office. Each one tried to persuade me that his opponent was eminently selfish and would not show any gratitude for his supporters after success.

Now I have never doubted that high ambition is hardly ever found disconnected from a good deal of egotism. But Breese was really very selfish. A little incident, happening, however, a few years later, may serve as an illustration. Breese and I had been at Springfield on some occasion. There was no railroad to St. Louis, and the usual way to get down

there was by taking the cars from Springfield to Naples on what was then called the Northern Cross Railroad and then catching a boat going from Peoria to St. Louis. When we got to Naples the regular packet had just gone by Naples, and we had to wait for some time for a stray boat. In a couple of hours a little stern-wheeler made its appearance and we got on board, took a state-room together, played a game of euchre and then retired. Breese being the older man and very heavy, weighing about two hundred pounds, I of course offered him the lower berth; but he very politely declined and insisted upon my taking it. In the morning at breakfast he said: "Koerner, do you know why I took the upper berth?" "No. I don't," I replied. "This old boat, you know," said he, "is a miserable shaky concern, and in case the upper berth had broken down, you would have fallen on me." Both of us laughed and that was the end of it.

I held my last court in Montgomery County. In all the counties, meetings were held by the bar and complimentary resolutions passed, expressing their regret at my leaving the bench. I had to make speeches in return. Of course, much of this is only conventional; but it does not always happen, and on this circuit it was a novelty, very gratifying to me.

HECKER

In October, Hecker had arrived in New York and received a very flattering public ovation. His having fought for a Republican government made him of course very popular here. A similar ovation, I believe, was extended to him in Cincinnati. His arrival was expected daily in St. Louis.

Returning late in the evening from Hillsborough, Sophie told me that a gentleman had called to see me and that she had told him that I would certainly be back, but probably not before eight or nine o'clock. I had hardly been in the room a few minutes when there was a knock at the door, and Hecker entered, embraced and kissed me, and addressed me with "Thou" as an old friend. My wife and children were delighted; for in spite of his ill-timed rising, he was still a

sort of an idol with the liberal-minded. We soon entered into a lively conversation, and his extraordinary conversational powers, his wit and humor, intermixed with pathos, his handsome presence were apt to fascinate any person. He stayed until late in the night. Belleville he had made his headquarters. He had an engagement the next week in St. Louis, to make a public speech.

With him came his brother-in-law, Frederick Tiedemann, son of the distinguished Professor Tiedemann, at Heidelberg, who was compromised in the revolution, and Julius Schoeninger, from Wuertemberg, who had been Hecker's adjutant. They took lodgings at George Neuhoff's hotel. Hecker at once concluded to take a farm, if possible in the neighborhood of Belleville. At his request, his friends and I visited with him several farms which I knew were for sale. We went as far down as the northern part of Monroe County. Some seemed to please him, but no definite decision was formed. Dr. Roman, who was agent for a large farm, some three miles southeast of Lebanon, invited Mr. Hecker to look at it. I went along. The farm contained some three hundred acres, part of it very rich prairie and part timber. There was a large brick dwelling-house upon it, but the place belonged to several heirs who did not live there, was in a rather neglected condition and the house very much dilapidated. The price, however, was reasonably low, and after several inspections by Hecker and his friends, he, after some months, bought the farm, enlarged it, and lived on it to the end of his life.

After he had addressed the people in St. Louis, the Belleville citizens prepared an ovation for him. The mayor of the town welcomed him in a flattering speech, and Hecker replied at some length. There was a large and enthusiastic audience present at the court house. But, to tell the truth, there was some disappointment. The expectation of the hearers had been raised to the highest pitch, owing to the great reputation Hecker was known to have had in Germany. The American press, as is usual on such occasions, had also spoken

in the most fulsome terms of the speeches made by him since his arrival here. Of course, he enunciated noble thoughts, and gave a most vivid description of the oppressions under which the people had suffered, of the almost magical and instantaneous rising of the people in March, and of their success in obtaining long wished-for reforms. Then he showed that the people had been too generous, that they relied on the sincerity of the promises made by the princes, had given them time to get over their fears, and that the latter conspired together to undo what had been extorted from them; that recent events at Bern and Vienna had made the unity and liberty of Germany almost impossible; that unless the people would rise again and obtain it by a revolution more radical and far more sanguinary than the one of March, the cause of liberty was lost. He appealed to the people of the United States to lend all their sympathy and moral influence to the cause of the German Liberals; saying, that a union of the separate States under one head, while they were still under their sovereign Kings and Princes, was an absurdity, and that a federal government could be built up only of Republican states, after the model of the United States and Switzerland.

While the substance of his address was calculated to rivet the attention of the people and prove him to be a man of superior mind, the delivery of it spoiled a great deal of its effect. Hecker was not master of his emotions, which a good orator ought always to be; he became passionate, losing thereby sometimes the thread of his argument; while there was a halt now and then, owing to his being deeply affected by his own words. His strong South-German accent, while it gave a certain raciness to his conversation, deprived his oration somewhat of dignity. Our people here had been accustomed to listen at the tribune and at the bar to very fluent speakers, fluent often because the matter of their speeches was not very weighty, and to orators who always retained their self-possession.

There was every element of a great orator in Hecker; profound and comprehensive knowledge of jurisprudence and of history, a strong imagination, which supplied him with apt and pointed illustrations and comparisons, a ready wit, and, what is best, an always honest purpose. He was a man of genius. What he lacked was control over his feelings. He was rather a slave of his emotions, not their master. An acute lawyer and in his own private affairs prudent and practical, his judgment on public matters was often at fault. What he ardently wished, he saw in his imagination really existing. When, for instance, old Mr. Hilgard, Hecker and I, in Hecker's room at Neuhoff's Hotel, some time in November, speculated on the election of President then impending in France, Mr. Hilgard was quite certain that Lamartine, the noble, the eloquent, the enthusiastic and yet moderate statesman would succeed. Hecker correctly enough thought Mr. Hilgard very much mistaken. "No!" said he, "Cavaignac will be the man. He is *l'épée de la France,* and the army will be all for him. What do you think about it?" asked Hecker, addressing me. "Why! Louis Napoleon will be the man," I answered. Both ridiculed me, Hecker saying that Louis Napoleon was a moon-calf, an idle dreamer. In a few days we learned that Louis Napoleon had got five and a half millions of votes, Cavaignac one and one-half, and Lamartine about one hundred thousand.

THE REVOLUTION IN BADEN

In March, 1849, the new Constitution for Germany had been adopted and the King of Prussia had been elected German Emperor, but he declined and gave the people to understand that he could receive the crown only from the sovereign Princes of Germany and with great modifications of the Constitution. This was the commencement of the end. The Prussian Legislature had voted in favor of the Constitution, and twenty-eight of the German Princes had accepted it as binding upon them. But the Kings of Prussia, of Saxony, Bavaria

and Hanover stood aloof. The King of Wuertemberg was forced to accept it. A perfect chaos was the consequence.

When it was known that Prussia would not take the lead and that it had declared the Constitution as not binding, and Austria, Bavaria and Hanover took the same course, the people rose against their governments, and first in Dresden. The King and his ministers fled. The Constitutionalists were masters of the city; but Prussia sent two regiments of the guard to retake Dresden, which they did after two days' severe fighting on the barricades. Then Rhein-Hesse and Rhenish Bavaria declared for the Constitution, and also Baden. Nearly the whole Baden army joined the revolutionists, as they were called; though it was really the Kings and Princes who were the rebels. But an army-corps of Prussians entered Rhenish Bavaria and subdued the volunteers under Willich and Blenker. Troops of Hesse-Nassau and Mecklenburg entered Baden, but were at first beaten back by the people's troops under Sigel. But the main force of the Liberal army, after gaining at first some advantages under Mieroslawski, were beaten at Waghaeusel in a sanguinary battle by the Prussians under Prince William, the future Emperor of Germany. Near Rastatt several fights took place, Mersy commanding a division. But finally Rastatt had to be surrendered, July 21st. Mieroslawski, Sigel, and Mersy, who were outside of the city, made good their retreat into Switzerland; Lorenz Bretano, who was a member of the provisional government of Baden, and Tiedemann, a brother of our Fred Tiedemann, commandant of Rastatt, were court-martialled and shot, as were many of the leaders of the rising. Carl Schurz, who was in Rastatt, was confined in the casemates of the fortress, but made an almost miraculous escape. Godfrey Kinkel, professor at Bonn, had been taken prisoner before in a skirmish with the Prussians.

Before these later events happened, it was clear to most intelligent men, except to the professors and doctrinaires of the German Parliament, that there soon must be a conflict

between the people they represented and the Kings and Princes. The breaking up of the Constituent Assembly as early as November, the banishing of the Austrian Constitutional Convention from Vienna to Moravia, the repeated declarations of the King of Prussia against the authority of the Frankfort Parliament, the reactionary measures against the press and the right of meeting in public, left no doubt that all rights so readily obtained in March would be lost again unless the people could be roused to new efforts to maintain what they had conquered. The idea of forming a confederacy of thirty States, the Princes of which were claiming to rule by the grace of God under one of the Kings as presiding executive, had, at the start, seemed to be chimerical to most people who were able to reason coolly. The only remedy was to establish a Republic, either one and indivisible, or a confederated one, modelled after the American or Swiss Union.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY WITH THE EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONISTS

Late in 1848 and at the commencement of 1849 the German press in the United States took the alarm. Wherever there were large German populations, mass-meetings were held, resolutions passed and addresses to the German people published, to be sent to the Liberal members of Parliament, assuring them of the sympathy of the American people and exhorting them to strike for a Republican government. A large and very enthusiastic meeting had taken place about Christmas in St. Louis, and a very eloquent address, written I believe, by William Palm, was adopted.

St. Clair County, with its large German population, could not lag behind. On the 6th of January, 1849, quite a large meeting was held at Belleville. Doctor Albert Trapp presided, with some vice-presidents; A. Dony and Dr. A. W. Vincenz acting as secretaries. Speeches were made, resolutions passed, and a committee of seventeen appointed, charged with drafting an address expressing the sentiments of the meeting. The committee selected me to prepare the address, and approved

it. It was published in the local papers, and several hundred copies were sent to Frankfort to be placed in the hands of Karl Vogt, the celebrated naturalist, a member of the Parliament.

As a sign of the times, or "un document humain," as the present realistic school of history and literature would say, a translation of the address may find its place here, to be judged by the stirring events then enacting, when "the times were out of joint," and nothing hardly was deemed too visionary.

"To the German People:

"Thousands of miles separate us from Germany; years have passed since we bade our native soil the last fond adieu; but neither distance nor time have weakened the love we bear to the land of our youth. It is owing to this unfading attachment to Germany and to you, Germans, that we millions of citizens of the United States of German descent take such a deep interest in the weal or woe of your country. But this interest does not merely consist in watching attentively the events in the mother country and discussing them with sympathy. We are also impelled to take part in the work of the popular rising which you and other people have so stoutly undertaken a short time ago.

"The governments have often misused their people to put down liberal aspirations and to strengthen the chains of other nations. The time will come when a free people will not suffer another one striving for liberty to be crushed; but the time has not arrived yet. The citizens of one country can as yet only act as individuals, if they want to come to the relief of their brethren of another in their conflict with tyrants. The Brotherhood of Princes exists, and has existed for a long time. The Brotherhood of Nations is still a matter of the future.

"We address you, therefore, as individuals; we act as individuals; but consider that there are several millions of such individuals here and that our American fellow-citizens almost unanimously think as we do. A free people of twenty millions has rejoiced at your rising in March last; a free people of twenty millions looks upon you with anxious expectation, whether you will be equal to the task which you have so courageously undertaken, whether you are in earnest to

enter the ranks of free and great nations, or whether a quickly evaporated enthusiasm or a vain impulse of imitation was the mother of your vernal deeds.

"There may be amongst you some who will say: 'How can you assume, so long separated from us, dwelling in the Far West on the banks of the Mississippi, to give us advice? You do not know our circumstances, you do not know what is possible for us and what is not.' Our answer is: We do know German affairs, for they have driven us hitherwards. We know what is possible; for we see accomplished here what we wish for you. We are no better than you are, but our laws and our institutions are better than yours.

"Neither have we expected to see at once abolished upon the first moment and upon every spot of the German soil the idolatry of kingly rule. We have expected that by the use of a free press, guarded by a general citizens' armament — for without such arming we know well that the oaths of princes would not secure the reforms you have conquered — would make the people come to a common understanding within a few months. We had expected that you would enlarge your rights constantly and that you would gain the conviction and realize it, that only a republic is a form of government worthy of an intelligent people.

"In this expectation we have been in great part disappointed. Many of the former leaders of the people have betrayed the popular cause. The natural desire for unity for which we are ourselves inspired, and doubly inspired, for we have learned abroad what it means to belong to a people which by being split up has lost its importance in the World's History, has been used by a reckless diplomacy, which had its seat at London, to the effect that your Parliament has become the tool of your princes guilty of high treason. Your actual liberty has been made the sacrifice of a delusive idea of unity, as though there could be a unity making you a really great and powerful people, leaving in existence thirty-four principalities and recognizing their hereditary right over the people. A central power elected directly or indirectly by the people, unless it is only a shadowy phantom without flesh and blood, annihilates the very first principle of the rights of sovereign rulers, and it is a mere empty dream that those who built their claims on those rights, would immolate themselves of their own free will. Only through liberty comes union such as Germany needs, only upon the ruins of all

thrones can you erect the edifice of German nationality, only a confederate Republic can solve the problem to unite all peoples of German tongue into one powerful common brotherhood.

"We know that hundreds of thousands of you think as we do, and that they are ready to carry out this view.

"The history of the past year has proved that there are bold and death-defying men enough in Germany, that Germany has a youth, full of the spirit of self-sacrifice, as no other nation can show. The exertions that have — alas in vain! — been made would almost, with any other less divided people, have secured popular liberty. We also well know what it is to cross the chasm between words and actions. We know what moral force it requires to risk upon an uncertainty the sweet habits of life with all the charms which family, friends, and society give to it. We would not from a far distance, and being ourselves secure from the power of tyrants, condemn the German people for not having been quite equal to the greatness of the time, — that in its majority it has hesitated to take the decisive leap from the darkness of slavery into the clear light of liberty, and yet we feel prompted to urge this upon you.

"Try! Wake up! and if the sense of human dignity does not impel you, let yourselves be driven by the impulse of indignation, of vengeance!

"In Baden the troops of the Parliament have carried on the war like Croats, and the Croats in Vienna like devils. Yet the most inhuman cruelties of a drunken soldiery are hardly as galling and hateful as the insolent contempt of the rights of a great and powerful people by a drunken King at Berlin. You say, we do not want to have Kings. We have long ago disbelieved in the absurd and blasphemous principle that birth gives to weak men the right to subordinate the will of millions to their own will; we recognize that in a State the majority ought to rule, we want no arbitrary powers in officials, we do not want to take our best force away from peaceful industry and to grant them to princely masters, where they are uselessly wasted, or at best used for the oppression of the citizens. We do not want favorites and mistresses to rule, who suck the sap of the country and poison it by their vices. We do not want to be taxed millions, coined by our sweat and blood, to sustain a lazy set of princes; we want to develop ourselves in every branch without being led and driven by

the nobility and hireling learned bureaucrats. But after a constitutional monarchy, you insist, nothing remains but a republic, and that we fear, for it threatens the property and may lead to anarchy.

"'Anarchy is the spectre,' as was said many years ago by a highly intellectual German, 'by which the governments frighten political children into their beds.' Anarchy cannot exist amongst civilized people even for a short period. It is unnatural; for the instinct of order and social life is as strongly implanted in the human breast as any other. Even at the time of the French Convention there was a period when the government tried to conceal its inner weakness by terrorism. Laws ruled, but those laws sprang from fear and political intolerance and victimized the suspected as well as the guilty. The German nature is a sufficient guarantee against excesses and too great severity. Hangmen like Windischgraetz, Jellachich, Radetzky, were not the products of German soil. But is anarchy the necessary consequence of a republic? Do not believe the falsehoods of mercenary courtiers or the dreamy speculations of your childish book-learned scholars. Look upon Switzerland, and refute them. Look upon our republic embracing half a continent, with twenty millions of people, and refute them! Although we enjoy here the utmost liberty, and everyone, whether capitalist or wage-worker, exercises the right of voting, property is nowhere better regarded, better protected. With the utmost security one travels over the country. To industry, commerce, agriculture, the most unlimited room for development is given. A resistance against our Federal or State governments is a matter unheard of. In the most embittered election-contests, no blood of citizens is spilt. A short time ago three millions of the most opposite political views gave their votes, and of the great political excitement prevailing during the election-combat no trace was left an hour after the electric telegraph announced the result. Business was not suspended, public order not disturbed for a moment; no drums were beat, no bayonets planted. And some of our States are quite populous; we lave large, much crowded cities, containing all the elements of great European cities. Do you believe that we Republicans here are anxious for disorder or even anarchy? Far from it, we submit to the laws of the majority with more composure and more self-denial than the subjects of monarchies.

"We repeat, we do not believe those who calumniate republics in order to sustain the irrationality of kingly governments. Strive without distrust after a republican constitution, which, as is conceded by all far-seeing peoples, is well adapted to the geographical position of Germany and to the quiet and reflective character of the German nation. The foundations of a confederate republic, after the model of the United States, are unmistakably indicated by its past history.

"When the joyful news of last March came across the water many of our American fellow-citizens were heard to say: 'We have doubts as to all countries of Europe for the existence of a true republican government, Germany excepted. The Germans are made to be republicans.' And they know the German character, for they know us who now speak to you. O! listen to our voice, which comes from warm German hearts, — listen for once to our words, which express but feebly the love, the inextinguishable love which we harbor for you in our bosom. And do you think that constitutional monarchy would give you peace, a chance to accumulate property and undisturbed enjoyment of life? Never! Even cold selfish calculation will not find it to its benefit. The fighting republicans may not have a majority in numbers yet, but they are strong through their ideas, their enthusiasm, their spirit of sacrifice. They will fight and fight again, they will stir up elements which do exist, and cannot be overlooked. Your cities' streets will run with the blood of the republicans and the mercenary soldiers. The flames of civil war will rise again, destroying many of your cities and towns. The unity of Germany is lost as long as you tolerate hereditary rulers, traitors to the most sacred rights of humanity.

"And if we in conclusion may indicate means how to win a republic, we freely declare that the best is the sword. But where you are overmatched, where the sentiments of the army are yet too uncertain, begin by using the right of public meetings on the largest scale. Organize patriotic clubs in the cities and in the country. In this way you count yourselves, and after counting you will be encouraged by finding how large your numbers really are, and you will be most likely to act. Refuse to pay taxes, without waiting for your legislatures to make such refusal. Without active resistance you will thereby compel the governments to send large bodies of troops through the country to enforce sales and protect them. But if there is a majority of delinquent taxpayers, the government will not

be able to realize anything from sales. There is the spot where governments are the most vulnerable. Prevent recruiting, let not your young muster themselves in voluntarily, but force the government to send more troops to catch the refractory. If this is done to any great extent, you will hit another fatal spot of tyrannical power. Fraternize with the soldiers, talk to them like brothers, present them their mothers, their sisters, their sweethearts, if they are commanded to attack you, and they will lay down their arms and join your ranks. Your hate and contempt should reach everyone who shows servility to the princes, and you should brand loyalty as disreputable, as a crime to humanity.

"Choose representatives from the people and do not take them from the lecture-rooms or the learned classes, or from the bench of ministers. Make it a sacred principle not to elect anyone who has worn the livery of a prince, or who, as an officer of the government, is dependent upon it. Trust to the youth; for the young are purer and nobler than the aged. As long as we see even a spark of active love for liberty in you, we will work with words and pen for the regeneration of the German people. We will try our best to raise money to be placed in the hands of decided and proved republicans; we will try to maintain for you the sympathy of our fellow-citizens, who have thus far taken the most lively interest in your efforts for reform! And once again — trust to our words — for they come from the heart; do not disregard our opinions, for they are the fruits of experience. Do not repulse coldly those who can have but good and pure motives and who call themselves with pride your brethren as long as you strive and combat for liberty!"

This address, I repeat, was written at a time when political excitement was at its height, and when its language was not stronger than that of many pamphlets, newspaper articles, and speeches read and heard in Germany.

When we learned in May that the people had risen in Saxony, Rhenish Bavaria, Baden and Wuertemberg in defense of the Constitution enacted by the Parliament, collections were made by the Germans all over the United States to assist in arming and equipping the volunteers. In Belleville, principally by the efforts of the ladies, who arranged a bazaar, we raised $470.00, which was sent to Lorenz Brentano, who, when

the money arrived, was at the head of the provisional government, and who with our consent afterwards used the money for the support of the fragments of the Liberal army which had taken refuge in Switzerland after Baden had been conquered by the Prussians.

One of the first acts of the Baden provisional government was to call formally upon Hecker to return. Hecker at once left his farm and started for Germany. Going by way of Chicago he met Adolph Engelmann, who, after having practiced law in St. Clair and in my circuit, had settled in Chicago, and Adolph at once resolved to follow Hecker. But when Hecker arrived some time in July at Southampton, he learned of the discomfiture of the Liberal cause. He went to Strassburg, but of course could do nothing but return. In Havre he waited for his family and brought his charming wife and children back to St. Clair County.

Adolph, however, could go to Germany unmolested. He visited his relatives in Bavaria, Frankfort, Munich and Berlin, and concluded to stay a while at the latter place to hear lectures at the University. But he did not stay long. Prussia had made its peace with Denmark and withdrawn its army in 1850; and the Schleswig-Holstein people, deserted by Prussia and the central government at Frankfort, continued the war. Many Germans from the other states rushed into the ranks of the Schleswig-Holstein army, and amongst these volunteers was Adolph. Even the former president of the German Parliament, Henry Von Gagern, was found amongst the volunteers; he entered the fourth battalion of rifles, a crack corps. But the Schleswig-Holstein army, under General Willisen, was defeated after a most sanguinary battle at Idstedt, July, 1850. The Schleswig-Holstein army had to take the defensive, and no great battles took place after Idstedt. Early in 1851, Austria and Prussia summoned the Schleswig-Holstein government to lay down its arms; and as they refused, an Austrian army entered Holstein, and the government and army were dissolved. Adolph now returned.

While the interest in German affairs declined as the prospects for a favorable result became less hopeful, the great successes which in the spring and summer were obtained by the Hungarians against Austria under the lead of Louis Kossuth and Generals Goergey, Klapka, Bem and Dembinski, created great excitement in the United States. The United States came very near recognizing the independence of Hungary by sending an official agent to the government of that country to report on the propriety of such recognition. Large meetings were held in almost all the cities, expressing their deep sympathy with the Hungarian cause; and Austria, and Russia, which had come to the help of Austria with large armies, were denounced in the most bitter terms. But the loss of the battle of Temesvar and the capitulation of the remnants of the Hungarian army in August, 1849, at Vilagos, together with the decisive victory of the Austrians at Novara over Sardinia, destroyed the last hopes of the Liberals in all parts of Europe. This of course abated the interest which had been so universally and enthusiastically taken in these memorable events in the United States.

SHIELDS ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR

Shields had received early in the year 1849, by a few votes, the nomination in the Democratic caucus for United States Senator over Judge Breese, and was consequently elected by the Legislature to that office. While the contest was going on, it was whispered about that he was not eligible, as he had not been formally naturalized nine years, which was required by the Constitution of the United States. Now Shields, of course, must have been aware of that fact, yet the charge not being openly made and substantiated, he was elected. As it turned out he had obtained his final papers only in June or July, 1840. If he had been prudent and not over ambitious, he could have obviated all difficulty. The Constitution reads: "No person shall be a Senator who is not thirty years of age and has not been nine years a citizen

of the United States." The regular session of Congress to which he had been elected commenced on the first Monday in December, 1849, so that if he had presented himself then, he would have been a citizen for nine years. Congress had adjourned on the fourth of March, 1849; but when a new administration comes in, as was now the case, the President calls a special session of the Senate, lasting but a week or so, to act upon the President's appointments to the Cabinet and other important offices. Now Shields could have very properly stayed at home, since this was merely a short executive session and the interests of his constituents were not at stake. Instead of that he hastened to Washington and presented his certificate, when a Senator, a friend of Breese, who, of course, was very much mortified by his defeat, raised the objection, and presented the record-evidence of his disability. The Senate could not but reject Shields. It was now Shields's turn to be mortified. The Governor called in October a special session of the legislature for the election of a Senator. Breese and Shields were again candidates. Another hot contest took place. Some of the members who had voted for Shields had died or resigned. But, on the other hand, he had gained strength because it was thought that the act of Breese in getting Shields rejected was ungracious. I for one thought so, and, while in the first election I had been quite impartial, I went in strongly for Shields at the Legislature, and he was reëlected by the closest possible vote.

THE CHOLERA OF 1849

Quite early this year the cholera made its appearance in the West India Islands, and in New Orleans and some other cities on the lower Mississippi. While I was at the Chester court early in April, some cases broke out in the neighborhood of Kaskaskia and in St. Louis. Aunt Caroline was taken down with it, and in my absence Sophie had hastened over to nurse her, although the disease was almost universally considered at that time highly contagious. Fortunately the

attack was not a severe one, and when I returned to Belleville, Caroline was already convalescent, and Sophie had come home. In a few days, however, the mortality in St. Louis greatly increased, and at the commencement of May it was assuming alarming proportions. On the fifth of May, a steamboat at the landing got afire. It soon spread to other boats, nearly twenty in number, and the wind coming sharply from the east some houses on the levee also took fire, and in a few hours the buildings for four or five blocks north on the water front, and as many in Market Street, were in a blaze. The business heart of the city was almost entirely destroyed, and the loss amounted to many millions of dollars. It was hoped that this large conflagration and the large volume of smoke might, by purifying the air, stop the cholera-scourge; but although for a few days the mortality had somewhat diminished, it soon rose again frightfully. Of course, intercourse with St. Louis ceased in a measure. As Belleville, however, remained perfectly healthy all through May, we flattered ourselves that we would be spared. But in the first days of June a case occurred one evening. Next morning ten were reported, and they all terminated fatally within a few hours. We had concluded to stay it out, although several families at once left for the country.

It was a mournful time. In going to my office in the morning I found funeral crapes attached to the doors of many houses. Soon we had twenty cases a day, mostly fatal ones, which, considering that Belleville had hardly more than five thousand inhabitants, was a large death rate. But as the town authorities had opened a hospital for the very few poor people of the place, a good many sick were sent in from the country, and transient people also came to it, so that perhaps for Belleville itself the mortality was not so high as in many other places. Business ceased; stores were closed; no one from the country came near the place, and hardly anyone was on the streets. The air was oppressive; for weeks the heavens were clouded; big showers occurred from time to time.

Doctors were running around. Coffin-making was almost the only business which was carried on. To the cemetery downtown funeral trains were constantly moving. No one seemed to feel quite well. On the public square and other places, large piles of wood were lighted for the purpose of purifying the air. Thick smoke enwrapped the whole city. No one who has not witnessed a raging epidemic can have any idea how people feel in the midst of it. It was a new experience to us, and a terrible one. It was, moreover, the season of the year when children are taken sick with cholera infantum. This became a very fatal disease now. One of our friends lost two young children within a few hours.

Uncle Ledergerber had invited us and Theodore Engelmann's family, consisting of himself, Hannchen, his wife, and two small children, to come out to his farm. Little Paula was then a little over two years old, just the time when children are most liable to the summer complaint. Gustav was a little over four years. Although I hated to set an example of flight, we thought it was due to our little ones to accept Ledergerber's kind offer. So after having remained about three weeks during the epidemic, we all left. Of course, uncle and sister Charlotte had to undergo much inconvenience in harboring and providing for so large an accession, but they took the best possible care of us and were all the time most kind and attentive. The Ledergerber boys, Frederick and Joseph, and our Theodore had a glorious time hunting and riding, and in the harvest field, driving four-horse teams. Mary and little Lottchen, and in fact all the children, also enjoyed themselves very much. We all kept perfectly well; only Paula had a slight touch of summer complaint. Doctor Reuss lived within gun-shot of the Ledergerbers, and so did Doctor Schott, at whose house the German library was then kept. So we had plenty to read. But we also visited our neighbors, and spent much time at the Engelmann farm only two miles off. Indeed, had it not been for the public calamity all around, and in many parts of the United States, — Cincin-

nati for instance, suffered more than St. Louis, — and the depressing news we got from Germany regarding the defeat of the Liberal armies and the cruelties committed by the soldiers and court-martials upon the unhappy prisoners, our stay under the hospitable roof of the Ledergerbers would have been a very pleasant one. The latter part of August, the epidemic having almost entirely ceased, we returned home.

SHIELDS AND HECKER

In the spring of this year, accompanied by Shields, I went out to see Hecker several times at his farm, where we had a most pleasant time. Hecker was excellent in conversation. His talk was interspersed with quotations and with a fund of anecdotes which lost nothing in the telling. He was perfectly at home in history, ethnography, economy, not to forget jurisprudence, and appeared to have some general knowledge at least of many other branches of science. He overflowed with wit and humor. Shields became a great admirer of his. Indeed, there was some considerable similarity between the two. Both were impulsive; both, in spite of their protestations to the contrary, very ambitious, and both very fond of flattery, with this distinction that Shields was never carried away by his passion or his vanity, but steadily pursued his aim, whilst Hecker sometimes allowed his warmth of feeling and his proneness to open his ears to sycophants and parasites, to get the better of his judgment. For the leader of a party Hecker was too subjective. His likes or dislikes of a political personage would make him forget the principles for which a person stood. While Hecker's conversation by its liveliness and originality charmed people, his writings and speeches suffered from the very qualities which made his social talks so highly interesting. He was led at random from one topic to another, the connection not always being apparent. He was not choice in the selection of his words, which impaired very much the flashes of genius of which his literary and oratorical efforts never were desti-

tute. His style might be compared to a garden full of fine shrubs and beautiful flowers, which had been neglected by its owner, and in which the flowers had been half killed by weeds, and the shrubs had shot up and grown too big for want of trimming. In a word, if Hecker had had a little more taste and a good deal more tact, he would have been a great writer and speaker. As it was, though he was always honest in his opinions and wholly incorruptible, he frequently did the party for which he labored more harm than good. Though differing often as to the means to the ends we both desired, and sometimes even as to the ends themselves, our friendly personal relations remained uninterrupted to the very last.

EUROPEAN POLITICAL EXILES

The famine in Ireland in 1847 had driven into the United States nearly a million Irish people, who arrived in 1848 and 1849. The revolutionary movements in Germany were followed by a very large emigration not only from the ranks of those who had actually participated in those movements, but from large classes of other people who had become disgusted with the reaction that had set in, or who hoped to better their situation, business during the stormy years of 1848-49 having been greatly disturbed and hard times pressing upon nearly the whole population of the continent of Europe.

It was natural that the political exiles attracted most attention. As a rule, they were received with open arms by the older residents, and indeed, there were many amongst them who were worthy of all esteem. But many others, while their personal character could not be impeached, belonged to the extreme and most radical wing of the Liberals, which had materially contributed to the failure of the Liberal cause. These were full of the most fantastic and Utopian ideas, and many had indoctrinated themselves with the socialistic and communistic ideas of Fourier, Proudhon and Cabet. They at once found fault with our institutions, and set to work to reform them.

Carl Heinzen, a man of high intellect and of extensive information, who in Germany had published a number of works and pamphlets against the prevailing monarchical and bureaucratic system, in consequence of which the Prussian government ordered him to be arrested, had escaped and had finally landed in the United States early in 1848. At the outbreak of the March revolution he returned to Germany. But he was too radical even for the Republicans. Indeed, at the second rising in Baden in 1849, the Liberal provincial government had him arrested on account of his socialistic and almost anarchistic agitation. The Swiss authorities also banished him from Switzerland, and the French Republic did the same. In 1850 he arrived again in New York, started there, and later on in the West, a number of short-lived papers, and finally succeeded in establishing permanently in Boston his "Pioneer." Heinzen had theories of his own, and it is hard to tell what they were. He preached the complete emancipation of women, the abolition of all positive religions, and the abolition of the Presidency and the Senate of the United States. Such was his daily cry, like the elder Cato's "Carthaginem esse delendam." If a representative gave a vote which displeased a majority of his constituents, he was immediately to be recalled. The President he called the "King in Dress-Coat." He and many others wanted Congress to abolish slavery at once, because the existing Constitution, which denied that power to Congress, was bad and therefore not binding. He found many followers. Those who most admired him understood him least; for his style was hard, dry, scholastic and without the least bit of charm. Collections were made to support his paper, which failed to take with the masses.

GERMAN POLITICAL REFORMERS IN AMERICA

Reform clubs were formed, particularly in the Eastern States, under various names, the tendency of which was not only to revolutionize Europe but also this country. Their programs were often more chimerical than Heinzen's. One,

I believe, formed in Philadelphia, called upon all patriots to kill all monarchs, promising to pay rewards, and adopting a price-list according to the quality of the victims. William Weidling, by profession a tailor, who had been banished from Switzerland as an apostle of communism, also came to our shores. He was opposed to Heinzen, because the latter was opposed to communism. He published a paper somewhere in the East. He was an honest man, and really a clear and good writer, but with his doctrine that "property was theft," he did not find this country very congenial.

Schlaeger was another half crazy reformer, who also made a great noise, but soon ceased. Hassaurek, who in due time became a rational American Republican, a gentleman of talents and an able orator, preached socialism in Cincinnati and traveled throughout the West delivering lectures to the workingmen.

In 1850 Henry Boernstein and Louis Bernays arrived in St. Louis, two literati, who soon made the "welkin ring." Henry Boernstein, after a most adventurous life as an Austrian cadet, a stage-player, a director of strolling theatrical companies and arranger-general of public festivities, an impressario, a journalist, and, during his last years in Europe, a correspondent of German papers from Paris, had busied himself with organizing workingmen's societies in Paris, and at the outbreak of the revolution in Germany, had, with other German exiles, supported by French funds, formed a legion to assist the Republican rising under Hecker in Baden. He was a man of undoubted talents and executive ability, but politics was more a matter of business with him than of principle. He wielded a ready pen, wrote novels in what we now call the "dime novel" style, far more realistic than the "Mysteries" of Eugene Sue, or the "Human Documents" of Zola. Having in some way obtained control of the "Anzeiger des Westens," he became the first sensational writer of the German press. Of course, he was a reformer, and, like Eugene Sue, at once ran amuck against the Jesuits and Catholicism in

general. He published sensational reports about cruelties inflicted in convents, kidnaping and other terrible misdeeds. Disturbances and even riots were engendered by his drastic representations. He used the press in order to make for himself a party, and he succeeded to a great extent. Those who would not follow his dictation, he relentlessly pursued. He was a master in advertising himself and his paper, and made the latter a business success. In some respects his stirring up of the people was not without its good effects, but no doubt he created strife and bad feeling, and above all roused the American population against the Germans and the newcomers in particular. A good deal of the very strong revival of the Native American feeling, just at this time and for some years to come, was owing to the arrogance, imperious and domineering conduct of the refugees.

There is one spot in which the Americans are very vulnerable, and that is when they are denounced as not understanding what true liberty is, and it is undertaken to show that their Constitution and laws are overrated. The German population which the 'Forty-Eighters, as they were called, found here, did not fancy very much being called Philistines who did not know how to assert themselves, or mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and did not like being taught by the newcomers what true freedom was. While there was some truth in these reproaches, there was evident exaggeration, springing from ignorance of the condition of the German element. These newcomers were thought to be "green" by the old residents, and were accordingly called the "Greens." Boernstein retaliated by calling the old citizens the "Grays." For years a very unpleasant state of things was the consequence of this antagonism.

The "Belleviller Zeitung," published by B. Hauck, about this time had obtained a considerable circulation, but still this did not justify him in engaging a competent editor at a high salary. He appealed to me from time to time to write editorials for his paper, particularly on American politics. The

latter had become quite interesting, and even exciting, owing to the question of what disposition was to be made of the immense territory of California, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico acquired by the treaty of peace with Mexico. The German press being in great part now in the hands of the new immigrants, who knew absolutely nothing of American politics, I thought it rather important that some organ should be maintained which would treat our affairs with some degree of knowledge. I yielded to the publisher's wishes so far as to promise at my leisure to fill the editorial columns, leaving all local news and the entire business management of the paper in the hands of subordinates. I had no pecuniary interest in the paper, and my name nowhere appeared in the columns. Having a great many warm friends amongst the "Greens," and also entertaining a high esteem for many others whom I did not personally know, I pursued a very temperate course, correcting their views of our institutions which I considered erroneous, making the public acquainted with the debates in Congress and the character of our public men, and advising moderation and patience. It is true, the utterly hollow and vain pretenses to superior knowledge of Mr. Boernstein, and his palpable charlatanism, I occasionally castigated. As he had very soon managed, by his overbearing vanity, his flippant and dictatorial behavior, — his bull-dozing as it would now be called, — to make himself a good many enemies, the "Belleviller Zeitung" was readily taken and greedily read in St. Louis.

It was no wonder that he assailed me bitterly, represented me as the great champion of the "Grays," gave me the epithet of the "Gray Gustav," and called me a relic of the olden times, though he, himself, was older than I. I gave him a Roland for his Oliver: he grew angry and I kept cool. At any rate he did not disturb my circles, whilst I did his to a considerable extent.

I also met, about this time, another very amusing opponent in no less a person than Maximilian Oertel, known as

Pater Oertel, of New York, the publisher and editor of the well known "Catholische Kirchenzeitung." Oertel had been one of the ultra-pious Catholics of Bishop Stephan's Church, an orthodox Lutheran of the deepest dye, but had become an apostate and in some way been converted to Catholicism. But, devout as he was, he was a man of a very genial mind, one of the best German journalists, and outside of religion a man of excellent and sound judgment. Though a very learned theologian, he never used any but the most popular language. There was no misunderstanding him, and in a certain kind of coarse humor, he was equal to the celebrated capuchin Abraham à Santa Clara.

Two Jesuits, (one of them by the name of Weninger, I believe, was considered a most eloquent speaker,) had undertaken a missionary crusade throughout the Western States and attracted great attention and curiosity. Their arrival at any particular place, was always heralded long beforehand, and when they came to Belleville, large crowds of Catholics had assembled. They preached outside of the church under an immense wooden cross reared for the occasion. Lamenting the indifference of the faithful, their tardiness in raising funds for the church and the Holy Father in Rome, their social intercourse with heretics, they condemned them all as sinners, and fully specified their possible and impossible sins. Unless they speedily repented, they said, they would be eternally damned. Their salvation was through the holy immaculate virgin, and more particularly through the adoration of her sacred heart. In a word, to use a German expression, they made "hell hot" for their audience. There was also a good deal of theatrical show and mummery in the church, and scenes took place even outdoing the Methodist revivals. The audience got highly excited, women fainted and the men even groaned. A highly intelligent and respectable citizen, over his own signature, sent in a communication, pretty severely criticizing these proceedings, and particularly the intolerant denunciations of the Jesuit fathers of other religions. Soon

Oertel attacked the "Belleviller Zeitung," in one of his half humorous and half vituperative articles, to which the author of the communication sent an "ironclad" reply. But Oertel was not satisfied. Although the paper itself had not said anything editorially about the matter, and all the responsibility rested with the well-known correspondent, Oertel did not cease to make personal attacks upon me, to which I answered in a way which made him still angrier. I treated his harangues as a mere matter of fun, intimating that he, himself, was far too intelligent a man to believe the stuff which he assumed to defend. Of course, his sudden conversion from an extreme Lutheran to an equally extreme Ultramontane champion was humorously alluded to. This duel lasted a good while, and I must say afforded me much amusement, while it also increased the circulation of our paper very much.

I have already alluded to the very serious aspect of our political affairs during this year. But they became far more portentous in the next.

ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA

When the news of the outbreak of the war reached California in 1846, Col. John C. Fremont, at the head of his exploring expedition, was then in California, and in connection with Commodore Stockton, who happened to be with a United States warship at Monterey, hoisted the American flag, and without much resistance took possession of the country. Soon old General Kearney was sent over from the United States to act provisionally as Governor. When, by the peace with Mexico, upper California was ceded to the United States, Congress failed to provide a Territorial government, though the discovery of the gold fields at Colonel Sutter's farm brought thousands of settlers into the region, and in 1850 the population was estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand.

The necessity for a strong and orderly government under these peculiar circumstances, when people not only from all of the States of the Union, but from all parts of the world,

mostly young men and adventurers, had within an incredibly short time crowded in, was apparent; yet Congress, fearing to open exciting questions, had not established a Territorial government.

The Californians became impatient. The military government, it was said, at the instance of President Taylor himself, called a convention late in 1849, which at once framed a constitution, containing a clause forbidding slavery forever, elected a Legislature, which passed the necessary laws, elected two Senators for Washington, and claimed at once admission as a full grown State.

This proceeding was unusual. Heretofore, with, I believe, one exception, the embryo States formed from newly acquired territories had always been organized first as Territories by acts of Congress. When they had a population entitling them to a Representative in Congress, and had applied for admission, Congress had passed acts authorizing them to frame a constitution, prescribing the mode of doing it and the conditions under which admission should take place. If the people then framed a constitution, it was submitted to Congress for approval, and if approved the Territory was admitted as a State. The anomaly of the California proceedings was at once objected to by many; but the real opposition came from the South, for the reason that the thus far existing equilibrium between the Free and Slave States would be destroyed. The more the South resisted the admission, the more did the North urge it. At the same time it also became necessary to provide Territorial governments for New Mexico and Utah, — the Mormon settlement beyond the Rocky Mountains called by them Deseret, — and here another disturbing question sprang up as to whether the Territorial acts should forbid slavery by the "Wilmot Proviso" or not.

The South was opposed to the Proviso. Most of the Northerners favored it. Texas about that time claimed that a great portion of southern New Mexico was originally included within the limits of the Mexican State of Texas, and

threatened to take military possession of it. As Texas was a Slave State, this part of New Mexico would have at once become subject to the institution of slavery. This claim was most bitterly resisted by the North. The South had for many years complained of the inefficiency of what was called the old Fugitive Slave Law of 1793, which was enacted at an early day in pursuance of the constitutional provision requiring the extradition of fugitive slaves. They proposed one in some respects far more stringent, in other respects really furnishing better security to the fugitive against irregular and unjust arrest. Yet at this particular time it was another firebrand. The debates in Congress grew most excited. There were personal encounters. Disunion was openly preached by the most extreme Southerners. A convention of citizens from the Slave States at Nashville had been called, the result of whose deliberations was anxiously looked for. Both Colonel Bissell and Shields wrote me alarming letters. I did not believe that the South was in earnest about secession, and in fact a good many Southerners disclaimed any plan or conspiracy to break up the Union. But a large majority of the members of Congress and of the people in the East claimed to believe that civil war was imminent.

In the course of the debates most offensive and insulting language was frequently used. The men of the North were told that they were men without courage, that they would shrink from meeting the chivalry of the South, and Seddon, a member from Virginia at one time, to illustrate Northern cowardice, referred to the battle of Buena Vista, where, as he said, the troops from the North had run from the battle-field, and where one Southern regiment — the Mississippi Rifles, under Col. Jefferson Davis — had snatched victory from the jaws of defeat.

Now this was more than Bissell could stand. On the 26th of March, 1850, Bissell replied to Seddon in a masterly speech, which for clearness of statement, chaste, pure language, true logic, felicity of expression, polished sarcasm, may have been

equaled in the halls of Congress, but surely ever surpassed. Its effect was immense. Seventy-five thousand extra copies were ordered by the members of Congress for distribution. Shields wrote me about it, praising it in the highest terms. "And what is most strange," Shields remarked, "Bissell did not seem to know how great a speech he had made. He was the most astonished man in the world when he heard of his success." With some modification, Byron's remark after the publication of the first cantos of his "Childe Harold" and the enthusiastic reception of it by the English public: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous," might have been applied to Bissell. In Illinois his great ability had been recognized for years, but not yet in the other States of the Union. One of the finest passages of his speech gave rise to a very exciting incident. Colonel Bissell said:

"It gives me no pleasure, sir, to be compelled to allude to this subject, nor can I perceive the propriety or necessity of its introduction into this debate. But, it having been done, I could not sit in silence and witness the infliction of such cruel injustice upon men living and dead whose well earned fame I were a monster not to protect. The true and brave hearts — alas — of too many of them have already mingled with the soil of a foreign country. But their claim upon the justice of their countrymen can never cease, nor can my obligation to them be ever forgotten nor disregarded. No, sir! the voice of a Hardin, that eloquent voice so often heard in this hall, as mine is now, though far more eloquent, the voices of McKee and of the accomplished Clay, each wrapped now in his bloody shroud, — their voices would reproach me from their graves if I had failed in this act of faith to them and the others who fought and fell by my side. You may suspect me, Mr. Chairman, of having warm feelings on this subject. So I have, and I have given them utterance as a matter of duty. In all this, however, I by no means detract from the gallant conduct and bearing of the Mississippi regiment.

"At other times and places on that bloody field they did all their warmest admirers could have wished, but I ask again: Why has this subject been dragged into the debate? Why is all this that the member from Virginia says, 'The troops of the North gave way,' when he means only one regiment?

Why is all this but for the purpose of disparaging the North for the benefit of the South. Why, but furnishing material for the ceaseless, never-ending, eternal theme of Southern chivalry? Mr. Chairman! The people of the Free States have as strong an attachment for their brethren of the South at this moment as they had during the days of the Revolution, or any subsequent period, and they will not suffer that attachment to be destroyed by disunionists or designing men in the North or in the South. We have our disunionists in the North, and they annoy us not a little. Were your troublesome men in the North they would be called the Garrisons, the Tappans, the Gerrit Smiths; and were our Garrisons, Tappans and Gerrit Smiths in the South they would be the disunionists to be guarded against by the moderate men of all parties. I tell you, sir, that we, the representatives of the North, will aid you to preserve your constitutional rights as we have ever done. We are not alienated from you, nor have ultra-men yet driven us entirely to the wall. We are ready to meet you on any fair ground and fight with you side by side for your rights and ours and defend those rights under the Constitution from encroachment from any quarter. But, sir, we want to hear no more about disunion. We are attached to the Constitution, — aye, we are devotedly attached to it. We regard it as the ark of the safety of the American people, — we know that the realization of the hope for human freedom depends upon its perpetuity. And shall we ruthlessly crush that hope forever? Shall we extinguish that beacon-light which our fathers raised to cheer and guide the friends of freedom? I know the people of my State. I know the people of the great West and Northwest. I know their devotion for the American Union. And I feel warranted in saying, in my place here, that, when you talk of destroying the Union, there is not one man in that vast region who will not raise his hand and swear by the Eternal God, as I do now, — it shall never be, if our arms can save it. Illinois offered to the country nine regiments to aid in the vindication of her rights in the war with Mexico, and should danger threaten the Union, from any source or any quarter, in the North or in the South, she will be ready to furnish thrice, nay! four times that number to march where that danger may be, return when it is passed, or return no more."

Bissell having stated in his speech that at the critical moment of the battle Seddon had alluded to, the Mississippi

regiment was not even in sight, Jeff Davis, the colonel of that regiment, and now a member of the Senate, pretended to take offense at this part of his speech, and demanded that Bissell should retract, — which Bissell declined. Davis sent him a challenge. Bissell accepted it, and according to the rules then prevailing in this country fixed the conditions: Muskets, loaded with ball and two buckshots, fifty paces distant, with privilege to advance within ten. President Taylor, the father-in-law of Davis, however, got wind of the intended duel, threatened to have Davis arrested and got Davis's seconds to try to compromise. Shields and Colonel Richardson of Illinois were Bissell's seconds. Finally, all the satisfaction Davis demanded was that Bissell should declare that he did not mean any personal insult to Davis. Of course, Bissell could do that safely, as there was not a word in his speech that could be construed even as an allusion to Davis. The fact was that the speech had hurt badly the Southern fire-eaters whom Bissell had denounced as traitors and conspirators and whom their own constituents would disavow. It was supposed that Bissell, as a Northern man, would not fight, and that Southern chivalry would be vindicated. As it turned out, it raised Bissell still more in the estimation of the people. The speech, from mere curiosity, was sought after, North and South. It is my opinion that if Bissell's health had not been soon thereafter greatly impaired, and if he had not become an almost helpless invalid, he would have become President of the United States.

Shields a little later made an excellent speech, upon which he was complimented by such men as Clay and Webster. To my surprise it did not show any passion. It was full of well-considered thoughts and of wide and statesmanlike views, not without irony, but on the whole conciliatory. He was, the same as Bissell, for the immediate admission of California, and also, by provision from the Legislature, for an express prohibition of slavery in the Territories, though he intimated, as did Webster, Clay, Benton, and several other Northern Senators,

that, as the Territories had been free under the Mexican law, they remained free under our law. The idea that our Constitution carried slavery into all the newly acquired Territories and that all people alike had a right to go into them with their property, including slaves, and could hold them until a State was formed forbidding slavery, he not only refuted but effectively ridiculed. As for slaves being property like horses and mules, he emphatically denied. Slaves are as regards their bodies property, so made by positive law, but they are nevertheless not property in the general sense. They have souls, he said. Our Constitution allows them to be represented. Each negro counts for two-fifths of a white man in our national representation. If you kill them, you commit murder and you suffer the penalty of death. And there is no slavery anywhere except where the stronger race has introduced it by positive laws. "Freedom is the rule, slavery the exception." He used the identical words which in later years became the motto of the Republican party and were inserted in the platform on which Lincoln was elected.

I took the pains of fully translating both speeches for the "Belleviller Zeitung." Bissell wrote to me from Washington:

"I am under obligations to you more than I can express for the trouble and labor you bestowed upon my speech. I appreciated it as a noble act of friendship, which I trust not to forget. It has done me good service, as you intended it should."

It is often said that in modern times real friendship is much less frequently formed than in times past. It is quite true that feelings of friendship are less gushingly and sentimentally expressed now than they used to be. But speaking from my own experience I am satisfied that true friendships occur probably as often as before. I have had friends who would have done and did do for me everything they could in honor do, irrespective of their own interests. William H. Bissell was one of them.

All during this session of Congress there was a succession of excited debates. The whole country was agitated, until at last, principally through the influence of Henry Clay, a sort of compromise was reached. California was admitted as a Free State, and Fremont and Gwinn took their places as Senators from that State. The Territories of New Mexico and Utah were organized without the "Wilmot Proviso." Texas, instead of getting a part of New Mexico, a most untenable claim, was indemnified with ten millions of dollars. Slavery was not abolished in the District of Columbia, but the slave trade was, and an amended Fugitive Slave Law, giving the Federal courts exclusive jurisdiction over the question of the extradition of runaway slaves, was passed. The old law had given concurrent jurisdiction to State judges and even to all justices of the peace, which latter officers were very incompetent and improper persons to decide upon questions of such magnitude.

With the passage of all these measures quiet was restored, and it was hoped, but vainly so, that there would be a final end to the disturbing slavery question.

In July President Taylor died, and the Vice-President, Fillmore, took his place. Webster became his Secretary of State. John C. Calhoun had not participated in the legislative struggles of this session. He was from the commencement of it on the sick bed, and he died on the first of April, 1850.

NEW ARRIVALS IN BELLEVILLE

Belleville and St. Clair County received a very desirable part of the immigration of 1849 and 1850, amongst others P. J. Osterhaus, who greatly distinguished himself in the war for the Union. From colonel of the Twelfth Missouri he advanced to brigadier-general, and finally to major-general. General Halleck, the commander-in-chief of our armies, a West Pointer, who was suspected at least of strong American feeling, told me himself that Osterhaus was one of the best

generals in the army. He brought his family along. Fred Tiedemann, Colonel Stephani, August Mersy, colonel of the Ninth Illinois in the Union War, and generally commanding a brigade, the family of Eisenhardt, (Mrs. Hecker was a sister of Eisenhardt,) all made Belleville their residence.

On the 11th of September our little Fritzchen was born, a beautiful and lively child, but alas! not to be our joy for long.

Late one evening in November I received a message from Winter's Hotel, that a gentleman who had just arrived but was quite ill, would be very glad to see me at once. Entering the bar-room, whom should I find but my old friend Ernest Thilenius, who had been for some years in Indiana, but had never seen me, and had returned, as already stated, in disgust, to Germany. I had not seen him for twenty years; still he was the same tall, well-built, handsome man, with his abundant auburn curly hair and his large blue eyes. But his face was somewhat emaciated and his clear white cheeks had roseate spots, indicating that the terrible disease which had carried off his brothers Rudolph and Otto had also taken hold of him. I had also learned that he had become divorced from his wife, she having become insane, and therefore was much surprised when he invited me to come upstairs to see his "wife." "Are you married again?" "Yes. And Emma, my young wife, is a daughter of your old warm friend, my sister Matilda." We went up. Emma was reclining on a sofa, and appeared very much fatigued. After awhile she joined in the conversation, which became quite lively, as Ernest was a great talker and had much to relate, explaining his coming and his condition generally. Emma was a brunette, well but slenderly built, had the dark brown eyes of her mother, blue black hair, and was very graceful in all her movements. Her features without being beautiful were highly pleasing. There was a kind of magnetism about her, which at once attracted people. She had been for several years with

her aunt, Charlotte Von Haus, at Augsburg, where her education was carefully attended to and her musical talent greatly developed. She was a fine piano player and possessed a charming mezzo-soprano voice, highly cultivated. What made her singing so effective was the feeling she threw into her songs and ballads. I never heard the sweet melodies of Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Abt better rendered than by Emma. Thilenius, after his return and separation from his first wife, had taken up his former profession, had gone to Rome, been much in artistic circles, and had become a kind of Bohemian. What made him go back to Germany and marry Emma he never disclosed, though he made no secret of his present condition. He had only a small amount of money at his present disposal, but received a limited annuity from some source. He intended to give lessons in drawing and painting, and Emma might try to teach music.

I invited them at once to stay at our house until they could find convenient lodgings. They came and staid some weeks, until they rented a small house not far from our own, surrounded by a large lawn with groves of tall forest trees. Theodore, Augusta and Mary at once took lessons in drawing and painting, and Mary also in music. Ernest was really a very skilful master, and Mary made rapid progress in music under the teaching of Emma.

Early in the spring Mr. Theodore Hilgard, Sr., had gone to Germany accompanied by his youngest daughter Theresa, who was engaged to be married to Theodore, the youngest Tittmann. The marriage took place at Heidelberg, from where the young pair went to Dresden, the residence of Tittmann, where he held an official station. Mr. Hilgard visited Pauline and Charles in Frankfort and convinced himself that Pauline's health would under no circumstances permit her to risk coming over to America. He, however, gave such a flattering description of Sophie and our family that Pauline was somewhat consoled in her disappointment.

HIGH SCHOOL AT BELLEVILLE

The free school system had not yet been adopted by our State, and the schools, which were kept by examined teachers and received some little assistance from a school fund, springing from the sale of lands donated by the United States to the State, were merely elementary. The German citizens of Belleville felt the want of a higher school. What it would receive from the general school fund would amount to but a few hundred dollars; so they invited citizens, both German and American, to form a school-association by taking stock sufficient to rent adequate rooms, employ well qualified teachers, and equip the school with the necessary furniture and apparatus. By dint of much exertion we succeeded and employed an experienced teacher and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Edwards) for the higher branches of English education, and also a very accomplished teacher for the German language; for history and geography, Mr. Charles Rau, who had an excellent university education, was engaged. His real profession was that of geologist, chemist, and mineralogist, but he had not been able yet to find a proper field for the exercise of it. He was somewhat eccentric, but a very conscientious teacher, and, the German library having been by that time removed to Belleville, he was appointed librarian. Some years later he got an appointment to Washington in the Smithsonian Institute, was made a member of several learned societies, and published valuable scientific papers. Theodore, Mary and Augusta went to this independent school; but Mr. Edward Wyman having established a high school at St. Louis, which had gained much reputation, we sent our Theodore to St. Louis in 1853, where he stayed with Caroline, who some time after the death of her husband had engaged in keeping a private boarding-house, which was patronized by a very select set of Germans.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Year 1851

Early in 1851 we had to lament the loss of Charles Tittmann. He died of an inflammation of the throat, which, while watching over the sick bed of his young child, he had entirely neglected until it was utterly beyond medical aid. His death was a great loss, not only to his family and friends, but to our community; for he was a man not only of uncommon capacity and integrity, but also of great public spirit. Clara was almost disconsolate. She longed to be away from the place where she had just lost her child and husband, and her father. Mr. Hilgard took her in the summer to Germany, where she was to join her sister Theresa at Dresden.

Though there was no election this year, save a special one in the fall in our State, yet it seemed almost impossible for the country to be quiet and without excitement. The Presidential election was not due till November, 1852, yet there was much agitation in regard to it already. Fillmore and his Cabinet traveled around making speeches on all and on no occasions. General Scott was early in the field, writing letters and getting resolutions passed by public meetings in his favor. Douglas, on the part of the Democrats, was also visiting agricultural fairs, enlightening the farmers on the subject of raising stock and extolling their pursuits generally. He was undoubtedly the favorite of the young Democracy of the Northwest. A great many papers had already come out for the "Little Giant," as he had been named in allusion to his small stature.

The special election spoken of was on the Free Banking Law passed by our late Legislature, which under a provision of our new Constitution was to be submitted to the people for approval or disapproval. It was a most pernicious measure. It allowed anybody to start a bank, and, on depositing United States bonds, to issue an amount of currency equal to the nominal value of the bonds, and to do the same on other bonds of States paying interest, but allowing a margin, so that for one hundred dollars, only ninety dollars could be issued. Considering that a currency resting only on bonds, liable to fluctuations by war, or by bad legislation or defalcations of State treasurers, was a very insecure one, the inflation of the currency would of itself work incalculable mischief. There was no limit to the number of banks, and within a few years some fifty banks were started, all anxious to do business, and, though driving out the gold and silver, still inducing people to go into all sorts of speculations. The Democratic Governor, A. C. French, had in vain vetoed the bill and most ably shown its fatal consequences. It was passed over his veto by the Legislature. Now the case had to be argued before the people, as the voting on the law was set for November. The Democratic party as a whole denounced it. I took a very active stand against it; and wrote many articles in our English and German papers. While on the circuit, I got up meetings in the adjoining counties, and made numerous speeches against it; yet it received a majority of over five thousand votes in the State. The Whigs, almost to a man, supported it, and were exceedingly active in getting out their party vote. In the North, however, a good many Democrats had caught the bank fever. It being a special election, the country people did not take interest enough to go to the polls; otherwise the scheme would have been defeated. St. Clair County gave nearly two thousand majority against it. In Belleville the vote was eight hundred against and seventy-six for it. The south voted strongly against it. This was some personal satis-

faction; but in a few years the entire crash of the whole system, causing a general bankruptcy throughout the State, was a sad, but a thorough, vindication of my course.

Another matter of more local importance, involving much writing, speaking and traveling on my part, was the laying out of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad from Vincennes to St. Louis and the running of it some four miles north of Belleville. The survey of the road had taken it into every county-seat east of Belleville; but, although an airline would have taken it only a mile and a half from Belleville, by the exertions of Colonel O'Fallon, of St. Louis, who owned large coal mines at Caseyville, and who would not take stock in it unless it was carried through this place, containing a few shanties only, the road was actually built away from Belleville. Belleville proposed to take as much stock as O'Fallon, but other speculators, (even Don Morrison from Belleville had made large entries of land on the Caseyville line,) worked secretly against Belleville. Many meetings were held, committees appointed, all the directors were called on, and conferences were had with the mayor and other prominent citizens of St. Louis.

As next year a State election was to take place for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and other State officers, and also for members of Congress, there was of course some agitation going on during this year. I received numerous letters in which I was asked to be a candidate for Governor, to which I replied in the negative. Our wise Constitution of 1848 had reduced the salary of Governor to the pitiful sum of fifteen hundred dollars, requiring him at the same time to reside at the seat of government. None but a rich man could take the office, so for that reason alone I should not have accepted it if it had been presented to me. Other candidates for that office plied me with letters asking me for my support, but I thought it was too early in the day to commit myself. I was well satisfied with my practice and happy to be during the

larger part of the year amongst my family and friends at home.

THE GERMAN REFORMERS AGAIN

Yet my repose at home was occasionally somewhat disturbed by my controversies with the German reformers, who sought to teach us Republicanism. I had severely attacked the charlatan Boernstein, and he of course had opened his mud batteries upon me. I have already remarked that Heinzen soon entered into the contest, and in Hassaurek, of Cincinnati, who had got hold of a paper there, I met a new opponent. Thus far all these pseudo-reformers had dealt in general high sounding phrases, only abusing our Constitution and laws; but of late they had published definite programs of their principles, which of course gave me an easy victory over them, they being so palpably absurd that they were favorite marks for irony and ridicule.

Heinzen's program was something like this:

1. Representatives can be recalled by their constituents at any time.
2. Total abolition of the Presidency and of the offices of State Governors and of the system of two Houses, and the conversion of the Federative Republic into a Republic One and Indivisible.
3. All land to be free, and the poor settler to be assisted by the State.
4. No man to be allowed to own more land than the State permits.
5. The State to own all railroads and to build the railroad to the Pacific at the cost of the State.
6. Abolition of the policy of neutrality, (the United States to intervene against the intervention as practised in Europe,) and the instant abolition of slavery.
7. No official positions to be allowed to persons who depend upon the Pope.
8. In all German schools, German teachers to be employed.
9. A German University to be established at the expense of the Government.
10. Abolition of penitentiaries and the changing of them into houses of reform.

After I had briefly criticized this program, I wrote as follows in the "Zeitung:"

"Hitherto Heinzen has imagined himself to be the most radical reformer in the United States. But what a mistake! Compared with Mr. Hassaurek he is a mere bungler; Heinzen is played out. He may retire in peace from the field of radical progress. He has badly misunderstood what our country demands. He belongs to the era of the powdered wigs and long queues. Hassaurek is a different sort of a man. Hear him:

"1. All salaries shall be the same, so that even the highest officer of the State shall receive no more per week than a good workman.

"2. No two Houses of the Legislature, no Governor, no President, no oath on the Bible to be allowed.

"3. Prohibition of marriage by priests.

"4. No postage for journals, and none for letters sent within a country.

"5. The United States to own all railroads.

"6. Abolition of neutrality, and intervention in favor of Republics.

"7. German teachers to be employed in all schools. Establishment of a German University by the State.

"8. Rich men to be taxed to the utmost limits.

"9. The wages of laborers to be increased.

"10. Penitentiaries to be changed to humane houses of reformation.

"11. A term to be fixed for the abolition of slavery. All children of slaves shall be free and are to be educated by the slaveholding States."

Of course I commented pretty sarcastically upon Mr. Hassaurek's program. What was, however, quite amusing, Mr. Hassaurek, replying in a long article, complained that I had merely ridiculed his principles, but had failed to prove their incorrectness.

Having broken the ice and having handled without gloves the ignorance, the arrogance, the insolence and charlatanism of these would-be reformers, I was soon very ably supported by the principal German papers, such as the "Weltbuerger" (Cosmopolitan) in Buffalo, edited by Dr. Brunk,

the "New Yorker Staatszeitung," the "St. Louis German Tribune," edited by a former member of the Frankfort Parliament, the "Gradaus" (Straightforward), edited by Messrs. Schmidt and Reichart, also ex-members of Parliament, and the "Illinois Staatszeitung," edited by George Schneider, an exile, and like the two last named condemned to death, (in their absence fortunately,) by the courts in Rhenish Bavaria. The articles of the "Belleviller Zeitung" were largely copied in these important papers, and it was not long before most of these fantastic reformers regained their common sense.

THE CUBAN EXPEDITION

In the summer a tremendous excitement sprang up. General Narcisso Lopez, a native of Venezuela, but who had been in the Spanish military service for many years, had made several attempts in Cuba to upset Spanish rule, but had failed. He had taken refuge in the United States and had formed a plan to invade Cuba. According to his representations Cuba was ripe for a revolution; if any considerable force should land on the island, thousands of the best people would join it, and the Spanish government would be easily overthrown. Now the annexation of Cuba either by treaty or by force had a large number of advocates in the United States, particularly in the South. Lopez and other Cubans were furnished means to subsidize some presses in the South, particularly in New Orleans, which represented the Spanish government as cruel and tyrannical, exaggerated, if not invented, acts of oppression, of which, of course, many were not quite destitute of truth. The mischief, however, worked by these organs was that they made people believe that an immense majority of the Cubans were ready to rise against their Spanish masters, and that all that was necessary was to give an impulse by raising the banner of independence at some one of the Cuban forts. In this way, a good many, mostly young men from the South, were enlisted in the enterprise. They found many sympathizers, mostly in New Orleans. The steamship Pampero was char-

tered and a party of about five hundred well armed and well equipped men, amongst whom were some very enthusiastic and respectable lovers of liberty, but also a great many adventurers of all nations, left New Orleans for Cuba. The ulterior plan of the organization of this expedition, which, however, remained behind the curtain, was the eventual annexation of Cuba, to which Lopez, once the dictator of the country, was pledged to give his consent. The preparations for this crusade were made so openly that the President, as he afterwards contended, had instructed the chief of the custom-house, and the United States attorney and marshal, to be on the lookout and to prevent any violation of international law. Nevertheless, the Pampero left New Orleans unmolested and landed at some point in Cuba. But Lopez found the people indifferent, even hostile. The little army marched along the coast to some other point, but none joined them. After a few days' marching provisions gave out, and a good many became so exhausted that they had to be left behind and were taken prisoners by the country people. At last they met a superior force of Spanish troops. A most sanguinary battle ensued. Owing to the much better arms of the Lopez men, the Spaniards lost heavily, but finally, after desperate fighting, the liberators were beaten, many prisoners made, and Lopez, wounded, with a handful of men, escaped to the mountains, but was soon after taken, and with other Cuban prisoners garroted at Havana, September 1st, 1851. The Spaniards also court-martialed several Americans and had them shot; some hundred of them were amnestied; but about one hundred were condemned to hard labor for life, and sent to Ceuta, a Spanish penal fortress in Africa.

When this news reached New Orleans a mob gathered at once. The house of the Spanish consul was stormed, the Spanish flag torn down, and the consul narrowly escaped being lynched. All Spanish stores were demolished, and every Spaniard the rioters could get hold of badly maltreated. Indignation meetings were held, and the government was

called upon to make reprisals upon Spanish property. And not only in New Orleans, but in many cities of the South and in some in the North, similar meetings were held, and old Governor Reynolds managed to get up a demonstration even in Belleville. He had preached the annexation of Cuba for years. His main argument was that the "Pearl of the Antilles" was a mere deposit of the mud which the Missouri and the Mississippi Rivers annually floated down from their banks. It was our soil, he claimed, and we had a right to it. There were at that time two small volunteer companies of militia in Belleville, one commanded by Captain Eimer, a German company, and another commanded by Captain Foulke, mostly Americans. Reynolds persuaded these captains to get their companies together, and to march to the public square. They turned out with muffled drums and flags draped. Reynolds had produced a wagon, with a sort of catafalque, covered with a black pall, which followed the procession. The militia formed a square, and Reynolds thundered out one of his peculiar speeches against the Spanish devils and against Fillmore's government because they had disavowed the New Orleans mob and had promised satisfaction to Spain. The sensible citizens took no part in this indignation-meeting. In fact, aside from the militia men and the boys of the town, hardly anyone participated in the demonstration, which made the Old Ranger very mad.

The government acted very rigorously. All the government officers, who should have stopped the Pampero from sailing, were removed from office. The Spanish flag was raised and saluted by the firing of guns, and payment of damages to all Spanish subjects was promised. At the same time, however, the government used every effort to procure the release of the American prisoners from the African fortress. But it was a good while before Spain granted them a pardon.

This invasion was so obviously a breach of international law, that the Spaniards had made no distinction in the treat-

ment of the prisoners, unless it was that the Cubans were garroted and the Americans were shot; and our government could make no complaint whatever. Still, since among the unfortunate were some highly respected young men, some even belonging to what were called in the South the "First Families," — for instance, a son of Senator Crittenden of Kentucky, — it was no wonder that a great deal of sympathy was felt for the victims of a conspiracy gotten up in the South for the purpose of increasing the Slave territory and also for financial speculation. Millions of bonds had been issued by Lopez as the head of an independent government of Cuba, and had been sold at a nominal price to the principal movers of the scheme, which bonds, of course, if Lopez had succeeded, would have become of value, and would have filled the pockets of the instigators.

General Shields very much surprised me about this time by a letter from Washington which I will give as a trait of his character.

"As I have turned poet, I wish you to criticize the enclosed with the utmost severity. As I take no pride in the vocation, you need not fear to offend me.

"I promised a very intelligent young lady to try my hand on an Irish song, as we differed in opinion about the style and spirit of it. The enclosed is a copy. What think you of it?"

"To Henrietta Mitchell — Washington City.

"Yes! Dear Henrietta, I think of thee still,
And see thee in spirit in fountain and rill.
I hear thee in whispers, in prairie and grove,
That speak to my heart like a spirit of love.

"I dream while awake of thy sweet sunny smile,
A beam from the soil of my own native isle.
I dream, while I sleep, of the isle o'er the sea
Where love would be transport and rapture with thee.

"The eye and the smile and the heart touching tone,
Though far from me now are in spirit my own.
Thus fancy brings visions of love and delight
To cheer me and bless me by day and by night."

This, however, was not the first piece of poetry written by Shields. In 1837, when Canada was in rebellion against England, Shields, then my partner, felt very much inclined to join the insurgents. But Mr. Snyder and myself dissuaded him from making the attempt. Shields had, however, already written a very stirring Canadian war song, which indeed did great credit to his poetical talent.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS

In November I made quite an interesting visit to Jefferson Barracks. A young gentleman, not quite of age, a relative of a highly respectable family, who had failed to find employment in St. Louis, within a few weeks of his arrival, had in a fit of despondency, enlisted himself as a recruit in the United States army, had been taken to Jefferson Barracks, where he had fallen sick and was in the hospital. Not being of age when he enlisted, he could have been discharged by proceedings under the Habeas Corpus Act. I was requested by his family to use my best efforts to get him released. I thought by representing the matter properly to the commanding officer and proving his age, he might be dismissed without troublesome legal proceedings; so I went over to St. Louis, where I met General Shields at the Planters' House. I told him of the business I had at the Barracks, and he at once offered to accompany me. So next morning, it being a Sunday, we drove out pretty early. Arriving there, some of the officers, knowing Shields, received us very cordially.

I at once stated the object of my visit to the commandant, — Major Fitz-John Porter, I believe, who afterwards became one of the most distinguished Union generals, but was made responsible for Pope's defeat at the second Bull Run battle, and by a partisan court found guilty of disloyalty and dismissed from the service, though finally vindicated by another court and at last restored to his rank. He went with me to see the young man, who was still on his sick bed. He stated his age, (I had also affidavits to prove it,) and the

circumstances under which he enlisted. Porter said he could not at once discharge him. That had to go through a certain routine at Washington. But I need not apply for a writ of habeas corpus. The surgeon would make out a certificate of his being sick, and that his family would take care of him, and he would at once give him a leave of absence. He might be sent for in the morning. In the meantime, a major-general's salute was fired in honor of General Shields, and at noon there was a dress parade. There was quite a force then at the Barracks, a battalion of infantry, some two or three companies of rifles, a very fine-looking corps, and two batteries of light artillery. At two we sat down to a most sumptuous dinner, excellent wines and champagne in abundance. There were about a dozen officers, amongst them Major Braxton Bragg, who was a leading Confederate general during the Civil War. He was a rather tall, dark-complexioned man, with brilliant eyes, and a face showing intellect and energy. One of the anecdotes circulating about General Taylor when he was a candidate for President was, that at the battle of Buena Vista he rode up to Captain Bragg, then commanding a battery, exclaiming: "A little more grape, Captain Bragg." I asked Bragg whether this was a true story. He laughed, remarking: "Taylor was in Saltillo, and came very late in the afternoon on the field. I never saw him during the whole battle."

We had a most glorious time. Shields was delighted, and indeed he had reason to be.

KINKEL AND SCHURZ

In October Gottfried Kinkel arrived in New York. Professor of history and literature at Bonn, he had, in 1849, taken part in the rising of the people near Elberfeld in favor of the Constitution framed by the Frankfort Parliament; had then gone to Baden, joining the Liberal army; had been made prisoner after having been wounded by the Prussians; and had been placed before a court-martial, which sentenced him

to imprisonment for life, which sentence the King of Prussia, more cruel than the court-martial, changed into life-long confinement in the penitentiary at hard labor. While undergoing this infamous punishment, he was, at the instigation of the government, indicted in Rhenish Prussia for his early offense in that province on a charge of high treason. He was taken to Cologne before the assizes. He defended himself in a speech forever memorable. He was aware that great efforts were being made by most prominent men all over Germany, Alexander Von Humboldt included, who had great influence with the King, to procure his pardon. Nevertheless, in his speech at Cologne he boldly vindicated his course and made the government the culprit. The president could not suppress the enthusiasm his speech produced. While hundreds were weeping, as many more broke out from time to time in loud applause. When taken into the court-hall manacled, and in leaving it, he received the ovations of the excited multitude. Taken back to the penitentiary at Spandau, near Berlin, he was soon afterwards liberated by Carl Schurz.

Schurz, while a student at Bonn had heard Kinkel's lectures, and had become very much attached to him. After his own escape from the fortress of Rastatt, he resolved at every risk to rescue his noble friend. Of course, there were others, who furnished the pecuniary means necessary for such an undertaking. Schurz in disguise, — and it must have been a very ingenious one, for his peculiar personality is such that it could not be duplicated among a million of men, — found his way to Berlin. By large bribes some subordinates in the prison were induced to furnish Kinkel with files and other instruments and a rope, and then got themselves discharged and fled. Kinkel succeeded in making an opening in the iron bars before a window in the cell, and let himself down one dark, stormy night when the sentinels had taken shelter in their sentry-boxes. Once below, there was Schurz and another friend, who put him in a carriage, with very fleet horses, passed the Prussian frontier, traversed Mecklenburg, found

a little schooner ready at Rostock, and reached England in safety. It was so bold an undertaking that it was supposed at first that the government had connived at it. But that was not so. The government could have pardoned Kinkel at any moment, and would have earned thus great credit throughout the whole country.

Kinkel had made London his residence, and now came to this country for the purpose of raising money by a popular loan to start a new revolution in Germany. This plan was originated by Mazzini, who was believed to have raised considerable funds by issuing bonds for small amounts, the bonds being placed in the hands of the Italian Revolutionary Committee in London, to be used by them to forward the revolution in Italy. These bonds were payable when the independence of Italy should be obtained. For the proper use of the money some responsible men in London were guarantors. Kossuth, who had finally reached England, — I believe, in October, — adopted this scheme on a larger scale. He, however, signed these bonds as the legal Governor of Hungary, to which place he had been elected by the Hungarian Diet, treating the Emperor of Austria as an usurper. Kinkel had come to the United States to establish a branch Revolutionary Committee to assist in carrying out the loan scheme. It might have been considered a visionary idea; but still Kinkel made it appear plausible by pointing to the condition of France, which had become highly disturbed.

Louis Napoleon, the Prince-President, was in open conflict with the Legislative Chamber. His term of office was to expire in 1852, and by the Constitution, which he had sworn to observe, he could not be elected his own successor. Yet he and his party were determined to retain the office. An attempt on his part to have the Constitution so amended as to make him eligible, was indignantly rejected by the Chamber. In the meantime, he had used all his patronage for his personal benefit, had corrupted many officers, and had flattered and cajoled the rank and file of the army. It was evident that

he intended to keep himself by force in the Presidential chair. On the other hand, the Legislature or a majority of them sought to devise a means to impeach him. From one side or the other, in the fall of 1851, a *coup d'état* was almost hourly expected. The exiles in London, Ledru Rollin, Mazzini, Louis Blanc, Kinkel, and ex-members of the German Parliament counted upon the success of the Republicans in the imminent civil war which would follow in France, which war they hoped would throw Italy and Germany into a new revolution. It may be remarked here that the opinion was pretty general all over Europe that in 1852 another great revolution would take place. The relations between Austria and Turkey, and also with England, were very strained; as were also those between Sardinia and Austria. Of Louis Napoleon it was expected that he would bring on a war to maintain himself in his position.

Kinkel met with a great ovation on his arrival in New York, was conducted by a large procession of German and other societies to his hotel, and received by the mayor and the city council at the city hall. In Philadelphia and Baltimore he was received in the same way. At Washington he was introduced to the President, serenaded, and had every attention shown him by members of Congress. Returning from New York he went west to Albany, Buffalo, Chicago, and Davenport, and finally arrived at St. Louis, where he was enthusiastically welcomed. Late in the evening of the 17th of December, Kinkel arrived in Belleville. In West Belleville a committee of reception awaited him, as did also Captain Eimer's Rifle Company and a band of music. He declined entering the carriage ready for him, but marched at the head of the soldiers to the Belleville House. He was serenaded late in the evening and made a speech from the balcony.

In the morning Mr. Kinkel called at my home. We had read and heard a great deal about his winning presence, and our expectations in that respect were high. But he surpassed them. Unusually tall, he was stout in proportion, and his

carriage was erect and graceful. A full beard encircled his oval face, whose features were quite regular. There was nothing martial about him. His high forehead showed the scholar and thinker. Take it all in all, he was one of the finest specimens of manly beauty I have ever seen.

There was of course no lack of subjects to speak upon. He had been cordially received by Shields and Douglas in Washington, and had met a good many of my friends in Philadelphia, New York, Davenport and St. Louis. Familiar as we were with late events in Europe, he found no difficulty in at once explaining his plans. His conversation was sparkling and highly interesting. Of course we all listened. He complimented Sophie very much on the fact that our children spoke German so purely. He had been informed, he said, that most children born in American of German parents either could not speak that language at all or murdered it badly. An hour or two flew by before we knew it. After dinner the meeting called for him took place at the courthouse, which was packed with people, among whom were a great many ladies, — a rare thing at that time, when ladies rarely attended political or other public meetings, except lectures. Mr. Abend, the mayor, addressed Kinkel first, welcoming him on the part of the city. Kinkel was really one of the most eloquent speakers I ever heard. His voice was strong and sonorous. Perhaps there was a little too much pathos in his address, and too much rhetoric. But he had been for years a professor of ancient and modern literature, was a poet of great merit, an enthusiast by nature, and consequently more apt to move the feelings of his hearers than to convince their reason. Frederick Hecker followed Kinkel in a most soul-stirring speech, which raised the enthusiasm of the meeting to the highest pitch.

KOSSUTH'S ORATORY

The greatness of Kossuth's oratory lay in his rare combination of being able to work upon the heart and mind at

the same time, in the fact that he was always controlling his own emotion and was never passionate. His words coursed from his mouth like a fast flowing but placid river, in a most melodious tone. While an idealist and an enthusiast, he enunciated large statesmanlike views, illustrated by historical parallels. There was an irresistible fascination about the man, who, modest and unpretending in appearance, had guided and controlled by mere intellect a great and gallant nation.

Kossuth arrived in this country early in December, was received in New York with an unbounded spontaneous enthusiasm, even exceeding the ovation which greeted him on his arrival in England. By a joint resolution of Congress he was invited to visit Washington even before he had arrived. Upon his landing in New York, Senator Foote of Mississippi had introduced a resolution that he should be formally received by the Senate. But there was an undercurrent in opposition to any demonstration in favor of Kossuth already perceptible. The Ultramontane (Catholic) newspapers denounced him as a rebel, as a missionary of Satan. But even many very conservative politicians thought that any official recognition of Kossuth might give offense to Russia and Austria. Foote, without argument, withdrew his resolution, but Shields at once renewed it, and very briefly, but very warmly recommended its passage. Several Senators spoke against it, when Shields in an excellent speech and with great animation urged its passage. Douglas also spoke in favor of it, though not with the same feeling as Shields. The resolution passed.

Shields was appointed one of the committee to introduce Kossuth to the Senate. As early as the 20th of December, Shields wrote me:

"Kossuth is not a welcome guest to the conservative Americans. They fear him. He alarms their conservatism."

In a very interesting letter of the 2nd of January, 1852, Shields writes about Kossuth:

"I have worked, as you know, for the cause of Kossuth, and I have had the pleasure of delighting some, while others have cursed me as a damned foreigner who wished to embroil

this country in war for the benefit of Europe. Now as to Kossuth, he is great because he has a powerful head and the heart of a child. That man will do wonders, not on the Democracy, (he is too delicate, too refined, and too scrupulous for that,) but upon the enlightened liberal mind of the world. He is about five feet nine inches high, very slight and slender, not of the American slenderness, but of the lithe European. He has dark eyes, thoughtful and tender, resolute, but not energetic. His head is compact, his forehead large, and his visage thin, tapering down to a pointed chin, — in this respect Asiatic. He is exceedingly simple and graceful in his manners and actions, — the best model I think I have ever seen. His whole appearance is one to win love and confidence. His style of oratory is entirely different from ours. When you listen to him, you can scarcely persuade yourself that a man is making a speech, but you feel that a man is addressing you, especially in the earnest tone and sincere conviction and elegant and graceful conversation. He speaks with a foreign accent, but it is a sweet accent and by no means disagreeable, and his thoughts are the result of study, zeal and conviction. In one respect he differs from all the great men I have met. He is a child, with the fresh feelings, the fresh hopes and the confidence of a child, and yet he is a man of the most practical policy. His sole effort is now to throw the weight of England and the United States with the Liberal party of Europe. You know how he has been traduced and calumniated, and here in this country he has learned that a republic does not change the nature of man. But he is never disconcerted. He keeps eye and soul on a great object, and this elevates him above surrounding circumstances. The administration has treated him shabbily. You ought to have seen Fillmore when he was received, as rigid as a midshipman on a quarter-deck. He got himself into position and tried to look dignified, but the dignity of intellect and refinement was not there. You have read his (Fillmore's) reply; it was worse spoken than it read. Kossuth will be received in the Senate on Monday, and I have to introduce him. At the banquet which has been got up for him he will not make a political speech. This is wise and prudent.

"Clark of Rhode Island has brought in a non-intervention resolution, we suppose from the petty administration. I have seen Cass and we mean to amend it in such a way as to indicate a determination to throw our weight with the

great Liberal party of the world, and circumstances have made me the chief actor. I hope and pray that I may continue to act wisely."

As regards Kossuth's oratory, Shields might have added: The most astonishing element in his speaking is his versatility. In vindicating the cause of his country and the strict legality of its resistance to Austrian usurpation, he of course had to state historical facts in several of his greatest speeches. But even those statements were on each occasion given in a different language. As he spoke to city authorities, to serenaders, to deputations of all kinds of societies and nationalities, to legislative bodies, to large and immense crowds, his words were always perfectly adapted to the audience he addressed. While of course he expressed his gratitude as to the manner of his reception, he never indulged in flattery, and while denouncing the tyranny of despotic governments, he did not fail to lay some blame on the people for their selfishness, indifference and lack of courage.

One must read the principal papers of the Union at that time to understand the tremendous excitement produced by the triumphal march of Kossuth through the country. There was not a city or a town where meetings were not held, expressing sympathy with the noble Hungarian and with the cause of liberty in the world, and the utmost indignation with the monarchs of Europe. And not only that, the Legislatures of many States passed resolutions of the same character as those passed in the popular meetings. Both parties did their best to show the greatest zeal in those demonstrations.

When Lafayette revisited this country in 1824, he received ovations on the grandest scale, but it was attested by those who had witnessed them, that they were not to be compared at all with those tendered to Louis Kossuth.

Returning to Kinkel's visit to Belleville, he made by his masterly speech a deep impression. At a subsequent meeting of citizens a financial committee was appointed to raise money

for the German Revolutionary Committee at London. By liberal donations, but particularly by the laudable efforts of our Belleville ladies, in arranging receptions, bazaars and balls, we were enabled to send to Oscar Reichenbach, treasurer of the National Loan Office at London, a few weeks after the meeting, the sum of £145 18s. 9d., or about $600.00. And I must here remark that American citizens took as much interest in this commotion and in the contributions as the Germans did.

It is needless to say that Sophie threw her whole soul into the matter and did her best to make it a success.

CHAPTER XXIV

Named for Lieutenant-Governor (1852)

On the 20th of March, 1852, Kossuth arrived at St. Louis. He was taken in the midst of an immense procession to the Planters' House, and made a brief address of thanks from the balcony to a sea of people. The next day had been appointed for him to address the people of St. Louis at the Lucas Commons; but storm and rain prevented it. The next day, though it was still raining some and the wind was blowing, Kossuth spoke, and held the people entranced by his eloquence for nearly two hours. The Jesuit papers in St. Louis and also the principal Whig organ, the "Republican," under the influence of the Catholic clergy, had for weeks covered him with all kinds of abuse, slander and calumny, and had been particularly anxious to irritate the Irish against him. Kossuth boldly exposed these infamous attacks, denounced the Jesuits as the destructive agents of political and religious freedom all over the world, as being the missionaries of Austria and Rome, and as silently undermining the liberties of this country. It was a magnificent effort.

At his own suggestion a German meeting was held at Wyman's Hall on the Saturday following. There was an immense crowd, and many thousands could not find admission. He spoke German fluently and beautifully. It was evident that he was familiar not only with German literature, but also with the character of the German people. He freely admitted that it was at the German universities that he was taught to take broader and deeper views of humanity and its destiny. I found that Shields's judgment of Kossuth's style of oratory was strikingly correct.

KOSSUTH IN ST. LOUIS

In the evening, my St. Louis friend, Thomas Reynolds, a member of the reception committee, a prominent lawyer and politician, who had studied law at German universities and who had been, under Polk's administration, secretary of the United States Legation at Madrid, took me to see Kossuth. Introducing me by anticipation, — for I had then not even been nominated for the office, — as the future Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, he remarked that I was an intimate friend of General Shields. Owing probably to this last recommendation, Kossuth at once received me very warmly. Naturally the conversation turned first on his stay at Washington, on the principal men he had become acquainted with, such as the President and members of his Cabinet, General Cass, Shields, Douglas, and Seward, and then on American politics generally. His judgment of men and affairs was of rare justice, the result of close observation and deep reflection since his arrival.

We had been talking in English, of which he was less a master in conversation than in public speaking, (my own experience,) and as Reynolds also understood German, we soon fell to speaking German, and had a most interesting time in listening to his views on European affairs and on the *coup d'état* in France, which we then all believed to be the necessary prelude to a general revolution in Europe. In the conversation he expressed a wish to see Hecker. As it was getting late, we rose. But he said he would like us to see his wife. He took us to an adjoining room, where we found Mrs. Kossuth, Mrs. Pulsky and her husband, Francis Pulsky, Kossuth's brother-in-law. Pulsky had represented Hungary during the revolution at London, and was now acting as Kossuth's secretary. He was a very able man himself. The room was so badly lighted, however, that I could not give a description of how the company looked. Pulsky had been in Kossuth's room, when we first entered. He was smaller than Kossuth, but elegantly built, and if I am not mistaken, had a full beard.

Our talk with the ladies in French was brief and commonplace. I may add here, of all Hungarians, and I have known many, Kossuth had far the sweetest voice. Of one thing I am certain, that no one could leave Kossuth without being conscious that he had been in the presence of a great man.

Next day Sophie came over with some Belleville ladies. She met Mrs. Trumbull and half a dozen ladies from Springfield, all very anxious to see Kossuth. I wrote a note to Mr. Pulsky, who introduced them to Mrs. Kossuth and Mrs. Pulsky, who in their turn introduced them to Kossuth; they returned perfectly delighted, and I received enthusiastic thanks for the little trouble I had taken to gratify their wish.

On my return home, I wrote at once to Hecker that Kossuth had expressed a strong desire to see him. Hecker replied that, inasmuch as I had not been directly authorized by Kossuth to invite him, and as Kossuth had authorized no one else to do so, he was too proud to obtrude himself; that I knew very well, that he (Hecker), long before Kossuth had come to our shores, admired him, had pronounced him the only great character of the nineteenth century, and still admired him, but that nevertheless his pride and that of the German people would forbid him calling on Kossuth until he was asked. I thought at the time that if Hecker had called upon Kossuth, telling him that he had come in compliance with his wish to see him, neither Kossuth nor anybody else would have taken his visit as an obtrusion.

Early in 1852, my friend Thilenius, after lingering for months, died of consumption, leaving his wife Emma, who had most faithfully nursed him through his dreadful disease, to her own resources. She was at once received into our house, and remained with us until she married, in 1853, William Kribben, of St. Louis, a brother of Hannchen, Theodore's wife.

Pauline, whose health had been feeble for years, was now taken with a hemorrhage of the lungs, which again made it extremely doubtful whether she would ever be able to join us.

And here I may mention another proof of the truth that true friendship still exists for years. Doctor Henry Hoffmann, my most intimate friend at college, had attended Pauline many times when she was seriously ill, — often several times in a day, and also sometimes at night, — and had steadily refused any remuneration. "I do not visit you as a physician," he would say, "I call as your friend and Gustav's." At the same time, he had a large practice and was chief physician of the great insane asylum of the city.

The political news was equally distressing. Napoleon's *coup d'état* had given the *coup de grace* to all Liberal aspirations in Europe. Political prosecutions and condemnations were the order of the day. All Liberal constitutions and laws, obtained in 1848, were either repealed or so modified as to leave hardly a shadow of political rights to the people.

THE NOMINATION

For reasons already assigned, I had declined becoming a candidate for Governor. I was now urged by friends all over the State, particularly by the candidates for Governor in the north (Matteson, Gregg and Dement) to become a candidate for the place of Lieutenant-Governor. Now as the Legislature under the new Constitution was never in session more than six weeks, and that just at the time when the Supreme Court in Springfield also was sitting, when I would be away from home much of the time anyway, the objection of having to live away from my family was obviated. It was an honorable position; for, since the Lieutenant-Governor was the presiding officer of the Senate, he could, if able, distinguish himself, without incurring much responsibility. When my name had been mentioned in connection with the office, nearly all the Democratic papers favored my candidacy; and I finally consented to run, if nominated.

The State Convention met on the 19th of April, 1852. It was very largely attended. Though a delegate, I only went to the Convention while it was organizing. I should have

been there in the afternoon, when the balloting began, to watch my interests; but, on going to dinner, a friend had placed in my hands a book which he said was the most interesting he had ever read. Lying down in my room after dinner, I commenced reading it. It was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I soon became so taken with it that I read and read until near dark, forgetting the convention and my candidacy. At last I was roused by a member of the Convention announcing that Matteson had been nominated for Governor on the eleventh ballot. A few minutes afterwards a crowd rushed into the room congratulating me on my nomination on the third ballot. The Convention, after appointing Presidential electors and delegates to the National Presidential Convention, recommended Senator Douglas as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

A special Legislature had been called by Governor French for June. The Belleville people made another effort to get the charter of the St. Louis and Vincennes road so amended as to make Belleville a point on it. I was one of the committee to get the amendment passed. But we failed, because some Belleville men, under the lead of Don Morrison, who was in the State Senate, worked against us, — they having speculated largely in lands where the road would not pass if it was diverted to Belleville. To reconcile us, a bill was passed, chartering a railroad from Belleville to Illinoistown opposite St. Louis (which we could have had at any time for the mere asking). In that bill I inserted a clause allowing this road to extend to and unite with any other roads in the State. This section, which escaped the keen eyes of those who had always been opposed to making terminal roads outside of the State, at once put an end to the then narrow State policy. Our company at once built, by way of an extension, a road from Illinoistown to Alton, by which the Terre Haute and Alton Railroad could come directly into St. Louis, as could also the Chicago and Alton, which was then building. Six lines destroyed this miserable policy, which for years had

crippled the commerce from the East and North with St. Louis, the capital of the Mississippi Valley, merely in order to build up Alton, which even now is a smaller place than Belleville.

Of course the State policy party did not give up the game. They contested our right to build a road by way of extension, and carried the case through the courts. But the Supreme Court finally decided in our favor, Breese being counsel for the opponents and I for the Belleville road.

In July we lost, after a short sickness, our lovely Fritzchen, who had been the very picture of health, but caught the measles, which unfortunately did not break out normally. An inflammation of the brain ensued with fatal results. It was a terrible blow to Sophie and me. It almost unnerved me. I felt inclined at once to give up my candidacy. But my friends would not hear of this. I owed it to the party, they said, to keep in the field; for at that time the campaign had already waxed very warm. General Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire and William P. King of Alabama had been nominated for President and Vice-President in June by the Democrats, and General Scott and Graham of North Carolina by the Whigs. And on the 7th of July the Whig Convention of Illinois had nominated Edwin B. Webb and Don Morrison for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor.

DON MORRISON

The nomination of Col. Don Morrison was a very judicious one from a Whig standpoint. He had been a member of the Legislature, both of the House and the Senate, having been elected in a strong Democratic county. For Senate, he had only two years before beaten Governor Reynolds by a considerable majority. This was proof of his popularity at home, or, at least, of his superior management and electioneering powers. Of his fluency of speech and handsome personal appearance I have already spoken. Besides, by shrewd speculations in soldiers' warrants and in land, he had what was considered at that time a large fortune. His vote in the

Legislature had been at the service of bank presidents and railroad magnates, while I had strongly opposed the Free Banking Law, and had just had a big fight with the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. I was against a protective tariff, and he in favor of it; thereby gaining the favor of the manufacturers, who were already a power in the northern part of the State.

He was not only a native of the United States, but a native of Illinois at a time when but few of our public men were Illinoisans by birth. Though the Democratic party as a whole were pledged against Native Americanism, still a good many of its members disliked to vote for foreign-born citizens for high offices. It might have been said, that this disadvantage would have been compensated by the German vote, since many Whig Germans would probably vote for their countryman. But that was a mistake; for in the first place there were very few German Whigs anyway, and furthermore the German voting population was not nearly as large as was generally supposed. The great stream of German immigration into Illinois had come into the State after 1848, and, while the men amongst them swelled the public meetings and torch-light processions, still, not being yet citizens of the United States, they had no right to vote under the new Constitution.

I was never very popular amongst the mass of the people. While eminently social among my friends I felt uncomfortable among promiscuous crowds. I was always reported by my political opponents as being proud and aristocratic. That was altogether untrue. I was too proud, however, to court popularity; while my very civility towards everybody, and particularly to those who moved in an inferior sphere, was misunderstood as pride. It is probable that I may have had other traits in my character of which I was not conscious, which made me less popular than I might otherwise have been. An anecdote which happened not long before we were opposing candidates, will illustrate the manner in which Morrison gained his popularity.

During court-time at Carlyle, Judge Breese, Morrison, Mr. Dennis and myself were playing a game of whist at the hotel, the door of our room being open, when some backwoods farmer, somewhat tipsy, entered the room and stood around the table, looking at the game. Morrison was smoking a cigar nearly to the stump and I was smoking a short pipe with a cane stem and an earthen bowl. All at once the looker-on addressed me: "Judge, let me have a few puffs from your pipe!" "My good friend," I replied, "I would do most anything in reason for you, but that I cannot do." "Look at the aristocrat," Don exclaimed in his usual loud voice, "He won't let you have his pipe. Here, my good fellow, take my cigar and smoke it out." It was a mere miserable stump; but the fellow, instead of taking it as an insult, was highly pleased, and put the stump into his mouth with thanks. I am pretty sure that this poor fellow, although judging from his butternut trousers and his slouch hat he was probably a Democrat, voted at the election for Morrison and not for me.

DEATH OF CLAY

In June Henry Clay died, following the great statesman Calhoun in less than two years. The regret at his loss was general and sincere. Indeed, I know of no man who represented the American character in its best features as well as in its foibles more truly than Henry Clay. If Webster can be said to have loved his country, it was love springing from reason; Clay loved it from his heart. It was said by Boerne that a Frenchman loves liberty as he does his mistress, an Englishman as he does his life, and a German as he does his grandmother. Clay was the Frenchman, Webster the Englishman.

We had a large meeting at Belleville to express our sorrow at Clay's death. I had to draw up resolutions and to support them in a speech. Although politically opposed to the great statesman, my eulogy was not conventional, but expressive of my true feelings.

CHAPTER XXV

Running for Lieutenant-Governor (1852)

Having made numerous speeches in St. Clair and adjoining counties, the call to come north was so loud that a regular campaign was laid out. Congress had adjourned, and Douglas and Shields and other Democratic members of Congress were now at leisure to take part in the fight. Douglas at the National Democratic Convention had received a very handsome vote for President. He now had to work for his reëlection to the Senate, his term expiring in March, 1853.

The first great rally was at Quincy, late in September. Douglas, Shields and Richardson addressed the crowd, and so did I, and in addition I had to make a short German speech. Shields and Richardson then went through the counties between the Mississippi and Illinois. Douglas and I went up north. Our next meeting was a failure. The packet-boat which was to take us to Keokuk, where we were bound for, ran on a sand-bar, and it took several hours before we got off. Instead of arriving at eight o'clock in the evening, it was near midnight when we landed. Of course the people had given up all hopes of a meeting after ten o'clock, and had dispersed. A heavy rain-storm had also set in. Yet at the landing we found some members of the invitation committee, but no carriage. We had to climb up the steep bank of the river to the heart of the town, which is built on the top of the hills. We waded almost knee deep in mud, yet took it in rather good humor. The committee, though disconsolate, sent around and got some prominent citizens to leave their beds to do us homage. We had the usual election chat. As Keokuk is in Iowa,

missing an occasion to speak there was not of much consequence to me; but as Douglas was, according to the general belief, to be President at some time, he did not take the misadventure gracefully. The next day being a Sunday, the committee gave us a very fine drive through the romantic country around Keokuk, a flourishing town. The river being very low, no boat could run the rapids at that place. So we had to take a carriage and go around by land to the little town of Montrose, from whence small stern-wheel boats ran up the river. It was a most beautiful drive along the hills bordering the Mississippi. But at Montrose we had to lay nearly all day before our little boat started.

CAMPAIGNING WITH DOUGLAS

Douglas was a very pleasant companion. There were few passengers, and none of any particular interest. But he could work with any material. He always had a crowd around him, which he entertained. Yet he was no story-teller, and would have spoiled the best story in telling it, — in fact, he had very little imaginative power. But he would speak of his travels, of the resources of the different States, of the prospects of this or that city, of the greatness of the country, giving statistics, and occasionally talking of the prominent men whom he had seen. He would at the same time, without lowering himself, take a drink when invited to do so, and shake hands and laugh at a joke, good or bad. Lincoln delighted his crowds and kept them in a perfect roar of laughter; Douglas interested his hearers by his impressive, almost enthusiastic, conversation.

On we went slowly enough. There being no towns of importance on the Illinois side, we passed Fort Madison, Des Moines and other places on the Iowa side without stopping. These towns are beautifully situated on the bluffs and present a very picturesque view. Rock Island we passed in the night, going up to Galena, where a big meeting had been extensively announced. Galena is on the Fever River, about ten miles from its mouth in the Mississippi. On this

little river I had a new experience. It had hardly any water in it at that time, and our little boat, raising all possible steam, ran at many places only over the moist bottom, plowing up the mud.

Galena was at that time a very flourishing city. The rich lead mines had attracted a large population, and the shipping of lead to St. Louis and New Orleans caused the establishment of large commission houses. In return, Galena received groceries and dry-goods to be distributed to the neighboring counties of Illinois and Wisconsin. The Union Railroad, connecting Galena with Chicago, was already partly built. A comparatively large German population resided there. We were most enthusiastically received. The first night a German meeting was held in the court-house, on account of rain. The second day there was a great open-air mass-meeting in the afternoon, and Douglas and I addressed it. In the evening there was a serenade, of course, and speeches again. All the hotels were so crowded that we had to sleep not only in one room, but in one bed. We found here, and in the north generally, far more political excitement than in the southern part of the State, for the reason that the contest here was much closer.

Starting on a beautiful frosty morning in a light barouche for Freeport, where we could get the railroad, and where a mass-meeting was to take place, we traveled over a lovely country, partly rolling prairie, partly timber. We relied on our driver for finding the way. About noon we stopped at a very nice wayside tavern for dinner. Douglas asked the landlord how far it was to Freeport. The landlord said: "About forty-five miles from here. You are in Wisconsin on the road to Janesville." "Is it possible?" exclaimed Douglas. "We were advertised to address a mass-meeting at three o'clock in the afternoon; we thought that we were only about ten miles from Freeport."

But we could not help it, and, cursing the driver, drove on. At seven o'clock night overtook us. We stopped at a

farm-house. We were fifteen miles east of Freeport. We were told that we could not go on, as we had to cross a great many creek-bottoms and creeks with narrow bridges. But Douglas would go on. We got a lantern; the driver had to take it and to walk ahead of us. It was pitch dark. I drove; and it was one of the most anxious drives I ever took. Through the bottoms the road was very narrow. It was a corduroy road, — on each side deep ditches. At places the rails forming the road-bed had got out of place. The driver had grown tired walking and had fallen down several times, and Douglas, as kind-hearted a man as ever lived, relieved him from time to time, bearing the lantern ahead. But the driver let me drive on; he thought I had better eyes in the dark than he. Finally we came into Freeport at one o'clock in the morning. Of course there had been another great disappointment. People had waited patiently until nine o'clock, believing that we might arrive for a night meeting. About bed time most everybody had gone home. Freeport, now one of the prettiest and largest cities in northern Illinois, had then but one small frame hotel. A good many people from the country had stayed over night there, and there was not a solitary room or bed to be had. There was a small ladies' parlor. The landlady spread a mattress from her own bed on the floor, and we laid down side by side, covering ourselves with our overcoats; after our day's long and weary trip, we slept soundly. In the morning we took the cars, and at the station found a large crowd to which we made short speeches.

POLITICS IN CHICAGO IN 1852

After attending a most lively mass-meeting at Belvidere, we finally reached Chicago. The little village I had seen in 1836, when it had but a few thousand inhabitants, was now a stately city of 70,000 inhabitants, with splendid hotels, solid business buildings and elegant residences. We stopped at the Tremont and engaged a parlor with a bedroom adjoining. The election fever was at its highest. We had one grand

rally where Douglas made one of his most elaborate speeches and was most vociferously applauded. Of course I had to speak, too. Nothing is more embarrassing than following such a popular orator, who is idolized by his hearers, for one is aware that he is only listened to by courtesy. The next day, however, a separate night-meeting had been gotten up for me, to speak in German at the Market Hall. The place was packed. The Germans are not nearly as demonstrative as the Americans. But the Chicago politicians, John Wentworth, for one, and Doctor A. Egan, the Irish leader, for another, both giants in stature, and well practiced in the art of managing meetings, were there with big canes. They did not understand a word I said, but waited, and when they saw the Germans were pleased, they thundered their canes on the floor and cheered at the top of their voices. The Germans caught the spirit, and soon became as tumultous as Wentworth and Egan. The best German people were present, however, and I had the satisfaction to learn that they were pleased with my efforts.

What was most amusing was the reports of the city papers on the meetings next day. The Democratic papers — they stated — were unable to count the immense number of the audience. The procession covered five or six miles; the speeches were admirable, and equal to any ever heard before from the most eloquent statesmen. The Whig papers represented the gatherings as respectable in number, but, considering the great reputation of Douglas, as rather a failure. Douglas was not at his best. As to the German meeting they were not prepared to say anything, since Judge Koerner spoke unknown tongues to them; but some intelligent Germans had informed them that he had belittled Scott's military fame at the cost of General Pierce's. This of course was a downright lie. But one gets used to this after awhile. I will add here, that in the middle of my speech at the German meeting Douglas came in, and, when I closed, he made a short but very stirring talk, lauding me to the skies and stating that

he endorsed everything I had said. He did not understand a word of German.

Chicago just then was really a place of much interest. John Wentworth, called Long John, six feet six inches high, one of the greatest demagogues then living, but also having some good qualities about him, was running for Congress, and he made things hot for his opponent. We spent much time in our room, which was constantly full of people. I met also at the Tremont, Senator John P. Hale, then candidate for President on the Free Soil and Abolition ticket. He had always been a radical Democrat, but on the slavery question he had separated from his party and was running as an independent Democrat, while he had also been nominated by a convention of Abolitionists. He was a man not only of great talent but even of genius, a classical scholar, an eloquent speaker, and a great wit. His indulgence in satire and humor often made people think that he was not in earnest, and had taken his bold position, which then isolated him from the Democratic as well as the Whig party, merely from a desire to make himself famous. In conversation he was really fascinating, and I was very glad to have met him. I had no idea then that he would be my successor at the court of Madrid.

It was here that I also met E. B. Washburne for the first time. He was running for Congress in a district adjoining Chicago and as a Whig against Thompson Campbell, the witty and talented former Secretary of State. When he came up to our rooms one evening late, he had just returned from a long electioneering tour, was bespattered with mud, and seemed to be tired out, having ridden over the rough prairies west of Chicago. He was a very rugged, uncouth looking man, blunt in his speech and rather unmannerly, but full of confidence and energy and hard sense. Who could have then imagined that this burly specimen of American Democracy would at a not very distant time represent this country at the imperial court of France! Norman B. Judd, a resident of Chicago, was almost constantly with Douglas and myself; so

that at this time, in the same place, there were four young men gathered, who some ten or twelve years after were ministers to foreign courts, Judd being appointed in 1861 Minister to Berlin.

On a Sunday Douglas took a carriage and drove me all around Chicago. He was perfectly familiar with the place, pointed out all the eligible building sites, spoke with prophetic enthusiasm of the possibilities of Chicago, and of its soon becoming a city of many hundreds of thousands of people. He knew what the lumber trade had amounted to in the last year, and how many tons of shipping had entered and left the port. He finally took me to an outside lot of some acres, which he had acquired near the lake and on which there was a little cottage, where he spent part of his time when not in Washington. His wife was a Southern lady; she was absent; but his two little boys were there under the care of a housekeeper. They were nice little fellows. I believe his monument stands now near this piece of ground.

I parted unwillingly from Chicago. I had made many lasting friends among the Americans as well as among the Germans.

CANVASSING THE REST OF THE STATE

Our next meeting was at Joliet. This was Matteson's home. He had arranged everything very handsomely for our reception. There was a banquet, a great mass meeting, and a ladies' reception. Late in the evening we took a canal-boat for La Salle and Peru, but could not stay there to speak, as the packet-boat for Peoria was just leaving.

At Peoria we had one of our largest meetings, and a glorious time. Here we separated, Douglas going west and I east. This three weeks' journey, where we were almost uninterruptedly together, and where I observed him closely in his intercourse with others, gave me, I believe, a pretty clear insight into the character of this most extraordinary man.

Regarding public speaking, one striking feature in American speakers is the sameness of their addresses. When about

to make a canvass, the campaigner, as a general rule, prepares very carefully one speech, or at least extended notes of one, and that speech he delivers at least one hundred times. Of course, able debaters will be ready to answer interruptions or bring in some argument on facts happening while he is on his tour. He will, as Douglas did, when pressed for time, or before a small meeting, drop part and even a large part of his speech. But the skeleton remains the same; the simile, the anecdote come in at the same place. I often wondered that these orators did not become sick of their eternal reiteration. As a matter of courtesy, I had to be on the platform all the time when Douglas spoke, and I must say that towards the last it became pretty painful. I, of course, used mostly the same arguments on the pending issues in all my speeches; but, even if I had tried, I could not have used them every time in the same consecutive order or in the same language.

Specially invited, I spoke at Pekin and Beardstown, places with a large and very intelligent German population. Then I went across to Springfield, where two meetings, one German, were held; and, after having spoken at Carlinville and Alton, I reached home just three days before the election.

No one who has not tried it can form a true idea of what canvassing a State means. These electioneering tours are most properly called campaigns. To say that they are altogether trouble and vexation, would be wrong. Traveling through the country, in part new to one, is in itself exhilarating and interesting. Necessarily one is brought together with many persons favorably noted for some quality or another. To speak to an appreciative and often intelligent audience is gratifying. The most ludicrous scenes are sometimes witnessed. For some reason or another failures will happen. The invitation committee gives you a thousand reasons for it. The posters were put out too late; there was a big circus at some neighboring place; the creeks were up; some opposition rascals had spread the rumor that a case of smallpox was in town. The true reason generally was that there were not

enough people of the right political color in the county to make up a respectable crowd.

In the country towns the processions were often most grotesque. A half a dozen marshals could be seen riding about frantically. Finally, they would take their place at the head of the procession; then followed the unavoidable brass band, and the carriage with the speaker and committeemen; but in spite of the efforts of the marshals to make the crowd fall in and march in the procession, the farmers, not being drilled to it like the city people, were shy and stayed out, making the parade a fizzle. They were, however, at the speaking place all the same.

To one man of good sense who approaches you there are ten bores who annoy you to death by their protestations of loyalty to the party and by tales of their party work. Other horrible inflictions are the campaign glee-clubs — male and female — singing ridiculous party-ditties through their noses, brass bands playing within doors, and the stench of petroleum torches. But, taken all in all, I generally felt in much better health after a hard campaign than before I entered upon it.

THE ELECTION

I found on my return, St. Clair County in very bad shape. Morrison had managed things admirably. The Whig party had no candidates out except Morrison. In this way the Democratic candidates for the Legislature and the county offices had no opposition and of course no particular interest to fight for the Democratic ticket, or, if they had, it was only to get Whig votes, since for all the offices there were more Democratic candidates than offices. Their main object was to beat one another. Mrs. Morrison, being a Catholic, had brought her husband in contact with all the Catholic priests in St. Clair and the adjoining counties. In fact, most people believed him to be a Catholic. I had published in the "Zeitung" nearly all the great speeches of Kossuth, and I had denounced the attacks made upon him by the Catholic clergy.

Morrison made the best use of these circumstances, and as the Catholics were generally Democrats, their alienation from me was most injurious. He also spent a large amount of money to buy votes. Treating on the day of election was not uncommon before this time; but he authorized a number of grog-shops and beer-saloons weeks ahead to treat for him. And on election day it appeared that thousands of tickets had been printed headed "Democratic Ticket," containing in fact all the Democratic candidates from the Presidential electors down to constables, with the exception of my name, for which that of Morrison was substituted. A lot of the Democratic satellites of Morrison distributed them at the polls to the Democratic voters.

I was very much handicapped in another way. Colonel Bissell, in 1848, had been elected to Congress without opposition. Everybody expected that now, after he had by his action in Congress obtained a national reputation, he would meet with no serious opposition. For some time a rumor had prevailed that he was to be appointed to a very high and lucrative office in the administration of the Central Railroad, the charter of which Bissell had been very instrumental in passing through the Legislature, and that he had declined to be a candidate for Congress. This rumor, which turned out to be unfounded, was used by some very ambitious politicians to put forward their own names as candidates. Some members of the Legislature, then in special session at Springfield, had called a convention, to meet at Carlyle at an early day, to make the nomination for Congress. This was entirely irregular. The Congressional Committee for the district was the only body authorized to call a convention. St. Clair, Monroe and Marion Counties declined to send delegates, but asked the convention to adjourn until a later day, so that Col. Bissell could be at home after the session closed and see his friends before the convention acted. Of course, this did not satisfy the aspirants, who were Breese from Clinton, Judge Martin from Madison, and Anderson, a young politician from Jefferson

County. Ph. B. Fouke, from St. Clair, a fluent speaker, a very superficial young man, with no solid standing in the community, had also aspirations. Besides these three counties named, Bond, Washington, and Randolph were represented. They refused to postpone the nomination, quarreled amongst themselves, and finally took up Fouke and nominated him. Of course, Bissell and his friends did not feel bound by this proceeding. He declared himself a candidate. He very generously offered to release me under the circumstances from all obligations I might think myself to be under to support him. But everybody knew that I would support him.

The "Belleviller Zeitung" put his name at the head of its columns as the Democratic candidate, ignored Fouke entirely, and of course set all Fouke's friends, who fortunately were not many, against me. I explained my embarrassed situation in a few lines to Douglas, and on the Saturday before the election he came down to Belleville, had a tremendous meeting, and made one of the most rousing speeches of the campaign. It certainly helped me a good deal. My friends had been very despondent; the Morrison men, jubilant. The latter had bet heavily that Morrison would beat me in the county and in the Congressional district. Morrison himself, the day before the election, in the presence of some of his admirers, in a very loud voice offered to bet me a hundred dollars that he would beat me in Belleville. I quietly took the bet, and deposited the money. On the evening before the election in a violent rain shower I made my last speech in Belleville in this campaign.

Pierce and King were elected by the biggest electoral majority heretofore known. They received two hundred and forty-four electoral votes to General Scott's and Graham's forty-three, and a popular majority of 250,000. The Democratic ticket in St. Clair County had on an average of 1,500 majority, while I received only ninety-four over Morrison. As the Whig vote in St. Clair County for Governor reached only nine hundred and some odd votes, it was evident that

about eight hundred Democrats had voted for Morrison, in return for as many Whigs voting the whole Democratic ticket with my name stricken out.

The average Democratic majority in the State was about fifteen thousand. Owing to the defection in St. Clair and some other counties, I ran about a thousand votes behind. Leaving out the St. Clair Congressional district, I ran ahead of Matteson in the eight others two hundred votes, and of Pierce and King four hundred and twenty-five votes. I beat Morrison in Belleville one hundred and eighty-one votes, and in the Congressional district several thousand votes. I must say that I took Morrison's one hundred dollars with considerable satisfaction. Bissell beat Fouke over a thousand votes.

In fact, I had to bear the brunt of this election. Matteson was a Democrat, so far as always to vote the Democratic ticket; and, being rich, he had liberally contributed to party purposes. He was a farmer, a manufacturer, a contractor of public works, and a railroad man, and the Whigs had no personal dislike to him. I had for nearly twenty years been an active Democrat, had tried to hit the opposition as hard as I could, had just traversed the State, and had not spared my opponents. The Whigs had called our ticket the Kangaroo ticket; and their attacks were directed against me, and not against Matteson. The greatest satisfaction my success gave me was that I knew how Pauline and Charles would enjoy it.

Just a few days before the election, Daniel Webster died. He had been ill for some months, but it was not thought that his disease would turn out fatal. In the turmoil and excitement immediately before and after the election, this event was not so much noticed as it otherwise would have been. With him died the last of the three greatest statesmen of that generation. A more profound lawyer than Clay, indeed considered the head of the American bar as an expounder of the Constitution, as eloquent as Clay, though in a different style, a massive thinker equal to Calhoun, he had been constantly

set aside by his party. Although highly esteemed, and in New England until lately idolized, he had always been dropped by policy in his party's nominations for President. To see a political nonentity, like Scott, preferred to him, had given him the most bitter pangs; and many contended that Webster had died of a broken heart.

My absence from home prevented me from attending the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Engelmann, who were then in perfect health and surrounded by a large number of their children, relatives and friends. It was a most joyous and impressive gathering. I missed it most regretfully. Under the lead of Emma Thilenius, the children and grandchildren saluted the bride and the bridegroom with a song that warmly expressed my feelings for these noble parents.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Lieutenant-Governorship (1853-1856)

In January, 1853, Governor Matteson and myself were installed in our offices with the usual ceremony. The weather being fair, there were large crowds in the streets and in the halls of the Senate and the House. Governor Reynolds was elected speaker of the House, so that both Houses were presided over by two Belleville men, — a rather unparalleled event. William H. Snyder, son of A. W. Snyder, who had studied law in my office, was a member of the House. The Senate being a very small body it was easy enough to keep it good order. Norman B. Judd, from Chicago, a leading Democrat of fine presence and excellent judgment, a ready speaker, and afterwards our Minister to Berlin and a member of Congress, was the leader. John M. Palmer, of Carlinville, whom I had known at the Circuit as a young lawyer, and who had made himself favorably known as a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1848, and of whom I may have to speak often hereafter, was also a prominent member on the Democratic side. So was Burton C. Cook, a very fine lawyer, who has filled many high positions in this State. The present Judge Blodgett of the United States District Court was also one of the Senators.

In spite of the elastic clause of the Constitution prohibiting special legislation, there were three times more laws passed of a special character in this than in any previous session. This gave the presiding officer a great deal of mere routine business, for he had to bring every bill to a vote at least three times at its different readings, and then again on its final passage, stating the questions distinctly and precisely.

I left this part of the business frequently to others who liked it a great deal better than I did, calling upon them to occupy the chair in my place. On important questions I took part in the debate, such questions being referred before final passage to the Senate as a Committee of the Whole, when the Lieutenant-Governor is allowed to speak by a clause in the Constitution.

Douglas was unanimously nominated in the Democratic Caucus for United States Senator, and of course reëlected by the two Houses. He was not present, as he had no opposition. His friends gave a great party at the State House. Gentlemen and ladies from all parts of the State and from St. Louis attended it. Sophie did not come, though, of course, she was specially invited. Such large assemblies were never an attraction to her, and, only when compelled to do so, did she join them. The party, owing to the many invitations, was a real rout. Only after midnight was there room for dancing. The supper-room was taken by storm, and many who disliked being crushed went without supper. Brandy and champagne flowed in streams; and, of course, there was much noise and tumult. The Legislature had to adjourn next day to allow time to have the State House put in a decent condition again.

In the winter Colonel Bissell was taken quite ill. It was paralysis of the nether limbs. Though the disease was only incipient, it prevented him from attending the sittings for weeks. He sought relief in the summer at Orange Springs, N. J. He wrote me many letters, all hopeful. A trip to Cuba gave him some deceptive relief. But he never really recovered, and in the course of years his health grew steadily worse. This was very much to be regretted. Though his mind was not affected and remained clear and active, yet the affliction nevertheless destroyed much of his usefulness.

PERSONAL

Jacob Engelmann had gone on a visit to Germany. He of course visited my Frankfort home. Had he not fixed his de-

parture for a quite early day the following year, Pauline, in spite of her poor health, would have come over with him. While visiting the family of Emma Thilenius, he had engaged himself to one of her sisters, Doris, a beautiful young girl, and she was to accompany him home, together with another sister, Charlotte, and a lady friend. Certainly Pauline could not have had a better chance for an agreeable journey than the one now offered. But Jacob was to leave Bremen for Liverpool in February, in order to sail on the first of March for the United States. At this season, both on account of her state of health and the perils of the sea, Pauline and also my friend Hoffmann thought it too dangerous an undertaking for her to start.

On the 26th of May another most lovely little child was born to us, Victor, who soon became our pet.

On the night of the 21st of January our house took fire. The chimney in the mansard room must have been defective. It had been on fire during the day, but had not burnt through till evening, when some of the woodwork near the chimney must have become ignited. Theodore had gone out into the walk around the house to close the window-shutters of the rooms below, when he observed a glare in the east room of the attic. He ran in, and I at once filled a bucket with water in the kitchen and hastened up stairs, Theodore following with another bucket full. When we came up, the smoke was stifling; but if we had had a few more buckets, we could have extinguished the fire. By the time Theodore returned with two more buckets, the smoke was suffocating us, and we had to give up. Round the room next to the floor ran a row of presses filled with files of old reviews, congressional documents, remnants of wall paper, and many other inflammatory things. Our house at that time stood rather isolated. There were but few neighbors. Some of them tried to climb from the roof of a wing of the house, which was lower than the main building, onto the roof of the latter. But there had been a rain lately, and, the weather having suddenly turned very cold, the roof, the walks around the house, and the streets were all a sheet

of ice. The floor of the garret soon burned through, and the fire fell into the bedroom, where Sophie and I and Victor slept. Victor was already sleeping in his cradle, and Sophie, wrapping him up, (for it was a bitter cold night,) carried him over to Mrs. Abend's house, which was only about fifty yards from our own place. By this time a number of persons had arrived from town, and we began saving furniture, carpets, piano, etc., on the first and second floors. Very little could be saved from the second floor. When the fire-engine arrived, it was too late to stop the conflagration; besides, the water almost immediately froze in the pipes. A high northwest wind prevailed. The east wall was blown down in the night, the west wall followed next morning. We found hospitable shelter at the Abends' for some days.

Fortunately, a new and very good house, built by Mr. A. Anderson, was then for rent, and he offered it to us at once free, until our house was rebuilt. I, however, did not accept of his generosity, though for the first two months he absolutely refused to take any rent. The livery-stable man also did not want to charge me for stabling my two horses. What is more, my friends started at once a subscription to raise money to enable me to build a new house, — the money to be advanced to me without interest until I could repay it. Of course, this was meant as a donation. At that time, it was not unusual for the friends of a person who had been burnt out, to get together and build him a new house. There were already some eighteen hundred dollars subscribed when I learned of the matter. I, however, declined the offer. I wrote to the committee that I thought I could by my own efforts make good the loss, but that I nevertheless felt as grateful to them as if I had accepted their contribution. As I had no insurance I found myself in very straitened circumstances. I had hardly finished paying for the house when it was destroyed. But my practice had become more lucrative, and was promising to become very good. In my professional, as well as my political, career, I felt the necessity of remaining entirely independ-

ent and of not contracting any obligations, even to my friends, which might have embarrassed my action. I can now hardly understand how it was that Sophie and all of us took this accident so coolly and easily. There was no complaining. We all had escaped safely. We were young and full of self-reliance. We almost smiled at the many letters of condolence we received. Yet some of the losses by the fire, in themselves rather small, were most painfully regretted by us. Juvenile books sent from my family in Frankfort, and many other presents from Germany to the children from year to year, a great many interesting pamphlets and files of German papers sent by Charles, a great part of my diary, which I had kept up to the day of my marriage, and the late Christmas gifts to the children, some right from Frankfort, with souvenirs of all kinds, were totally destroyed.

A few weeks afterwards Colonel Bissell informed us, that if we so desired, he would, as there was a vacancy in our Congressional district, present Theodore as a candidate for cadet at West Point. At the same time I received a thousand dollar fee for a case I had argued at the Supreme Court the previous fall for a railroad company. These favorable occurrences just at the time of our loss were really remarkable, and seemed in sort a compensation. A few days after the fire the ground was cleared, and I at once made contracts for rebuilding at the earliest possible period. I was soon called away to Springfield to attend an extra session of the Legislature, called by Governor Matteson.

LEGISLATIVE SESSION OF 1854

At the regular session in 1853, a bill chartering an air-line railroad from Terre Haute to St. Louis, which might have come through Belleville, or at any rate through Highland in Madison County and through a part of St. Clair County, had, by a very few votes, been defeated by an unholy alliance between the advocates of the Alton or State policy and some candidates for the speakership of the House and other of-

fices, who, formerly in favor of the bill, now turned against it. Such a combination could not be repeated at the special session, where the old officers still presided. Col. John Brough, a noted railroad man, was at the head of the contemplated railroad company, which had a powerful support in the East. Terre Haute was then one of the great railroad centers in the West, and presented by far the most desirable connection for St. Louis. The line is now known as the Vandalia Route, one of the best equipped and most popular routes from East to West. Col. Brough was anxious to obtain the charter as soon as possible, and he applied to me to assist him. I had always been its warm friend; so I set to work, only to find that Governor Matteson, a very timid politician, was rather afraid to call an extra session. But I finally succeeded. On the 2nd of January, Matteson wrote me a long letter expressing his fears that the call would make him unpopular, and stating that he had thus far been unable to give me much encouragement, although I had been urgent for the call; but that now he would say that he was ready to call the Legislature together about the 10th of February, 1854. "I think," he continued, "the friends of the call should feel under very great obligations to you for the very faithful manner in which you have advocated their cause. I assure you that the arguments used in the public papers from yourself, have had much to do with fixing my mind in favor of making the call." He wound up his letter by calling upon me to furnish him my ideas to be embodied in his message.

I believe I may say, without being guilty of vanity, that this extra session was my session. Still, terrible efforts were made to defeat the charter, which passed by one or two votes in the Senate and by a large majority in the House.

Colonel Brough met, however, with many difficulties, owing to the great financial crash of 1857. The road, however, was finally built. Brough was a man of most energetic character, of great sagacity, and became subsequently Governor of Indiana. Our intercourse was very friendly during all the

time this road was building; but in later years it so happened that we never met again.

VISIT OF THE LEGISLATURE TO CHICAGO

The Legislature had received an invitation from Chicago to visit that city and to attend a banquet and ball on the 17th of the month. About a hundred members and officers of the Legislature, and some specially invited guests, left Springfield on the 16th. Governor Matteson positively refused to be one of the party, and so I had to take his place at a great trouble. About noon we reached the Central Railroad at a provisional station now called Normal, near Bloomington, where we were received by Colonel Mason, president or superintendent of the Central, and some of the directors and engineers. In a sort of shanty a most luxurious lunch was set out, and the choicest liquors and wines were served in abundance. Americans, as a rule, are a very sober and quiet set of people, but on occasions like the present one they act like a parcel of school boys suddenly dismissed from school. When we got into the Central cars again, there was no end of story telling, singing and playing of practical jokes. Of course, when ladies are present their spirits are under restraint. But we had none amongst us. A sixty-mile ride, a very rough one, as the road was yet new and unsettled, brought us opposite to La Salle.

There was at that time no bridge over the Illinois River. From the top of the bluff the cars were let down by means of strong ropes on an inclined plane to a transfer-boat, which took us over to La Salle. Here we were to take the Rock Island cars for Chicago; but they were not ready when we arrived, and we had to wait at the depot, a mere shanty, for more than two hours. As we had not expected to make a stop there, no accommodations had been prepared, and no refreshments were provided. It was near five o'clock when we started. We had had nothing to eat, though there was no lack of liquids, every passenger almost having a life-pre-

server in his carpet-bag. Instead of at six o'clock in the evening, as was the program, we reached Chicago at about nine o'clock. In a badly lighted, much crowded temporary depot, the reception-committee had awaited our arrival. We were uncomfortably hungry and cold, (no cars at that time had stoves or any other appliances for warming them,) yet we were still compelled to submit to a rather lengthy address from the chairman of the committee. I had to reply. I was very brief, and said that we were much gratified by the hospitality of the city tendered to us, and that we were anxious to avail ourselves immediately of that privilege, as we had had nothing to eat since morning. The hint was taken, and carriages were immediately ordered to take us to our hotels. I made the remark principally for the reason that there were several of our party ready to spin out the speechifying to an indefinite length.

Most of us were taken to the Tremont House, then and for many years after considered the best house west of the Allegheny Mountains.

The next morning we were driven through the city, which since my late visit in 1852, had very greatly improved in size and in beauty. The weather for the season was delightful.

The gala dinner was set for two o'clock, — early, because the ball was to open at nine o'clock the same evening. The menu, according to the fashion of the time, was monstrous. It contained at least five times as many dishes as a present fashionable dinner would, filling a large folio-sized purple-colored paper, with letters in gold. The wine list was in keeping. But in less than an hour the dinner was swallowed. Then came the speaking. The first toast was "The Governor." I had to answer that. Then came "The Legislature," when Governor Reynolds took a turn. "The State of Illinois," "The Supreme Court," "The Bar," "The City of Chicago," and others followed. Some of the speeches were excellent; most, however, too long and prosy. The regular toasts having been gone through with, volunteers followed in great number.

It must be said that some of the best speakers of the State were present. The excellent brands of champagne did not fail to bring out a good deal of wit and humor. I do not know how long this oratorical tournament would have lasted, if I had not risen from the table, which put an end to it.

Not many of the guests of the banquet made their appearance at the ball, which was not opened until eleven o'clock, for the reason that the dining-room had to be cleared and decorated to be used as a ball-room. But the "beau monde" of Chicago was there. I had to be in the first quadrille. My partner was a very graceful young girl, the daughter of the mayor, Mr. Sherman, I believe. The ball was a great success. The rooms were decorated with the choicest flowers. The toilettes of the ladies were most elegant, and the music excellent. It was two o'clock before I retired, quite fatigued.

Next day I spent with my friends, mostly Germans. At night, some German societies serenaded me at the Tremont. I was so delighted with the place that I stayed there another day, when I took some pleasant rides along the lake front, leaving late in the evening, and arriving in Springfield in time to open the session on Monday morning.

VISIT OF THE LEGISLATURE TO ST. LOUIS

The extra session was drawing to a close when the Legislature was invited by the city of St. Louis and her Chamber of Commerce. The invitation being accepted, on the first of March we went down to Alton, about one hundred people in all, and took the boat to St. Louis, where we were received by a committee who boarded our boat. Henry T. Blow made an enthusiastic speech of welcome. Matteson being absent, I had to reply. We were taken in carriages, escorted by volunteer companies of infantry, cavalry and artillery, to the courthouse and into the large rotunda, which was crowded with gentlemen and ladies probably numbering two thousand. Mayor John How made a speech of welcome on behalf of the city, which I had to answer. We were then taken to our dif-

ferent hotels. St. Louis, then, as now, somewhat jealous of Chicago, had determined to outdo the Garden City by its hospitality. That evening Major How gave a splendid reception at his residence, as did also Colonel Chambers of the "Missouri Republican." The next day, after driving around the city, a banquet was given to us in the Mercantile Library Hall. The table was set for six hundred persons, the dinner being on the same grand scale as at Chicago. The United States Military Band played during the repast. John A. Kasson was the toast-master. He was then quite young, very handsome, and of winning manners. He was a brother-in-law of the eminent Unitarian minister, Eliot, who was sitting to my right on the platform, where the speakers, the mayor and the specially invited guests had been placed at a separate table. Kasson was a lawyer, and one of the best after-dinner speakers I have ever heard. He at a later period removed to Iowa, was repeatedly elected to Congress, and represented under Hayes and Arthur the United States, first at Vienna and then at Berlin. I met him much later (1883), when he was quite broken down in health, but still as fond of making speeches as ever. He had his weaknesses, but I always considered him as one of our best instructed statesmen, and what is more, a man of some genius.

I should have enjoyed my dinner much more, had I not been tortured with the idea of having to make another speech, and one such as the occasion seemed to require. I had to respond to the first toast, "The State of Illinois." Our best speakers were present, Judge Breese, John A. Logan, who was quite funny, Burton C. Cook, John Reynolds, and others, and St. Louis presented as many good and even better ones. John Brough, the president of the new railroad, made the best speech of all. The ball was at the theatre on Market Street. I had urged Sophie very much to come over, but she declined, partly because our little Victor was quite unwell, partly because she was no great friend of such revelries. It was near midnight before the ball opened. I was introduced to Miss

X., then considered the belle of St. Louis, and opened the ball with her. Next morning I returned to my home, extremely glad of being released.

LOSS OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW

Of course I had had many pleasant and interesting hours, but also a great deal of vexation of spirit. Jacob had written home that he had engaged passage on the steamer City of Glasgow, which was to sail from Liverpool on the first of March. We expected him about the middle of the month. About that time, some steamers that had left Liverpool and London early in March, had arrived in New York, reporting very heavy storms and a number of icebergs, which was very unusual at this early season. Of course, we felt some anxiety. It was surmised, however, by some of the Eastern papers, that the City of Glasgow might have had some of her machinery disabled in the storm and was now relying on her sails, when she could not well be expected before the end of March. Our anxiety increased from day to day. Sometimes there were rumors that she had been seen out of her course, but these all proved unfounded. In the midst of April hope had almost vanished, and at the end of the month was given up. No vestige of her was ever found, not even a plank that might have identified her. The blow was a terrible one and our grandparents were disconsolate. Mr. Engelmann, although now seventy-six years of age, had generally enjoyed good health. He still loved to work assiduously in his vineyard and garden. He was much interested in all that was going on in this country and in Europe, where the Crimean war had just begun; but the terrible suspense for weeks, the final certainty of the death of his son, together with that of his betrothed and her sister, and the uncertainty of the manner in which they perished, leaving room for the most horrible imaginings, was too much for him, and a few months afterwards, in August, a short but acute sickness removed him from us. His generous, pure and noble heart had been broken.

Jacob had never left the farm, and had carried it on quite successfully during the last five or six years. He had also acquired land of his own near the old farm. The consequence of Jacob's loss was, that Adolphus, who was then practicing law in St. Louis, abandoned his profession and came back to take care of the farm.

Early in June our son Theodore was summoned to West Point. He went from us, alas! never to return.

DOUGLAS AND THE KANSAS-NEBRASKA BILL

This year was in many respects a critical one for me. The territory west of the Missouri to the crest of the Rocky Mountains, acquired by the Louisiana Purchase, was settling pretty rapidly, and it became necessary to provide a Territorial government for it. Judge Douglas, Chairman of the Committee on Territories in the Senate, had brought in a bill to organize the Territory of Nebraska, which contained the ordinary provisions of such Territorial bills. But by the Missouri Compromise it had been stipulated that all territory north of the southern line of Missouri, that is to say, North of latitude 36° 30′, should be forever free. This new Nebraska Territory was north of that line, but the bill did not only not exclude slavery, but, on the contrary, even declared, by an amendment, that the clause of the act of 1820 admitting Missouri into the Union which excluded slavery from the other territories acquired by the Louisiana Purchase, was inoperative and void.

As in 1850, when the contest arose about the admission of California, it was now claimed that Congress had no right to legislate about slavery in the Territories, and, by the extreme Southern party, that neither Congress nor the people of the Territories could exclude slavery, inasmuch as every citizen had a right to go into a new Territory with all his property, including slaves. The Free Soil party insisted that the Missouri Compromise had settled the question, and that these Territories were free and that no slavery could be introduced.

It was soon manifest that the compromise measures of 1850 had only produced a lull in the exciting question of slavery, and a conflict now arose more bitter than ever over this Nebraska Bill. Perhaps for the purpose of conciliating the opposition, Douglas amended the bill, making two Territories where there was to have been one, the northern to be called Nebraska, the southern Kansas. Nebraska, of course, offered no inducements for slave-labor, whereas Kansas, lying immediately west of Missouri, might do so.

Douglas, by advancing the principle of leaving it to the settlers in these new territories to decide this question, — which he assumed would never be decided in favor of slavery, — prevailed on some of the Northern Democrats to adopt his doctrine, which he had baptized "Popular Sovereignty," better known among the people as "Squatter Sovereignty." The bill, which is usually called the Nebraska Bill, though, as it turned out, it was Kansas that was to become the battle-ground in the near future, contained this most singular clause:

"It being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any territory or state, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to regulate and form their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States."

Such an argumentative clause in a law was almost without parallel in legislation, and Colonel Benton styled it very properly a bill with "a stump speech in its belly." It was a very adroit attempt to capture the Northern as well as the Southern vote. In the North the people were told that when they emigrated into a territory they did not lose their sovereign rights, and that their own Legislature could legislate on all subjects, the subject of slavery included. The dear people were always right, and the people in the other States had no interest in the question whether slavery was voted for or down in Kansas or Nebraska. The South generally was in favor of repealing the Missouri Compromise, and they were not afraid of the Territorial people legislating against slav-

ery, as the majority of the settlers would naturally come from Missouri, a slave-holding State. The Southern Ultras, who denied this counterfeit popular sovereignty, relied on that part of the clause which made the action of the Territorial Legislature, "subject to the Constitution," for, according to their view, the Constitution permitted people to settle in the Territory with their property, slaves and all.

Douglas had his eye fixed on the Presidency. This idea had taken such a hold of him as to obscure his mind, otherwise so clear. He had received at the last national convention in 1852 a very flattering vote for President. He expected to get the nomination in 1856, but of course he must get the South, and they gave him to understand that if, in organizing the Territories, he should exclude slavery under the Missouri Compromise, he would not get any Southern support. So he introduced these bills, and thereby, as some of his best friends told him, sealed his political doom. He, himself, had prophesied it. In the excited debates of 1850 on the admission of California, the idea had been advanced that the Missouri Compromise was of doubtful constitutionality, and ought to be repealed. Douglas indignantly repudiated this view:

"The Missouri Compromise is tantamount to the compromises of the Constitution as our fathers made them. It has been canonized in the hearts of the American people, which no ruthless hand ought to dare to disturb."

With the help of the strong pressure of Pierce's administration, the bill passed by a large vote in the Senate in March, but it was strongly resisted in the House, and passed the House on May 24, 1854, only after a most bitter and spirited debate, by a majority of fifteen votes.

Shields had voted for the Douglas Bill, as he wrote me, with great reluctance. Bissell, on the contrary, in perfect unison with my views, opposed it strenuously. His very poor health forbade him to fight it in the House, he being confined to his bed most of the time. When the vote was about to be taken, he was very sick, and almost expected to die. He

instructed, however, a member from Illinois to state in the House that he was opposed to the bill, and that if the defeat of the bill depended on his vote, he would have himself carried into the House on a cot to cast it.

As Bissell's health did not improve, he declined being a candidate for Congress again. He would have been reëlected on account of his personal popularity. For any one else belonging to the Anti-Nebraska Democracy the task was more difficult. The Douglas party, however, committed the greatest mistake by nominating Philip Fouke again. Casting our eyes around, we in St. Clair fixed upon Judge Trumbull. He had resigned the judgeship of the Supreme Court more than a year before, being stricken with a disease which he considered incurable, but from which he had almost miraculously recovered. The Nebraska question had also divided the Whig party in the North. In the South there was nothing left of it. Those who did not go to the length of the Ultras joined the Native American party. In the North the Whig party had also abdicated. A portion of them with Southern proclivities, (and we had many of them in southern Illinois,) went over to the Nebraska Democracy. Another portion became Know Nothings. The great bulk, however, of the Northern Whigs favored the Anti-Nebraska Democrats, and by and by formed, with the latter, the Republican party.

Though just at election time I was taken with an inflammation of the eye, which at first was very painful, I did my best for Trumbull's election. I recollect that I made a speech against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise at the courthouse in Waterloo, where I had the light removed from near the stand from which I spoke, because I could not bear its glare, and where I had my eyes partly bandaged. But my heart was in the cause more than on any previous occasion.

My situation was a very peculiar one. On all other questions which had divided the two great parties, I was as sincere a Democrat as ever. That party had on every occasion favored me. A great many of my personal friends still clung

to it. Every office I had aspired to, that party had given me. I was, as my Democratic friends advised me, in the line of promotion. If I would stand firmly by Douglas, in the very probable case of his becoming President, I should be his successor in the Senate, or any foreign mission would be at my command. My personal relations to Douglas were of the closest kind. Only two years before we had stood shoulder to shoulder in canvassing the State. Shields and I had for nearly twenty years been intimate friends. In southern Illinois opposition to Douglas was for years to come political ostracism. I must say that I left my old party not without many pangs, and that it cost me much to burn my bridges. But while I never could be carried so far as to dislike the Southern people, except some of their ambitious and unscrupulous leaders, I always hated slavery, and while constitutionally I saw no way of abolishing it, I could not prevail on myself to favor it in any way whatever, or to extend it into any Territory heretofore declared to be free.

ROBERT HILGARD AND HENRY VILLARD

In the fall arrived Robert Hilgard, son of Frederick Hilgard, Sr., and Margaretha Engelmann, and a nephew of Sophie. He had received a thorough mercantile education at Frankfort, and had held a very enviable position at one of the Frankfort banking-houses. For years he had been living with sister Pauline, and had acted towards her as a most faithful brother. He, however, had for a long time desired to seek his fortune in the United States, and finally determined to leave his home and all the fair prospects before him. And now Pauline had another excellent opportunity to carry out her long cherished wish to join me. She had already made arrangements to dispose of her property. I had sent her a bill of exchange for her traveling expenses, when, as several times before, she was again prostrated on her bed by a most serious illness. Most reluctantly she gave up her plan, and this time forever.

After staying for some time with his relatives in and around Belleville, Robert found a situation in a banking-house at Dubuque, where he remained several years before he returned to Belleville to take the position of cashier in a Belleville bank, now the Belleville Savings Bank.

Not long after Robert's arrival we were surprised to learn that Henry Hilgard, son of Gustav Hilgard, another son of Frederick Hilgard, Sr., and a member of the highest Court of Appeal in Bavaria, residing in Munich, had made his appearance in Chicago, from which place he wrote to his relatives in Belleville, informing them that he had reached Chicago, and, failing to find suitable employment there, was now in great distress and without means. Robert was at once dispatched to bring him down. Henry was a very gifted and well educated youth of prepossessing appearance and genial manners. Having been an only son, he had been treated with too much indulgence by his parents, and had been careless in the use of money. At the University he spent his money indiscriminately and extravagantly, so that at last there was a falling out between his father and himself, in consequence of which he left the University without the consent and knowledge of his parents and made his way to America. We, of course, did not approve of his conduct; but his very agreeable manners soon reconciled us somewhat with the wayward young man. I succeeded after a while in securing him employment as a deputy clerk of the Circuit Court in a neighboring county. But he did not stay long. He had concluded to follow up his study of the law, which he had commenced in Germany. He asked my advice where to go for that purpose. I recommended Peoria and gave him the best recommendations to my friend, Mr. Manning, one of the most eminent lawyers in the State. He went there, and Manning took him at once into his office. The next we heard of him, he was again in Chicago in some land-agency, in the interest of which he made a journey to the Western Territories and the Pacific States. On one of his expeditions he fell in with Horace Greeley, who was

then making his western tour. Horace took a great liking to him, which may account for Henry's later connection with Greeley and the "New York Tribune." For some years, and through the war, we lost sight of Henry Hilgard, who afterwards adopted the name of Villard while acting as war-correspondent for the "Tribune." It was only some years after the war that our relations with him were renewed.

Our Theodore had passed his examination at West Point successfully, appeared to be very well satisfied, and turned out a very diligent correspondent. Toward the end of the year he was preparing for his second examination to take place at New Year.

In July our new house had been finished. It was a great improvement on our old one, and in August we moved into it.

THE PROHIBITION AGITATION

The legislative session of 1855 was a very agitated one. In 1853, the attempt to pass a prohibition law had been easily defeated. But since that time the Prohibition party had been well organized. Several newspapers had been established, exclusively to propagate the prohibition doctrine. Petitions to the Legislature for the passage of a prohibitory law had been circulated all over the State, were signed by thousands of men, women and children, mostly school-children. A committee of the most determined leaders in that direction had been appointed to lobby the measure in the Legislature. Large temperance meetings were held during the session. Shipwrecked politicians, largely of the Whig stamp, sought resurrection by making themselves conspicuous in this new party movement. Both in the Senate and in the House a bill was introduced modeled after the famous Maine Liquor Law, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all spirituous liquors, including beer and even native wine, with its infamous clauses of confiscation, search-warrants, premiums to spies and denunciators. The bill in the Senate was referred to a committee of the whole House, giving me again an opportunity of express-

ing my opposition to the measure. Personally, I should not have cared anything about the matter, knowing full well that I for one could have enjoyed the use of any or all kinds of liquor that I might feel disposed to use. But on principle I looked on such and similar laws as a ruthless attempt on personal liberty, as wholly unrepublican, as productive of moral evils, and as far outweighing all expected benefits. I attacked the arguments of the Prohibitionists one by one, and showed that their general allegations were not borne out by historical proofs. Nearly all our criminals in the penitentiaries, they contended, were victims of intemperance. The report from the commissioners of our penitentiary did not give any data as to the former habits of our prisoners, but they did show what the character of the offenses was for which they were confined. Three-fourths of them had been convicted of crimes against property. They were either housebreakers, pickpockets, embezzlers, forgers, or ordinary thieves. Now most of that class of culprits are very far from being intemperate; they could not exercise their profession unless they were sober. I also asserted that some of the most dangerous members of the community, who knew enough, however, to keep out of the penitentiary, such as railroad-smashers, stock-jobbers, fraudulent bankrupts, etc., were generally not only sober, but, apparently at least, very pious men.

The insane asylums, it was further contended by the Prohibitionists, were filled with patients who had lost their senses by indulgence in drink. In the reports of the trustees of the Illinois Insane Asylum the causes of insanity were approximately given, which gave me a strong argument against the sweeping assertions of the temperance people. In the first place, there were more insane women than men, and it could not be presumed that any appreciable number of the first had been victims of intemperance. Again, the number of persons who were reported as having been formerly intemperate, was less than those who lost their reason on account of unrequited love, and far less than those who became insane from relig-

ious excitement. When I gave these figures from the two last biennial reports of the officers of the asylum, the surprise of the audience was remarkable. The galleries being filled with ladies, I enforced my argument by a playful reference to Semiramis, Sappho, and Dido, setting the whole house in laughter.

It was soon found that the bill could not pass in either House. But the Prohibitionists stole a flank march on the Liberals. They amended the House bill by adding a clause to it that the law should not go into effect until the people had approved of it at a special election to be held on the first Monday of June next. Now the Whigs were almost to a man in favor of the law, hoping to break up the Democratic party on that issue. The Democrats who had a majority of both Houses were generally opposed to it. But now it was argued that anybody, even its opponents, could vote for it. The dear people would have the responsibility, and it would be wrong to deprive our sovereigns of the right to settle the matter themselves. Of course this was mere sophistry. According to this argument every law ought to be referred to the people for final sanction, and the legislative power might as well at once abdicate. The idea that a man should vote for a law which he conscientiously held to be bad, was in itself an immoral one. Still it captured enough weak-kneed Democrats to pass the law with the "Plebiscite Clause."

No sooner was the session closed than a tremendous agitation commenced. Temperance lecturers, mostly half crazy females, in the State and from outside States, perambulated the country. Millions of temperance tracts full of exaggerations and the vilest objurgations against the opponents of the law, were distributed in all the public schools and railroad trains, and scattered through the squares and streets of cities and villages. The Personal Liberty party set up an anti-Prohibition organ. It was very well conducted and void of all vindictiveness. Its most convincing arguments were extracts

from the inflammatory, almost insane, articles of the Prohibition press.

Owing to the decided stand I had taken against the law in the Legislature, and some hard hits I had given to religious hypocrites, I came in for a very large share of abuse, although a very sad event prevented me from taking part to any great extent in this important contest.

The temperance people had relied a good deal on the election being a special one, and one where only a principle was involved. In such elections, as no offices are to be struggled for, generally a large portion of the voters stay at home. The Prohibition party, being thoroughly organized in every county, was pretty sure of rushing most of their adherents to the polls. In fact, there was comparatively but a small vote given, except where there was a German settlement. The Germans turned out to a man, and, it was charged, also to a woman, voting against the law. In the Belleville Judicial District, comprising only about twelve counties, the majority against the law was nine thousand. Quincy, Peoria and Chicago also went largely against it. The majority in the whole State, (the northern counties having generally given majorities for it,) was still fifteen thousand. Thus was Prohibition killed in Illinois for nearly a generation.

It may be remarked that I had the pleasure of signing one of the most important bills, the law establishing our free school system, during this session.

TRUMBULL ELECTED SENATOR

In another respect this session was also an exciting one. Shields's senatorial term expired on the fourth of March, 1855. A new Senator had to be elected. In the caucus of the Democrats he was easily nominated; but some six members did not go into the caucus. These were determined to support no Democrat who had voted for the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, involving the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Both Houses met in joint session. They together contained ninety-nine votes,

one member absent. The Whigs had nominated Abraham Lincoln. Upon the first ballot, Shields received forty-two, two Nebraska Democrats throwing their votes differently; Lincoln forty-five; Trumbull five, and I two; three Whigs voting for Williams. Shields, it was supposed, might have got the two votes cast for me. Still, that would have given him only forty-four votes, while fifty were necessary to an election. The five for Trumbull it was impossible to change between him and Shields. The Whigs dropped Lincoln, and commenced concentrating on Trumbull. The Democrats then on the ninth ballot tried Matteson, who actually got forty-eight votes. The Whigs, who were all anti-Nebraska, became alarmed lest Matteson, who, although he had never publicly made any declaration in favor of the Nebraska Bill, yet was known to be a strong supporter of Douglas, would be elected at the next ballot, and voted for Trumbull; so that by the next ballot Trumbull got fifty votes. Anti-Nebraska Democrats and Whigs elected him.

The two votes I had received were from the two members from St. Clair, Doctor Trapp and William C. Kinney. I was not a candidate, and would under no circumstances have run against Shields. The reason, however, they voted for me was, first, that we had by the greatest efforts just elected Judge Trumbull for the House of Representatives in Congress, and they feared, (and the event justified them,) that if Trumbull went into the Senate, a new election would become necessary, the Anti-Nebraska Democrats would be beaten, and a Nebraska Democrat would get his seat in the House, which might possibly change the complexion of the House. Besides, they really preferred me to Trumbull, and in so close a contest it might happen that they held the balance of power and could have compelled Trumbull's friends to vote for me.

I had no vote myself. After Shields was out of the race, I could with propriety have been a candidate against Matteson, or anybody else. I confess in this crisis my feelings were

much mixed. Shields, I knew, had been at the start unfriendly to the measure, but had yielded to Douglas, his life-long friend. Besides, the last Legislature had endorsed Douglas, and had instructed the Senator to vote for the bill. An effort in this session to instruct him otherwise had failed, and would have come too late anyway, because the bill had passed. We had fought shoulder to shoulder for nearly twenty years, and were intimate personal friends. If he had been elected, I should have been satisfied. Matteson was also my personal friend; but I could only have been in favor of his election, if he had shared my views upon this all-absorbing issue. On principle, therefore, as also on account of fitness, I preferred Trumbull to Matteson. But I had the same objection to him as my friends from St. Clair had. All that I can say is that Trumbull's election was not altogether satisfactory to me, but still commanded the assent of my judgment. No Democrat, I knew very well from my intimate knowledge of Trumbull's peculiar ability, could cope with Douglas better than he. He was as untiring and indefatigable in argument as Douglas; indeed, no one could wear him out. While he could not perhaps present his views as strongly and impressively as Douglas, he was a master in discovering every weak point in the armor of his antagonist and never failed to hit it. Lincoln at a subsequent time, it was generally considered, got the better of Douglas in argument. But the reason, in my opinion, was that he had the best side of the cause. Trumbull was able, if he chose, to beat a very strong man, even if he had the worst cause.

There was a remote chance of my election, although I had definitely stated that I was no candidate. Yet, if elected, it would have been very gratifying to me. Not over ambitious, I had a due share of that passion, without which really no great thing can be accomplished. And yet to have been elected practically by the Whig party would have been quite distasteful to me.

Shields was bitterly disappointed. He left the State almost immediately, bought a farm in Minnesota and interested himself in the new town of Faribault, which was colonized largely by Irishmen. On the first of October he wrote me from Faribault: "Here I am doing well, collecting property around me. I have a hundred head of horned cattle and sheep and horses. I have taken an interest in the town from which I write, one of the prettiest spots in the Territory, and I might say in the United States."

EMERSON

Early in the session I had the great pleasure of becoming somewhat acquainted with Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was on a lecturing tour and visited Springfield. On the day he was to lecture, he had attended the session of the Senate in the morning, and after dinner he called at my room at the American House. He had learned, he said, that I was a German, and he felt some interest in making my acquaintance. He inquired, when I left Germany, how I had come to pursue the profession of law here, and how I liked it. In the course of the conversation, I having named the universities I had frequented, he spoke of the German educational system very highly, and particularly of the German Universities, which he said allowed so much freedom to the students in selecting their professors and the branches they wished to study, which was so foreign to the English university system. As he had already been twice in Europe, there were many subjects we could talk about; and we also interchanged our opinions pretty freely regarding the state of culture in the United States.

Emerson was rather tall, and not very robustly built. His face was long, his hair and complexion fair, his eyes, I believe, gray or light blue, his mouth large and his nose very prominent. It was on the Roman order. There was a pleasant, genial smile about his lips. He spoke rather deliberately, but very plainly, and without the least affectation. His voice was very fine, at that time at least. It was a pleasure to listen

to him. He was with me more than an hour. In the evening I attended his lecture in the hall of the House of Representatives. It was a chapter of his "English Traits," published soon after. It was highly interesting, though most of the audience would have preferred coarser food.

THEODORE KOERNER'S DEATH

Theodore had passed his New Year's examination satisfactorily. He enjoyed — he wrote me — better health than at home, though the climate was more severe. He thought that if he was successful at the next June examination he would get a furlough for several weeks, as he had thus far no demerit marks, when he would come to see us. Upon the whole, he appeared to be much pleased.

About the ninth or tenth of April, I received a letter postmarked "West Point," but addressed in a strange hand. I opened it with some trepidation. It was from the superintendent of the Academy, and its first line read as follows: "It has become my melancholy duty to inform you that your son Theodore died on the third of this month." I could read no farther. I staggered home from my office in a trance. I met Sophie on the veranda. "I have just got a letter from West Point that Theodore is very sick." She looked up to me, threw herself in my arms, saying in a low voice, "He is dead." I said no more.

The letter, and one arriving the next day from the surgeon, stated that about ten days before Theodore had reported himself sick at the hospital. He was supposed to be suffering from a bad cold, but had nearly gotten over it in a few days, when he expressed a desire to leave the hospital. But all at once peritonitis set in, which put an end to his life in less than three days. So unexpectedly had the disease taken a fatal turn that they had not time to inform us of his sickness. Why they did not telegraph, they did not explain.

I immediately sent a telegram requesting the sending of his remains. I was answered that he was already interred and

not in a metallic coffin. Besides, it was against the rules. A cemetery was expressly dedicated for the burial of the officers and cadets of the Academy. It would require an express order from the Secretary of War to allow the removal of the remains. His class had already raised a contribution to erect him a monument.

A few days afterwards I received a report of a meeting of his class-mates in which they passed warm resolutions of sympathy, and ordered them to be sent to us and published in the "New York Herald."

If there was consolation in the many expressions of condolence we received from friends from all parts of the country, and more particularly from those who had known Theodore, we were not in want of it. But I consider such sincere sympathy rather as an evidence of the greatness of the loss. He died, the superintendent and chaplain told us, perfectly composed, clear in his head to the last moment.

He was a truthful, manly boy. Had he lived, he would have made his mark in the army. Not perhaps as a very scientific officer, but as one in whom his men would have had the utmost confidence and whom they would have followed wherever he wished to lead.

Many years afterwards, while steaming to Victoria, an officer of the army, General Hazen, had himself introduced to me, and made himself known as a classmate of Theodore, speaking of him in the highest and warmest terms.

Trumbull's election to the Senate left a vacancy in our congressional district, which was to be filled, as was supposed, by a special election. Judge Trumbull and many other anti-Nebraska Democrats were anxious for me to become a candidate for the lower house of Congress. But for the reasons which at former times made me decline, and which still existed, I again refused. The Governor, however, did not order a special election, and the district remained unrepresented for the first session of the term.

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